Life of Samuel Wilberforce

Bishop of Oxford and Winchester

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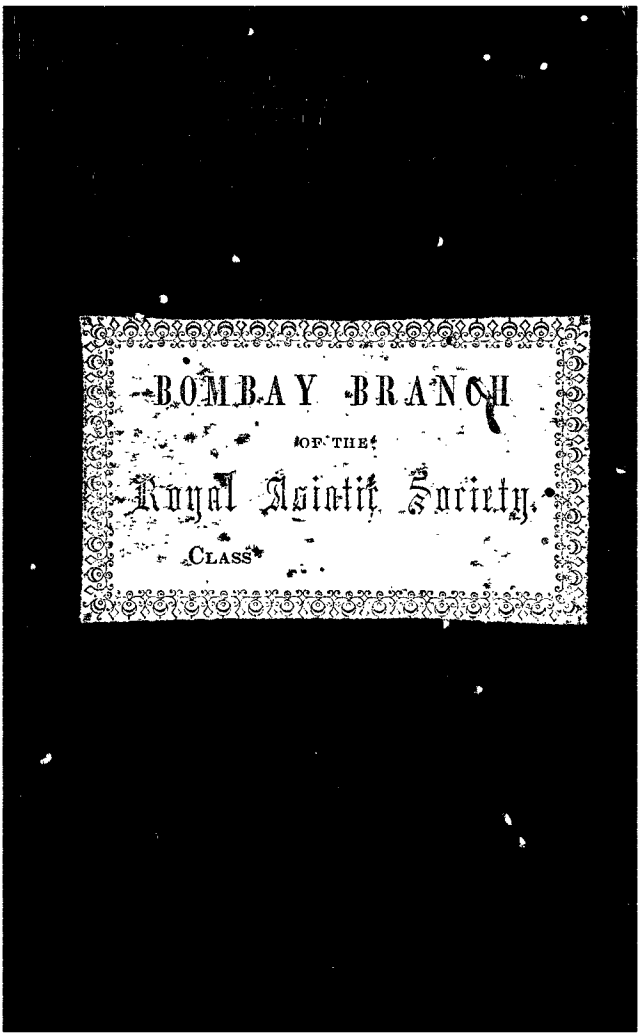

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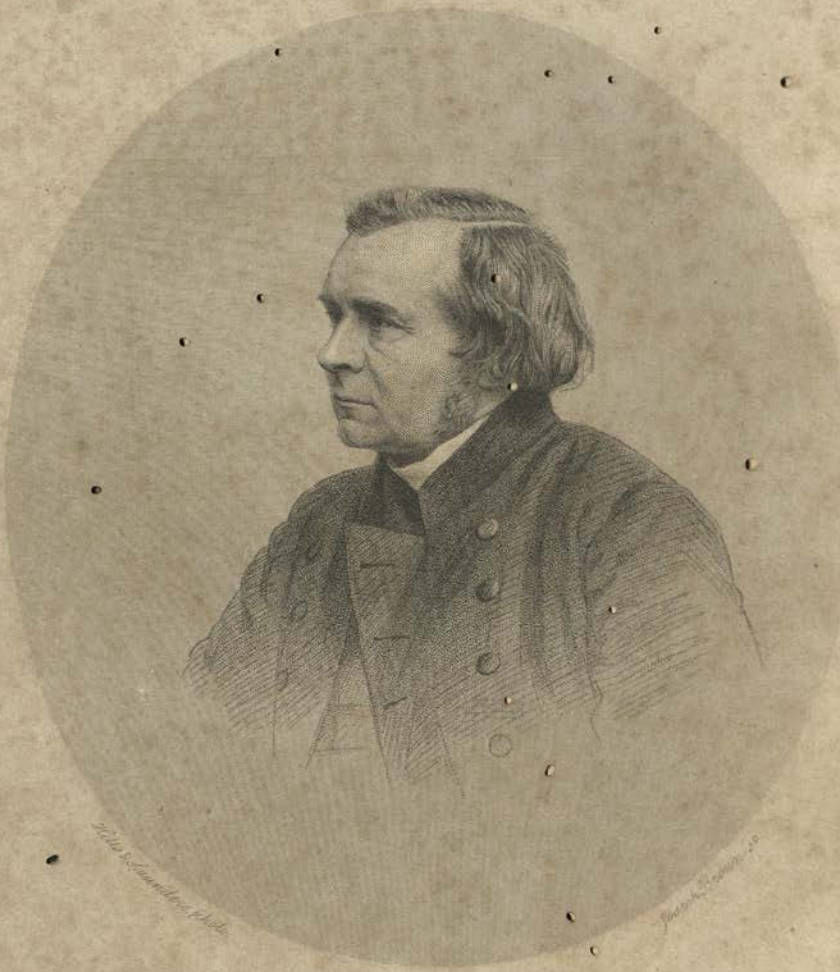
BISHOP WILBERFORCE



BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

Oxon.

LIFE

OF

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE

BISHOP OF OXFORD AND WINCHESTER

BY HIS SON

REGINALD WILBERFORCE

REVISED FROM THE ORIGINAL WORK, WITH ADDITIONS

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'In God's long roll of worthies never yet
Was found a soul to Him more real and true
Than his whose loss will bring no vain regret
If we but try to tread the path he trod,
That man of men! but more—that man of God!'

DR MONSELL, Aug. 28, 1873

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PREFACE.

MORE than fifteen years have elapsed since Samuel Wilberforce, whom Dean Hook once spoke of as 'the great Lord Bishop of England,' passed beyond the vision of mortal men; his place is still empty, his memory remains fresh and clear as ever. It is time that a record of his life should be placed within the reach of all the people of this country. This volume is not a reprint, nor merely an abridged edition of the larger work completed six years ago, for new matter is added, and although considerable excisions have been made, yet the parts omitted are not personal matters, but those portions of Church history the repetition of which is unnecessary for the purpose of this work. Everything, as far as possible, has been retained which delineates his character in its gradual growth, and shows the steps, toilsome and arduous as they were, which he trod in his way through this world. It should be remembered that this volume is intended as an account, not only of Bishop Wilberforce's Diocesan work, but also of his private life and individual character. To give a faithful portrait it was necessary to quote some of the anecdotes, some of the wit, some of the curious side of men and things which, falling under a power of observation unusually keen, were noted down in the Diary. But to think of Bishop

Wilberforce as merely a retailer of good stories is to lose all sense of proportion. People who met him would sometimes carry away a mistaken idea of his character because they saw only one particular side which became focussed in their own minds; they were unable to see the whole character, and consequently remained with a false, because a partial, impression of the Bishop. The careful readers of this volume will, however, be able to form a juster view; they will be able to perceive the keynote of that life, and will appreciate the words of Bishop Magee: 'No man ever more truly loved from the depths of his heart, and was more loyal to the Church of England, than that great prelate, and the very intensity and fulness of his love and his desire to reflect all the Church's doctrine and character exposed him to much injustice.'

R. G. Wilberforce.

Lavington: *October* 2, 1888.

LIFE

OF

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

CHAPTER I.

(Sept. 1805—Aug. 1838.)

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, the third son of William Wilberforce and his wife Barbara Ann, eldest daughter of Isaac Spooner, Esq., of Elmdon Hall, in the county of Warwick, was born at Clapham Common, near London, on September 7, 1805. William, the eldest of his three brothers, was born in 1798, and died at the end of May 1879. Of all the four sons William was the only one who did not enter Holy Orders, but was called to the Bar in 1825. Robert Isaac, the second son, was born in 1802, and died at Albano, near Rome, in February 1857. Henry William, the youngest, was born in 1807, and died in 1873. The daughters were Barbara, who died unmarried in 1821, and Elizabeth, who was married in 1831 to the Rev. J. James, late Rector of Avington, near Hungerford; she died in 1832, and was buried in the churchyard of Brighstone, Isle of Wight, of which place her brother Samuel was Rector.

Of the father it is unnecessary to speak. His career and character have left their mark upon English life and English

society, and they have been vividly set forth in the well-known Biography, of which the late Bishop put forth a revised and condensed edition in 1868. But, though few memoirs have given a more living picture of their subject, one feature in his character must here be noticed, not indeed for the purpose of adding to the portrait, but as bearing on the early training of his distinguished son.

Of Samuel Wilberforce's earliest years few details have been preserved; but from the beginning of the year 1817, when he was in his twelfth year, the father's devotion to his son is exhibited by a series of not fewer than six hundred letters which are still extant, all carefully numbered and noted in the handwriting of Samuel Wilberforce's maturer years, and which must have exercised the most powerful influence on the formation of his character. Compare these letters with his subsequent career, and it will at once be seen that Samuel Wilberforce was indeed his father's son. Nascent faults carefully marked and checked, personal habits of upright conduct strenuously enforced, shrewd practical counsels as to social duties and conduct towards his equals constantly suggested, and all these strung upon the one thread of ever-repeated inculcation of the duty of private prayer as the one holdfast of life,—these remarkable letters exhibit the influences which form that solid substratum of character which underlaid the brilliant gifts and the striking career of Samuel Wilberforce. These letters do not appear less noteworthy when looked at from the side of the writer. William Wilberforce was by no means a young man when these letters began; he was not a man of leisure; Samuel was not an only or even an eldest son that his father could concentrate on him the whole or even the major part of his solicitude. He was in the full tide of London life and parliamentary occupation; he had three other sons to care for; and, besides all this, his health was weak and his eyesight failing, so that in many instances he has to mention that he was writing with closed eyes. In after years the Bishop was remarkable for his facility in banishing all thoughts of previous business, and giving himself up with complete sympathy to the affairs of

those who consulted him; and we see the same thing here. It is the son and his affairs alone that occupy the father's mind.

Before going to Oxford his education had been wholly private. In 1819 he was the pupil of the Rev. George Hodson, then chaplain to Mr. Lewis Way, of Stanstead Park, in Sussex, and as Mr. Hodson's pupils used occasionally to read the lessons in Mr. Way's domestic chapel, it was at the lectern there that the voice of Samuel Wilberforce was first heard in the service of the Church.

In 1822 he became the pupil of the Rev. F. Spragge, of Little Bounds, Bidborough, in Kent, usually spending the Sundays with his father, who was then living at Marden Park, a house at no great distance. One who knew the Bishop intimately, both at Oxford and in after life, and who first met him during these days of Sunday visits to Marden Park, writes:—'My acquaintance with him began, to the best of my recollection, in the early part of the year 1823, when I came to Marden Park, in Surrey, as the friend of Robert I. Wilberforce, with whom I had already become intimate, having been more than a year with him at Oriel. My religious training had been of quite a different kind from theirs, but I remember S. Wilberforce never said anything that could at all pain me. There was always in him the same tenderness and thoughtfulness for others which characterised him in advanced years. The same disposition to look upon every question on both sides showed itself already in him at the age of seventeen or eighteen, and the same readiness to take the most favourable and at the same time the most practical view of the characters with whom he had to deal—a quickness, I mean, in seeing in what way they could be most readily influenced for good.'

It is evident, from the traits of character here noticed in Samuel Wilberforce at the age of little more than seventeen, that his father's careful training had been bestowed upon a kindly soil. From the very first hour of Samuel's leaving home his father's letters are full of the duty of consideration for other people, and they are remarkable also for basing it at once on the highest motives, as is shown by the following extracts:—

Mr. Wilberforce to Samuel Wilberforce.

. . . . I hope my dear Samuel remembers what I used to say to him of its not being enough to be good negatively, that is, not to be unkind, but that he tries to be kind positively. Unless this is his endeavour, he will never be able to secure himself against actual unkindness. And how shocking must it appear to a Holy God, and to the Holy Spirit, for anyone to grieve his Saviour by being UNkind to others, who is himself continually receiving marks of such kindness from a gracious Providence. . . .

I rejoice that you have so good a boy as your chum, and I trust you and he will agree together. Remember, the only way by which this agreement can be preserved will be by being always disposed to give way to the wish or will of your companion when there is nothing wrong in question. Politeness makes people give up points to others; but a Christian will do so from a higher motive—from a desire to please his Saviour, Whom he knows to be an eyewitness of his thoughts, words, feelings, and actions, and Who he knows condescends to be gratified by the little acts of self-denial which we practise for His sake. Oh, my dear, dear Boy, how earnestly I wish and hope that God may bless you with His Holy Spirit. I shall pray for you to-morrow between 2 and 3 o'clock, and again between 8 and 9. One of the greatest benefits to be derived from being with other boys is that of learning to give up your own will and way with good-humour.

Later on in the same year (1819) he writes:—

My dear Boy asks me what are his chief faults that he may pray and watch and strive against them. This is all right; but then I must premise, that is, I must previously suggest to him, that the most effectual way in which a Christian can get the better of any particular fault is by cultivating the *Root of all Holiness*, by endeavouring to obtain a closer union with Jesus Christ, and to acquire more of that blessed Spirit, instead of *grieving* it, which will enable him to conquer all his corruptions, and to improve and strengthen all his Christian graces.

I will mention a very striking illustration of the difference between men's striving to improve one or another individual good quality, and the improving the common Root of all of them, and thereby improving them all at once. The former is the way in which a human artificer works—a statuary, for instance, sometimes

making a finger, sometimes a leg, and so on—while the latter, the workmanship of the Divine Artificer, is like the growth of a plant or a tree, in which all the various parts are swelling out and increasing, or, as we term it, *growing*, at the same time. I thought this remark would please my dear Samuel, so I wrote it down for him. But it teaches us a most important truth, that we should strive to obtain the heavenly principle of growth in grace and in goodness, by obtaining more of the Holy Spirit of God, and then we shall improve in every particular grace or virtue.

But then we must also examine ourselves and recollect, either at night when we go to bed, or in the morning, as we find best (I am always sleepy at night), what have been the instances in which we have chiefly sinned, and thus we shall ourselves discover our besetting sins. But I will write to you on this subject in another letter.

Mr. Wilberforce was assuredly as good as his word; and Samuel's characteristic faults, or what were deemed such, are set out in these letters with all plainness, while directions for amendment are given with the utmost care. But what is most important, as bearing on the ultimate formation of his character, is this intense and affectionate earnestness combined with the never wearied iteration with which his father insists on the fundamentals of Christian living; of which a few examples are given.

Let me, however, drop one useful remark, that your uncle Stephen and I were talking the other evening on serious subjects, and we agreed in thinking that the continual action of the Divine Providence has been more and more enforced on us in advancing life, and that the efficacy of prayer also has been rendered still clearer than ever.

Oh, my dearest Samuel, above all things attend to this. Keep steadily to private prayer. Read Bickersteth, not as you read other books, but *as you study a grammar*, to have all the rules so surely fixed in the memory that they may always be called up at the moment for application.

But I must break off. Farewell, my very dear Child. I shall pray for you to-morrow [Sunday] still more earnestly than on a week-day. Farewell.

Intercession is kept in view, but, as in the foregoing extract,

it is recommended even more by example than precept. One letter is worth notice as an example of Mr. Wilberforce's thorough way of dealing with all the occurrences of his son's school life. Samuel had written about having been beaten in an examination, and after some remarks in reply, Mr. Wilberforce says:—

And to be honest with you, my very dear Boy, let me tell you that it appears to me very probable that the heavenly Shepherd may have designed by this incident to discover to you that you were too much under the influence of Emulation, and to impress you with a sense of the duty of rooting it out. Emulation has a great tendency to lessen Love. It is scarcely possible to have a fellow-feeling (*i.e.* duly to sympathise) with any one, if we are thinking much about, and setting our hearts on, getting before him, or his not getting before us. This disposition of mind, which includes in it an over-estimation of the praise of our fellow-creatures, is perhaps the most subtle and powerful of all our corruptions, and that which costs a real Christian the most trouble and pain.

It was in a letter of October 12, 1821, when Samuel was just sixteen, that his father first wrote to him on the subject of seeking Holy Orders. Those who remember the Bishop's eager sympathy with every form of zeal and his utter loathing for a callous lukewarmness, under whatever pretence it might strive to screen itself, will feel an interest in observing how in this early letter the father put zeal 'at the top' of the qualifications of a clergyman.

I begin to hope it may please God to spare me to see my dear Samuel a minister of Christ, and I think scarcely anything on this side of the grave would gratify me more than to witness him going through the various duties of the ministerial office with ability and zeal. I place zeal at the top, you see. I often think that it is one very bad consequence which follows from good people, really such, associating freely and a good deal with worldly people, that they gradually and insensibly slide into their opinions and practical judgments of men and things—*e.g.* into a too low valuation of the dignity of a clergyman's office. There are so many clergymen who are no better than tradesmen, whether you regard the motives from which they enter the Church or discharge its offices, that their

sacred function sinks in the scale below that of the lawyer, for instance. But let a TRUE minister of Christ meditate fairly on the subject, and fix in his mind a just sense of the real importance of the ministerial office, and all others fall below it as much as that of a coachmaker, who constructs a vehicle to take you from London to Bath, below that of an architect, who builds a mansion for permanent habitation, or a temple for the worship of God.

After this time Mr. Wilberforce's letters often conclude with the single word REMEMBER written in large capitals. The commencement of this custom is chronicled in a letter dated—

Brompton, March 23, 1822.

My dear Samuel,—I am always tempted to conclude my letters with Charles I.'s last word, REMEMBER, which may naturally be supposed to refer to whatever the speaker is known to have most desired to live in the recollection of the person addressed. My dearest Samuel well knows, therefore, what *my* REMEMBER means. *Remember* all a father's (let me say a Christian parent's) wishes and prayers for a dearly-loved child's temporal and eternal happiness, and endeavour to have them realised. For this end, as the Apostle says, 'watch unto prayer,' that is, maintain such a state of mind and affections as may render you fit at any time almost to compose your spirits and engage in that blessed exercise. *Remember*, again, to walk by faith and not by sight. *Remember* 'to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus,' that is, to bear in mind that He is always present with you, that He witnesses all your thoughts, words, and actions, and that as His servant, His friend, His purchased possession, you ought always to be living to His glory. My dearest Samuel, I always run insensibly into a serious strain when I write to you from the heart rather than from the head.

The time was now rapidly approaching for Samuel Wilberforce to go into residence at Oriel, whither his brother Robert had already preceded him, and his father's letters naturally become more anxiously impressive than ever. The following are specimens:—

I knew the Archbishop of Dublin was to breakfast with me, and I had desired Mr. Wilson to come in a little before the hour the Bp. had named for leaving me, wishing to introduce Mr. Wilson to him in conformity to a principle I hold to be of first-rate importance,

and which I recommend to you early in life. It is a principle on which for many years I have acted. It is that of bringing together all men who are like-minded, and who may probably at some time or other combine and concert for the public good. Never omit any opportunity, my dear Samuel, of getting acquainted with any good man or any useful man—of course, I mean that his usefulness in any one line should not be countervailed by any qualities of an opposite nature from which defilement might be contracted,—more perhaps depends on the selection of acquaintances than on any other circumstances in life, except, of course, still more close and intimate unions. Acquaintances are indeed the raw materials from which are manufactured friends, wives, husbands, &c. I wish it may please God to give you an opportunity of having some good ones to chuse out of on your first settling at Oxford. . . . You are the son, my dearest Samuel, of parents who I can truly declare have made your eternal interests the grand object of their care, and who . . . . have endeavoured to preserve you pure from all contagious influences and from corrupt associates. Now the necessities of life, if I may so express it, require that you should become in a considerable degree your own master—and on the choice you make in this particular very much will depend, even as to what is popularly called your character, but still more as to your estimation by others. For the judgment which men form of others is regulated more, generally speaking, on the quality of the friends they select than on any other particular.

Never be shy in asking me for any money you want, and pay ready money for everything, so far as you can do it with propriety and comfort. Be strongly on your guard against incurring any small debts with companions, &c., and then forgetting them. I am sure I need hardly remind you that any one who professes Christian principles should carefully guard against bringing any discredit on them by any part of his conduct.

Fortunately for himself, and for the Church which he was called to serve, Samuel Wilberforce was early taught not to repress sympathy, but to express it, to be ready to show kindness of intention and feeling beforehand, and not merely to be kind in action when occasion rose. And all this he was trained to do, not as the indulgence of a sympathetic disposition, but as a matter of self-discipline—as moral duty to those with

whom he had to live and act, as religious duty towards God, and as a means of advancing whatever work was given him to do. In the case of Samuel Wilberforce, all these capacities existed, but there was also superadded a training of unrivalled thoroughness, guided by a tender skill, of which the few quotations given above can furnish only a faint impression. And it began at the beginning. It is not too much to say that when that summer at Barmouth ended and Samuel Wilberforce went up to Oriel in October 1823, his father's lessons, moral and social and religious, had done their work.

In the Michaelmas term of 1823 Samuel Wilberforce began his Oxford life as a commoner of Oriel; it being the same term of the same year in which his elder brother Robert, also of Oriel, passed his degree examinations, and obtained a first class both in classics and mathematics. It may be worth while to call to mind that in 1823 Lord Grenville was the Chancellor and Lord Eldon the High Steward of the University of Oxford, with Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Peel and Mr. Heber as its representatives in Parliament. With respect to Oriel, the then Provost was Dr. Copleston, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff; its Tutors were Mr. (afterwards Provost) Hawkins, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) J. Endell Tyler, and Mr. R. W. Jelf, afterwards Canon of Christ Church and Principal of King's College, London; and among its Fellows were Mr. John Keble, Mr. J. H. Newman, Mr. E. B. Pusey, and Mr. H. Jenkyns, afterwards Canon of Durham and Professor of Divinity in the University of Durham.

Samuel Wilberforce's entry into residence had just been preceded by the formation of that 'United Debating Society' which a few years afterwards was developed into the 'Union Society' now so well known to all. His activity of mind and his natural turn for speaking soon led him to take a prominent part in its proceedings, and the records of its debates and divisions show him to have been a constant speaker after the middle of his first year's residence.

On the subject of Roman Catholic emancipation, which was one of the great questions of the day, Samuel Wilber-

force, during his undergraduateship, took the Liberal side, while most of his friends adhered to the traditional Toryism of the day. As regards the regular studies of the University, he read steadily, but moderately, and in course of time a knot of friends came to be formed round the two brothers, Robert and Samuel Wilberforce.

The set was sometimes nicknamed the Bethel Union, in consequence both of the prominence in religious matters of the fathers of several of them, and of their own avoidance of Sunday parties. Still there was no unreasonable strictness. Whist was not proscribed, though none of the friends fell in with the high play which at that time was not unknown at Oriel; and, during his whole undergraduateship, Samuel Wilberforce adopted the course which characterised him through life—that, namely, of uniformly taking the most favourable view of persons and of things; and he shrank from positive condemnation of any kind of amusement which might fairly be regarded as innocent, even though it might be objected to on the more rigid rules in which he had been brought up. Though not robust in health as an undergraduate any more than during the early part of his life, he was naturally active and fond of outdoor exercise, especially on horseback, and in those days Oxford men had the advantage of Bullingdon Green (now enclosed), where they had ample scope for hurdle-jumping, &c., which used to be his chief amusement in the afternoons, and in which few of his contemporaries were his equals. There was also a scratch pack of harriers kept at Garsington, with which he and his friend Charles Anderson would often fall in, and enjoy taking the fences all round Cuddesdon, then a desolate-looking place, as the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Legge), being Warden of All Souls', resided at his College. Though by no means so exclusively devoted to study as his brother Robert, he took a first class in mathematics, and a second in classics, in the Michaelmas term of 1826.

Very few months went by after his degree, before marriage and his future profession occupied all his thoughts. His attachment to his future wife had been formed at an unusually

early age, and a letter written by him to Mrs. Sargent in 1844 speaks of it definitely as dating so far back as 1821, when the Sargent family were on a visit to his father, then temporarily residing at Marden Park. Of course no positive engagement was permitted, and the Sargent family would not sanction any correspondence until his undergraduateship was over; but there was no secret about the attachment, and it was never interrupted. As he would not be old enough to receive Deacon's Orders until the latter end of the year 1828, it was arranged that his marriage should take place in the summer of that year and that his Ordination should follow at Christmas, his father pleading hard that the marriage should come first in order that, the wedding festivities being fully over, he might have some months of leisure to prepare 'calmly and without distraction' for his ordination, 'which he would be more than human to do, if his being ordained were to be the passport to the matrimonial union.'

On June 11, 1828, St. Barnabas' Day—Barnabas, the son of Consolation, as he used often to say with satisfaction—Samuel Wilberforce and Emily Sargent were married in Lavington Church, Mr. C. Simeon, his father-in-law's old friend, officiating on the occasion.

Returning in the autumn from their wedding tour, S. Wilberforce and his bride had still a few months of leisure prior to his ordination and to settling down to the work of life. The interval was naturally spent at Lavington and at Highwood, with a single exception of a visit at the end of November to the Bishop of Winchester at Farnham Castle, in whose diocese it was wished that he should begin his clerical life: as, however, no eligible title could be found, he accepted the charge of Checkendon, near Henley-on-Thames. There was much to recommend Checkendon. The parish and the church [1] were small; the rectory was a sufficient house; and it was but eighteen miles from Oxford, whence clerical assistance could easily be obtained if requisite, especially as his brother Robert

[1] One of Bishop Wilberforce's last episcopal acts as Bishop of Oxford was that of preaching at its reopening, August 2, 1869.

was still in residence at Oriel. Accordingly, on Sunday, December 21, 1828, after having been examined by Dr. Burton, S. Wilberforce was ordained Deacon in Christ Church Cathedral by Bishop Lloyd, then Bishop of Oxford, and in about a month afterwards entered upon his duties.

Checkendon is a quiet little country village, amid the low hills and woods to the south-west of Henley-on-Thames. Its population did not exceed three hundred, so that Samuel Wilberforce had ample opportunity for the study and meditation necessary for one who was preparing for admission into Priest's Orders. When he had been about sixteen months at Checkendon, Bishop Sumner, of Winchester, offered him the pleasant Rectory of Brighstone, in the Isle of Wight, to which he was inducted June 12, 1830. This letter to his brother gives a sufficient account of the place and its circumstances :—

Wednesday, June 16 [1830], Lavington.

My dearest Robert,—I do not like to let a day pass after my return from Brixton, or, as it *is* pronounced and *was* spelt, Brīghsŏn, without answering your very kind letter. Our plan at present is to stay at Checkendon for about six weeks longer, and then move to Brighson. On Saturday I was inducted by the Rev. G. Richards, brother to Marsh's old tutor of the same name. On Sunday I read (myself) in, and buried a poor old woman. On Monday I arranged matters about furniture and so forth.

Brighson is a very pretty village, the cottages are neatly built of stone and thatched. They are sprinkled about and interspersed with elm-trees. The church is a very pleasant, pretty edifice. The rectory is a capitally complete house for what it does contain; anything more entirely complete for a bachelor's house you never saw; but for a family house it will not do without some alterations. . . . . The principal inhabitants are yeomen farmers who have inherited their farms from their ancestors, time without mind. The register goes back as far as 1645, and therefore, of course, bears Bp. Ken's[1] handwriting. The income is not, I believe, above 500*l.* a year. I pray God it may be a sphere for useful labour; it is one, I already see, of much more difficulty than Checkendon. . . . Ever your most affectionate brother.

[1] Bishop Ken was Rector of Brighstone from 1667 to 1669 or 1670.

Thus while yet under five-and-twenty, and when he had been scarcely six months in Priest's Orders, Samuel Wilberforce was already entering on his career as a beneficed clergyman. His Checkendon apprenticeship had been a short one indeed, and since the Rector was non-resident he had had to work out his own methods for himself, unaided by the experience and guidance of an older clergyman. But there are abundant indications that the sixteen or seventeen months in his Oxfordshire curacy had not been unimproved; and that, above all, those habits of close personal dealing with individuals, as well as of keen personal interest in the welfare of those with whom he had to do, which afterwards distinguished him, had been already brought into action in the little secluded village of three hundred souls. The Rector in 1878 writes:—

I have heard how people liked the sort of lectures which he gave on Sunday afternoons in a simple conversational style on the Gospels. Another time I heard of the earnestness with which he prayed for a boy in the village in whom he was much interested, who seemed at the point of death, and how those who heard him attributed the boy's recovery to those prayers. It may seem a trifle, but it serves to mark the difference between those days and the present, if I add that he used to be very much annoyed at the coal for warming the church being kept in a box *inside the chancel*, but could never persuade the Rector to have it moved. One of his first acts as Bishop of Oxford was (in a good-tempered letter to him) to direct its removal. He also instituted Saints' Day services.

There was a poor woman in Checkendon who was too infirm to go to church, with whom S. Wilberforce used to read and pray regularly every week, and who had obtained leave for some of her friends to be present at what became a kind of cottage service. When his departure took place, he said on leaving that Mrs. Whitfield was not to expect anything from him; but the fact proved very different, for through all the rest of her life, more than thirty years, he never once omitted sending her a present at Christmas, sometimes a book, sometimes a warm garment, sometimes money to buy fuel.

During the whole ten years of his incumbency, the means

of tracing not only his occupations, but the formation of his character and habits, are singularly complete. It is not only that he was an active correspondent, and that his letters, increasing in directness and vigour of expression as time went on, faithfully photograph his mind and thoughts, but that during the whole of the Brighstone period, with but a few intervals during the years 1832 and 1834, Samuel Wilberforce kept a remarkably minute and accurate diary of each day's work and movements.

He was barely twenty-five when he first took up his abode in that rural rectory, his own master, in a settled position, with sufficient, if not ample, means, with a parish not too laborious either as regards extent or population, with a pleasant home in an agreeable neighbourhood, and with, as the diary shows, numberless friends who were only too happy to visit him. With most men such circumstances might have been favourable to the development of all that was amiable and pleasing in the mind and manners of a refined and cultivated clergyman, but they would hardly have conduced to the formation of a vigorous and striking public character, still less of one so remarkable for strenuous purpose and for unremitting industry. With Samuel Wilberforce the case was distinctly otherwise.

It would be difficult to imagine a mind or a temperament of more ceaseless activity, one which was more sensitively alive to every question of the day, one which pondered all such subjects with more anxious and persistent thought, or one which fastened with keener eagerness, or greater acuteness of perception, upon every means of information which either books or men supplied. But as a man of action he was in his element, and public questions were his delight. From the very first days of his Brighstone life his interest in public affairs, Church matters especially, is unremitting, and letters show how closely he was following the course of thought and of events, yet from a standpoint of his own and with an independence of judgment which commands our notice from the beginning. Especially as regards the now historical, but at that time novel, Tractarian movement in the University of Oxford, there

is a freedom of criticism and a balance of judgment which seem to show that if his mind were capable of fear, that fear was the dread of surrendering his judgment into the keeping or guidance of another. Men like R. Hurrell Froude and F. Oakeley were among his intimate associates: he repeatedly expresses the keenest admiration for the intellect and the powers of John Henry Newman, yet for all this it is the more observable that all through these early years he maintained a position external to that great Oxford movement, to whose forces it was hereafter to be his special mission to give unity and direction.

On his first arrival in his parish, his youthful appearance led to the exclamation, 'Why, they've sent us a boy!' But after his first sermon the same speaker said, 'I thought he was a boy, but I see he's a man.' And indeed it is unquestionable that from the first the day's work of Samuel Wilberforce in the parish of Brighstone was the day's work of a man. A second sermon was immediately added on the Sunday, together with frequent catechising in the afternoon service. A week-day evening service in the church, with sermon, was instituted, as well as an evening service with sermon on all Saints' days, and a daily service during Holy Week.

The Bishop was in the habit of telling the two following anecdotes respecting the early days of his incumbency of Brighstone.

On his first visit to the parish after receiving the offer of the living the principal farmer asked him, 'Be you going to keep the meadow (a small one on the glebe) in your own hands?' 'Why?' asked Mr. S. Wilberforce. 'Well, Parson, you see, when late Rector had it he used to cut his grass when I cut mine, and his being only a little piece, in course he gets his up while most of mine be lying about; and then sure enough the very next Sunday he claps on the prayer for rain—so if you don't mind I'd like to rent that meadow from you.' It is needless to add that the good man was reassured.

The second story was somewhat different, and used to be adduced by the Bishop as an example, not merely of the

character of his parishioners, but of the need of great explicitness in preaching.

Brighstone had a bad name alike for wrecking and for smuggling, so before long Mr. S. Wilberforce took occasion to preach a sermon specially against the latter, and his text was the verse 'Render unto all their dues: *custom to whom custom*,' &c. The next morning, being half afraid that he might have given some offence, he asked a friend who was staying with him to go round the parish and learn how the sermon had been regarded. To the astonishment of both, the villagers greatly approved the sermon, with the one exception that while the Rector had said nothing but what he ought to say, he did not himself practise what he preached. 'You don't say so,' said the cautious inquirer; 'what does the Rector do that is wrong?' 'Why, sir,' was the reply, 'you see, he told us we ought to give custom to whom custom was due, and yet he doesn't deal in the village, but buys his things at Newport.'

To this day the villagers remember how no weather stopped him; while, as to his preaching, a story is yet current how at evening service he would sometimes go on till it grew 'dark, so that you could not see him; but,' it is added, 'the people would have sat all night listening.' He also established an allotment ground for the labourers, then quite a novelty in parochial arrangements.

As may be supposed, one of the constant visitors to Brighstone was his father, who grew so attached to his place, that at one time he was on the point of buying a house there for himself; and to this day a long stretch of level ground half-way up the down to the north of the village is pointed out as 'old Mr. Wilberforce's walk.' It was during one of these visits that the incident recorded in a letter from Mrs. S. Wilberforce occurred:—Sept. 30, 1830: 'They are all charmed with the place, and "the father dear" has driven about in our little carriage which holds four. We all went the other day to Freshwater cave; Sam driving father, and L—— and I behind, Mr. Anderson driving the mother in a hired pony gig. The tide came up whilst we were there, so that we could not get out behind the point

of rock, and dear Sam had to carry the whole party through, wading himself knee-deep—it was very dear to see him taking the father.'

Before he had been many months in his living he published a penny tract on tithes. 'I have written,' he says to Mr. Charles Anderson, under date February 25, 1831, 'a very short tract on tithes, to try and correct the prejudices of the lower orders of farmers, &c. It is called "A Conversation on the Hardship and Injustice of Tithes," printed by Rivington. It is only *one penny*, so do order two or three shillings' worth at your bookseller's, and distribute them about you. I think of setting a boy to give them away some market day. Uncontradicted statements go for truths, and do inconceivable mischief.' It is characteristic also to find that before he had been a year and a half in his parish he had compiled a hymn-book for its use; and that so soon as February 28, 1832, there occurs this entry in his diary—'Finished hymns, and wrote to the Bishop with them.'

His correspondence during the latter months of 1832 and the early months of 1833 shows that he was also moving strenuously in the direction of a union between the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society. Meantime he was making his first ventures as a writer. On February 1, 1833, he wrote to his brother, 'I should like to be in alliance with some Review, as a means of making me read and write.' Soon after, he became a frequent contributor to the 'British Magazine'; and during the winter of 1832–33 he put together a little volume of stories called 'The Note-Book of a Country Clergyman,' intended, as he writes to his brother, to be 'illustrative as far as possible of the sort of influence a resident clergyman has,' and of which part at least was the actual record of cases which occurred in his own parish. The book was published without his name, but the MS. so approved itself to his publishers that they gave him a hundred guineas for the copyright.

Samuel Wilberforce preached the sermon at the Bishop's Visitation, October 23, at Newport, and was desired by the

Bishop to publish it. It is somewhat curious to observe that this sermon, which met with the most flattering approval from the Bishop of Winchester, did not escape the criticism of one at least of the preacher's friends—namely, Mr. Gerard Noel, who wrote very anxiously both to the Bishop and to Mr. S. Wilberforce in reference to what he considered its 'High Church principles,' and warning the latter against the 'serious calamity of entertaining extreme opinions.'

The sermon was published under the title of 'The Apostolical Ministry,' and was both striking and outspoken. It called upon the clergy to 'prize at a higher rate that unbroken succession whereby those who ordained us are joined unto Christ's own Apostles.' It spoke strongly on 'the danger of quitting the high vantage ground of Apostolical authority to fight the battle out upon the doubtful level of Erastian principles'; in a foot-note, the writer added, 'for a monstrous specimen of such latitudinarian Erastianism, see the speculations of Dr. Arnold;' and he spoke of King Charles I. as he 'whom we fear not to call a martyr.'

Meanwhile the diary shows that his old friendships continued in full force; visits are recorded from Sir G. Prevost, F. Oakeley, R. H. Froude, G. D. Ryder, and now also first occurs the name of H. E. Manning, whom, a little later on, November 7, he married, in Lavington Church, to his sister-in-law, Caroline Sargent. Evident tokens also occur of his beginning to be sought for as a preacher outside of his own parish; and this year's diary records him as preaching more than once at Southampton for Dr. Wilson, as well as at Cowes, at Ryde, at Newport, and elsewhere; and in November he spent some days at Farnham Castle, on a visit to the Bishop. He was clearly beginning to be observed as a rising man.

His thoughts, time, and correspondence became largely occupied with the biography of his father, which he and his elder brother Robert undertook in combination. Of course, a joint work like this necessitated almost incessant communication, alike personal and epistolary; and the close correspondence which began during the years occupied in compiling the

biography, was kept up afterwards with, if possible, greater regularity during nearly the whole of the elder brother's life.

During the early part of the year 1836 close and incessant work upon his father's biography, and upon Henry Martyn's Letters and Journals, was interrupted only by his attendance at the annual meeting of Rural Deans of the diocese at Farnham Castle, and by three journeys to Oxford. As to the former of these absences, it may here be mentioned that on February 12, 1836, he was appointed Rural Dean of the north-eastern division of the Isle of Wight. As to the latter, the first visit to Oxford was when he had to preach in his regular turn in the University Church on the first Sunday in Lent, February 21; the second and third were in March and May respectively, when he went to bear his part in the remonstrances which were provoked by the appointment of Dr. Hampden, then Professor of Moral Philosophy, to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, held since 1829 by Dr. Burton. Dr. Burton died in January. Dr. Hampden was nominated to the vacant professorship in the following month, and then at once the controversy, which was destined in the end to bear such bitter fruit, burst into life. Dr. Hampden's Bampton Lectures, delivered in 1832, had always been regarded as adopting a mode of treating theological subjects which was subversive of all confidence in him as a teacher. Besides this, during the year 1833, Dr. Hampden had taken a leading part in supporting the Ministerial proposals for admitting Dissenters to the University—a course which, while it offended many in Oxford, was certainly calculated to recommend him to the Government of the day. The consequence was that seventy-three resident Fellows and Tutors of Colleges, of whom *forty* were acting as Tutors, or were otherwise connected with the discipline of their Colleges, signed a petition to the King against the appointment; while nine Heads of Houses joined in a similar remonstrance.

On February 12 Samuel Wilberforce writes to his brother Robert:—

> On Saturday I go to Oxford, where I am to preach on Sunday, the first Sunday in Lent. You ought to have remembered that the

Ash Wednesday sermon is always in Latin. (N.B.—Could we not pass a vote that Hampden should always preach in *Hebrew*?) It is by the Vice-Chancellor's appointment at Burton's suggestion I was asked to be a select preacher next year, and this was his suggestion as a preparatory step. I suppose Hampden will not nominate one of my name. . . . How disgusting is Hampden's appointment, and how destructive of the Whig argument that if Bishops did not sit in the House of Lords they would be appointed for their theological and not their political attainments.

On June 13, after long-protracted illness, Henry Sargent, the sole surviving son of Mr. John Sargent, died at Lavington; and thus it was that, through coming into possession of the Lavington property, Mr. S. Wilberforce ultimately became, what he delighted to designate himself, 'a Sussex squire,' as well as a bishop.

The last two months of 1836 and the whole of January and February 1837 were spent in London, much of the latter at his relative's, Lord Calthorpe's, during which period he was almost entirely engrossed by the work of his father's Life. By far the most critical incident of the period was the offer, mentioned in the diary of Saturday, February 4, which came to him, through Sir R. Inglis, of the important Vicarage of Leeds, which for some days he weighed most anxiously. Ultimately, the offer was declined, on the score of health, though by reason of his Yorkshire connections, independently of its intrinsic importance, the position could not fail to have attractions for him.

On this the Bishop of Winchester wrote :—

Farnham Castle, February 9, 1837.

My dear Wilberforce,—I have only just returned from Godalming and have only time to send one word to say how very warmly I rejoice at the decision, and at the manner in which you have arrived at it . . . . God give you, if it be His will, a long and extensive career of usefulness in the South. . .

And thus Samuel Wilberforce was reserved for a long and extensive career of usefulness in the South. It was in the spring of this year that his great power and readiness in reply was first brought into notice, at a meeting in Winchester, of which the memory long survived in the neigh-

bourhood. The occasion was this:—A great county meeting was held for the purpose of setting on foot a Diocesan Church Building Society, with the Duke of Wellington in the chair; Lord Palmerston was among the speakers; and in the course of his speech he took a line which Mr. S. Wilberforce considered inconsistent with true Churchmanship. The consequence was that he attacked Lord Palmerston's remarks with an ability and eloquence which quite carried away the meeting, but, at the same time, with a vehemence which caused some of those present to remonstrate with the Duke of Wellington, as chairman, for having allowed so young a clergyman to proceed unchecked. The Duke replied that it had occurred to him to interpose, but that on looking again at the speaker he felt sure that, had he done so, he would only have diverted upon himself the stream of his indignant eloquence, and 'I assure you,' he added, 'that I would have faced a battery sooner.'

The year 1838 found him hard at work at his father's Life, but some of the earliest entries in his diary show a sad presentiment of the blow which, in his wife's death, three years later, was only too surely to fall upon himself:—

Sunday (Jan.) 7.—Found letter from Mrs. Cary about Eugenia Smith's death. Her poor husband! *I feel on the edge of the same precipice*; but I hope can rather more put my trust in God than I could of old.

Sunday, 21.—Read some of Jeremy Taylor and 'Froude's Remains' in Review. I shrink from the severe countenance of perfect devotion to God despicably. Lord, have pity on my miserable weakness; and yet while I so pray I am scarce sincere, for I fear being *scourged into devotedness.* Lord, give me a will for Thee. I wish earnestly that I more wished to be as a flame of fire in Thy service, passionless for earth, and impassioned for Thee. I have realised to-day *leaving the future.* I could torture myself almost into madness if HE had not said, 'As thy day,' &c.

Two days after the above touching entry his second, and now eldest surviving, son, Reginald Garton, was born; and he hastened to communicate his relief from his long anxiety to his friend Anderson:—

Brighstone Rectory, 2 o'clock P.M., Jan. 23, 1838.

My dearest Charles,—You will rejoice, I know, with us when I tell you that an hour ago my wife was carried safely through her trial, and made the joyful mother of a fine boy, who with her promises to do well.

I cannot express to you all the feelings which, under all the circumstances of the case, rush through my mind. The collapse of the mind is something like the return of muscular action to its regular course after over-tension of these wonderful fibres.

I agree with all *you say* about the Oxford School; but *I have some fears*. When did the mind of man not run into extremes? My principal fears are, that they will lead to the depression of true individual spirituality of mind in the reaction of their minds from the *self-idolising tendency* of the late leading religious party, by leading others to elevate solely the *systematic* and communion parts of Christianity; that they will disgust some well-intentioned Churchmen by a fanciful imitation of antiquity, and drive them into lower depths of 'Peculiarity.'[1] I cannot use all their language about the Eucharist; I cannot bear Pusey's new sin after baptism. They hold up a glorious standard of holiness, and for *us*, my dear Charles, who know well the hopes of the Gospel, and can supply all they leave deficient, it is the very thing needful; but there are ignorant and bowed-down souls who need a more welcoming treatment than their views of penitence will allow. I do not know that I make myself clear. Do you understand me?

The month of March was mainly spent in London; and in the following extract from the diary no one can fail to notice the latter portion of the entry under March 17, not merely for the quick sense of sympathy which it evinces, but still more for the illustration which it affords of one of the most characteristic of Bishop Wilberforce's peculiarities—that, namely, of an unsleeping alertness and observingness of mind, not merely in one direction, but, if such an expression may be allowed, in all directions at once, as if both the mental and the bodily senses were always turning every way, and could act on every side without confusion or interference:—

[1] The word 'Peculiarity' was used by Samuel Wilberforce and his friends with reference to the more pronounced members of the Evangelical School whom they called 'Peculiars.'

Saturday, March 17.—Morning. Wrote to Bp., whom heard from. Proposed review on Howitt's 'Rural Life,' for Lockhart. Then home. Struck exceedingly by *faces*,—history or prophecy in: —a poor woman especially in the street to-day—poor, sickly, and most distressed-looking,—suddenly lighted up with a face of *perfect pleasure*. I saw *she was carrying a baby which smiled*. Then she relapsed.

Sunday, March 18.—Morning to James Street to breakfast. Then in fly to Boone's (St. John's, Paddington) very pretty church. Sermon too much essay, some thought and one good hit—'chamber of licentiousness the ante-chamber of hell.' Back, read a little of Froude's 'Journals.' To Westminster Abbey, heard Lord J. Thynne. Met C. Anderson and E. Anderson in the Abbey. Evening to Melvill's, quite inferior to former times. 'Hear, O ye mountains,' &c. Yet some fine passages, especially near the end. The sinner testified against by Creation at the bar of Judgment. Home at 11.

Sunday, March 25.—Morning, St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Dr. Croly, poor as to *usefulness* and *taste* and *reasoning*: some power of amplification. Subject, the Miracle of the Loaves. Chief thought, the *universal* need of food as an incentive to labour; and *supply* of God's goodness. Home. Sir H. Hardinge came in with Sir W. James and Lady E. H. Full of election committee. How very injurious it must be to the mind to have *no cooling days*. To be always *hot* and rusting with worldly cares: no pauses: no self-examination. I ought to thank God for my lot. If as it is I find it hard to make head against sin, what would it have been if I had been a successful lawyer?

Then to St. James'. Bp. of London on 'Thou hast known the Scriptures.' Very serious, good, and in parts touching; pressing on the rich the importance of giving their children a Scriptural education. He flings his head at you too much, otherwise VERY effective manner. As far as I have heard, I think he is the best preacher in his diocese.

Dinner, and then to Melvill's, on the Annunciation, equably good, except in one part, about the Conception. The beginning very good, about the danger of ultra-Protestantism, and—'a meek improvement of common opportunities.'

Evening, read a little of Froude's 'Journals.' They are most instructive to me, will exceedingly discredit Church principles, and show an *amazing* want of Christianity, so far. They are Henry Martyn *un*christianised.

On April 4 he completed his last corrections of his father's Life, which had been occupying him during these weeks in London; and then, on April 7, he returned to Brighstone, the 8th being Palm Sunday, and his diary specifies the celebration of Holy Communion each morning up to Good Friday, and a communicants' meeting on Easter-eve. But the manifold occupations of the month in town had been too much for him, and for the most part the next two months were months of ailing and of weakness, so that the notices in his diary are almost confined to the books which he was reading—as, *e.g.* Chrysostom's 'Homilies,' 'St. Clement to the Corinthians,'—and to his preparation for his next Oxford University sermon, which appears to have engaged his mind and thoughts to a remarkable extent. Mr. R. C. Trench[1] is mentioned as visiting him for a few days, 'exceedingly pleasing, well-informed, and good. Much talk about *Mystics*, Schoolmen,' &c. And in answer to an inquiry from his brother Robert as to his opinion of Mr. J. H. Newman's recent work on Justification, he wrote the following letter, which defines his own theological position at this period of his life with much accuracy:—

Brighstone Rectory, Thursday Evening [May 24], 1838.

My dearest Robert,— . . . . Newman's book I have not yet seen, and have not time to set to at it at present. I hardly dare write to you therefore on the subject of Justification; because, not having recently cleared my thoughts by the meditation consequent on reading such a book, I am not your match; but I will set down hastily my present view, which certainly differs much from yours, and seems much to agree with D. W.'s.

Scripture and the Church represent, I think, Faith as the formal instrument of our Justification. We are, that is, assured, on believing, that we are safe. So Abraham was justified, &c. You say—'By what Faith?' Not by the mere intellectual assent of the Solifidians, certainly not. You say—'What then?' 'Faith,' you reply, 'that works by love. Is not our salvation the result of works, &c.?' Surely not, I think.

Now, I shall proceed thus. The *living* faith which is the formal cause of our Justification is a compound, an assent of the Under-

[1] Late Archbishop of Dublin.

standing to the truth of what God reveals and a co-existing going forth of the Will approving of and choosing it. Now this is wholly independent of *good works*. Let time indeed be given and this principle will necessarily produce Good Works, but still by a *necessary accident*. It is not, I mean, the *future* production of Good Works which makes the difference between the one and the other, but the *present difference* of the Will. The man may die before he has had time to produce one Good Work, yet his living Faith is not made to have been dead, by Christ. You show me two seeds: one is a dead seed, the other a living. I cannot see the difference; so I say, 'Plant them and then the living seed *will grow*'; but it is not this after-growing which constitutes its life. It was just as much alive before it began to grow. The living principle within made it unlike the dead seed: only my infirmity prevented my being able to detect it. So in Faith. The living Faith, before the least possibility of working, is wholly different from the dead Faith, and God sees this; and the man, in whom it is, is freely and as much justified as if he had worked ever so much.

St. James, to confute Antinomians, argues that if it had been alive as pretended it must now have grown. He is using an *argumentum ad hominem*, but God sees at once the difference, and a man usually himself suspects it. Now *I* think this is a most momentous difference in 1000 ways.

First. To prevent boasting, as St. Paul uses it (Romans). In this first going forth of the Will we must recognise God's hand. We cannot pride ourselves on it. In the after works there is, from the nature of our minds, the greatest danger of our beginning to pride ourselves, and trust ourselves for our justification.

Secondly. To prevent despair, to timid conscientious minds:— 'When shall I have worked enough to convince me I am justified?' What a question! Again for those who cannot work from circumstances, perhaps for all; for, until the sense of pardon comes from the free gift, I doubt if any *can* work. It is like a man trying to build under a shower of bullets piercing his hands. You see I meet your ἀπορία by denying that working by love is the differentia of a saving Faith. I say that saving Faith is the assent of the Understanding concurring with the choice of the Will; that this is visible at once to God, and by it the man is justified. To *man* indeed he can give no other proof that his Will has chosen, &c., than by acting afterwards accordingly; but this is only saying, man cannot be sure he was justified for his secret Faith unless he sees the outward

fruits of Faith: because he cannot get at the *sap*, but must judge by the *fruit* whether the tree is healthy; yet the fruit, though a necessary *consequence of*, yet is no inherent part in, the healthfulness of the sap. I have filled my sheet, so must end. With kindest love to Jane, ever your affectionate brother,

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

The rest of the year was a very busy period. On Trinity Sunday, June 10, and again on Sunday, November 25, he preached at Oxford, before the University; in each case preaching also, in the evening, at St. Peter's-in-the-East, of which his friend, Mr. W. Kerr Hamilton, was Vicar; and indeed for the whole period his diary is full of memoranda respecting the sermons which he preached, and the sums contributed for the objects, usually connected with Church missions, for which he pleaded. On November 26 occurs a memorandum of conversation with the Provost of Oriel on the question of his being proposed as Bampton lecturer—'he assents.' In June he and Mrs. S. Wilberforce spent some time at Winchester House, including the day of Queen Victoria's Coronation, June 28.

Meanwhile his divergence from the views of the Oxford Tract writers in general, and those of Mr. J. H. Newman in particular, already frequently referred to, had become sufficiently marked for Mr. Newman to decline Mr. S. Wilberforce's further contributions to the 'British Critic,' of which he was the editor.

Rev. S. Wilberforce to Mr. Charles Anderson.

Lavington, Aug. 31, 1838.

My dearest Charles,—I owe you a speedy answer to your last very kind and interesting letter. Your account of Lord F—— was very interesting. What a man the Church of Rome would have made of him! But there is the evil of our low notions of Church authority and Church discipline. Such men altogether escape us. They become wholly individualised and semi-dissenterised. Their energies are dissipated, and their private evil tendencies are exasperated instead of being softened down into the harmony of combined good.

As to my agreeing wholly with Newman, &c., Newman has just,

very kindly towards me, but, as I think, very unwisely, declined receiving more articles from me in the 'British Critic,' 'because my sentiments do not sufficiently accord with those of Dr. Pusey and himself.' This is to me another mark of party spirit, which I greatly lament seeing among such great and good men. He knows well that I am a strong and dutiful Churchman, and to refuse contributions from such, because the *colour* of their opinions is not exactly the same as his, is to prefer party to truth, and to seek rather to attach to himself a bodyguard of men than to disseminate through the existing Church a higher measure of Church sentiments. However, they are great and good men, and have great vocations, to which I wish that they would more wholly attach themselves.

I send you herewith a memorial to the Church Missy Society, which I am anxious to get well signed. The great object, I am sure, which we ought now to aim at in our missionary exertions is to give them a much more distinct Church character than we have done—to send out *The Church*, and not merely *instructions about religion*. This is the way in which in primitive times the world was converted; and if episcopacy, a native clergy, a visible communion, the due administration of the Sacraments, Confirmation, &c., &c.—if these things be really important, then how can we expect full success till we send out missionary bishops, *i.e.* bishops and a missionary clergy as a visible Church?

Rev. S. Wilberforce to Rev. R. I. Wilberforce.

Easton, Nov. 29, 1838.

My dearest Robert,—I sat half an hour with Newman on Monday, and we had a little conversation. He did not allude to our correspondence, so I did not. He was what he has *always* been to me exactly, *i.e.* kind, and courteous, and *distant*. I never felt to know him the least, and I have my own solution for it, but too long for writing. . . . The proposal for putting up a Memorial to the martyred bishops now fills men's mouths. Some say it is a slap at Froude's 'Remains,' and so at Newman and Pusey. It is exceedingly desirable surely that they should turn aside such an imputation by at once subscribing, as the inscription (I will put in a prospectus, in case you have not seen it) is most entirely unobjectionable, *me judice*.

So frequent has been the mention of Mr. S. Wilberforce's work in connection with his father's biography, that it will

naturally be expected that the present chapter should not close without some reference to its publication. Samuel Wilberforce's letter to Mr. Gladstone, accompanying a presentation copy, is here given :—

Brighstone Rectory, April 20, 1838.

My dear Gladstone,—You will, I hope, accept as a pledge of friendly regard the copy of my father's Memoir which, at the desire of my brother and myself, Murray will send to you.

You will find, I trust, the part which concerns his old West Indian warfare written in a temper of which you will not disapprove ; and the sketch which it gives of a public man holding fast to high principles, and living in the fear of God, will, I have no doubt, be interesting to you, and must, I think, be useful to those whose lot it is to be thrown into the midst of the same tempestuous scenes.

I have long wished to say a few words to you on your own position ; from the one only reason which may have led me to see some things in it which may possibly have passed unnoticed by you, namely, that I know less and am therefore less occupied by its *details*, and may therefore think more of its general features.

It would be an affectation in you, which you are above, not to know that few young men have the weight you have in the House of Commons and are gaining rapidly throughout the country. Now I do not wish to urge you to consider this as a talent, for your use of which you must render an account, for so I know you do esteem it, but what I want to urge upon you is that you should calmly look far before you ; see the degree of weight and influence to which you may fairly, if God spares your life and powers, look forward in future years, and thus act *now* with a view to *then*.

There is no height to which you may not fairly rise in this country. If it pleases God to spare us violent convulsions and the loss of our liberties, you may at a future day wield the whole government of this land ; and if this should be so, of what extreme moment will your *past steps* then be to the real usefulness of your high station. If there has been any compromise of principle before, you will not then be able to rise above it ; but if all your steps have been equal, you will not then be expected to descend below them. I say this to you in the sad conviction that almost all our public men act from the merest expediency ; and that from this conventional standard it must be most difficult for one living and acting

amongst them to keep himself clear; and yet, from the conviction, too, that as yet you are wholly uncommitted to any low principles of thought or action. I would have you view yourself as one who may become the head of all the better feelings of this country, the maintainer of its Church and of its liberties, and who must now be fitting himself for his high vocation.

Suffer me to add, what I think my father's life so beautifully shows, that a deep and increasing personal religion must be the root of that firm and unwearied consistency in right, which I have ventured thus to press upon you.

May you in another walk, and in still higher opportunities of service, as perfectly illustrate the undoubted truth that those, who honour Him, He will honour. Believe me, my dear Gladstone, to remain most sincerely yours, SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

Mr. Gladstone replied promptly, entering at some length into the public questions touched upon by Mr. Wilberforce. It was the time when Mr. Gladstone was busy writing his book on Church and State, and the letter might almost be described as an additional chapter to that work, or at least as a free application of its ideas and principles to the topics suggested by his correspondent. A few sentences, showing how dark at this moment were Mr. Gladstone's political expectations, how curiously sanguine his ecclesiastical forecast, are here extracted:—

I fear entering on the subject to which you have given the chief part of your letter, because I know how large it is, and how oppressive, how all but intolerably oppressive, are the considerations with which it is connected. I have not to charge myself inwardly with having been used to look forward along the avenues of life rarely or neglectfully; but rather with that weakness of faith, and that shrinking of the flesh, of which at every moment I am mournfully conscious, but most so when I attempt to estimate or conjecture our probable public destinies during the term to which our natural lives may extend—a prospect which I confess fills me with despondency and alarm.

Not that these feelings are unmixed: they are tempered even as regards the period of which I speak with the confident anticipations of new developments of religious power which have been forgotten in the day of insidious prosperity, and seem to be providentially reserved for the time of our need, for the swelling of Jordan;

and of course there lies beyond that period, for those who are appointed to it, a haven of perfect rest; but still the coming years bear to my view an aspect of gloom for the country—not for the Church: she is the land of Goshen.

Looking, however, to the former, to the State as such, and to those who belong to it as citizens, I seem unable to discern resources bearing a just proportion to her dangers and necessities. While the art of politics from day to day embraces more and more vital questions, and enters into closer relations with the characters and therefore the destinies of men, there is, I fear, a falling away in the intellectual stature of the generation of men whose office it is to exercise that art for good. While public men are called by the exigencies of their position to do more and more, there seems to be in the accumulation of business, the bewildering multiplication of details, an indication of their probable capacity to do less and less. The principles of civil government have decayed amongst us as much, I suspect, as those which are ecclesiastical; and one does not see an equally ready or sure provision for their revival. One sees in actual existence the apparatus by which our institutions are to be threatened, and the very groundwork of the national character to be broken up; but upon the other hand, if we look around for the masses of principle, I mean of enlightened principle, blended with courage and devotion, which are the human means of resistance, *these* I feel have yet to be organised, almost to be created.

CHAPTER II.

(March 1839—Oct. 1844.)

THE year 1839 is noticeable for a further loosening of the ties which had linked Samuel Wilberforce to J. H. Newman and his school, even though his admiration for Newman's powers had suffered no diminution. Almost simultaneously with a complaint of 'Newman *flinging* at me in the "British Critic,"' he has also entries in his diary, 'read a noble article of Newman's,' and 'read several of Newman's new vol. of sermons: their tone and standard magnificent, for holiness and separateness from the world, but I think too little evangelic.' He was also 'reading Maurice' a good deal, hearing a 'beautiful sermon from Maurice at Guy's Hospital,' meeting Carlyle, whom he describes as 'very interesting,' and also making an acquaintance with Chevalier Bunsen, which ripened, not long after, into something more than an ordinary friendship. In March he was elected a member of the Sterling Club, which brought him into association with many who could not be regarded as strictly orthodox, and which afterwards led to his being charged with views and opinions the exact reverse of those for which he was customarily attacked. The fact is, that to a singular independence of judgment Samuel Wilberforce always united a peculiar inquisitiveness of mind, which was instantly attracted by any person who either had, or seemed to have, any special grasp of any positive truth or aspect of truth which was at all peculiar or striking. He was drawn instinctively to such men. Consciously or unconsciously he studied them, strove to assimilate whatever solid truth inspired them, and sought to fit it

into his own scheme of opinion; and thus, perhaps, may have appeared to be for a time more influenced by them than he really was. But however this may have been, it is clear that at the period now under consideration Samuel Wilberforce, the High Churchman and favourite speaker at all kinds of meetings for Church purposes, was also not a little in the company of men of a very different school of opinion from his own. Zeal on behalf of Missions was always one of his characteristics; and for several years before 1839 scarcely a fortnight passed by without a speech or sermon on behalf of one or other of the great Missionary Societies; but in the summer of 1838 Dr. Vowler Short, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, then Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and a very active member of the standing committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, paid a brief visit to Mr. S. Wilberforce at Brighstone, in the course of a tour on which he was then engaged for the Society. It was during this visit that 'Mr. S. Wilberforce 'expressed a willingness to undertake something of the same species of work,' and the diocese of Exeter was selected as the sphere of work. Moreover, the Bishop of Exeter was to hold his triennial Visitation in the autumn of the year, and, with his Lordship's consent, the S.P.G. tour was arranged to coincide with the Visitation, so as to secure and facilitate his personal countenance and co-operation, not, however, without some misgivings on his Lordship's part, for the story is still told how, when it was proposed to him that a Wilberforce should make the tour of his diocese with him as a 'deputation,' he *screamed* at the idea of having to listen to the same speaker for weeks together. The Bishop screamed, but yielded, and when all was over he declared that whereas 'he had expected to be dreadfully bored, he had, on the contrary, been greatly instructed;' and in after days he used frequently to express his astonishment at the never-failing variety of Mr. S. Wilberforce's addresses and sermons.

Nothing was ever more carefully planned than this autumn tour. Again and again there are such entries as 'very busy sending off letters to the Devonshire clergy,' 'writing letters to

Devonshire and getting up facts.' To his brother Robert he wrote, 'I had an interview with the Bishop of Exeter. He is too civil by far to please me, with the "*delight with which he had read my sermon on the Temptation*," &c. But I hope to have a pleasant tour with him.'

The amount of work which he accomplished was very large. On August 11, the first Sunday of his tour, he preached three times, each time for three-quarters of an hour: first at Plymouth, then at Stonehouse, and in the evening at Devonport. On Monday he preached at Bickleigh, on Tuesday he spoke for an hour and a half at a morning meeting at Plymouth, 'and D. G. very successfully; Bishop *too civil*,' and at an evening meeting at Devonport, after which 'with Archdeacon to Modbury at night.'

The tour continued until October 19, and in its course he visited every town of importance in the two counties, besides numerous smaller places—a journey, as he is careful to specify in his diary, of nearly fifteen hundred miles, and which had occupied fully ten weeks of incessant speaking and preaching. Well might the Bishop of Exeter write to him, when all was over, to

> express his earnest and heartfelt hopes that he was not the worse for his most extraordinary efforts. God grant that they may be blessed permanently. The present impression is very strong. With warm regard, your very faithful friend, H. Exeter.

The mere pecuniary results of this work were large, the moral results enormous, more especially the stimulus which it gave to the work of the Society, not only in the region actually traversed, but throughout the country, as is abundantly evidenced by the mass of letters preserved alike from clergy in all parts.

Reverting for one moment to the Bishop of Exeter's remark on the never-failing variety of Mr. S. Wilberforce's speeches and sermons during the tour in the West, and for which in after years his Confirmation Addresses were so remarkable, it may here be added that in this respect also his natural ability was

not a little indebted to the early training of his eloquent father. One who knew him in 1839 thus writes:—

He was a guest at my father's house for many days. During that period I accompanied him to many different meetings on behalf of the Society in our county, and after having heard him speak day after day, sometimes twice or more in one day, on the same subject, I remarked to him my surprise at his language, so easy and so *varied* that I could not trace any sentences or phrases in the least similar, and although the subject was the same, his mode of treating it at each meeting was so different.

He replied that he owed his facility of speech mainly to the pains his father had taken with him that he might acquire the habit of speaking. His father used to cause him to make himself *well acquainted with a given subject*, and then speak on it, without notes, and trusting to the inspiration of the moment for suitable words. Thus his memory and his power of mentally arranging and dividing his subject were strengthened.

Most readers will recall the similar account given by Mr. Pitt of the way in which his father, the great Earl of Chatham, had trained him in his own boyhood, and will also remember that William Pitt was the familiar friend of Mr. Wilberforce.

It was during the course of this tour, of which even now, at the distance of forty years, the memory still survives in many quarters, that the death of Lord Walsingham caused a vacancy in the Archdeaconry of Surrey, and the entries in Mr. S. Wilberforce's diary record various conjectures as to the probable successor, especially Dr. Dealtry, then Rector of Clapham, and eventually appointed Archdeacon on Mr. S. Wilberforce's appointment to the Deanery of Westminster. The Bishop of Winchester gave himself ample time for consideration, and it was not until November 19 that Mr. S. Wilberforce met him by appointment at Farnham, received the offer of the Archdeaconry, and, having accepted it, was collated on the day following, and installed in Winchester Cathedral on November 25.

To his friend Anderson he wrote thus:—

Lavington, Nov. 22, 1839.

My dearest Charles,—I do not like you to hear from another that I have been promoted by our Bishop to the Archdeaconry of

Surrey, vacant by the death of Lord Walsingham. On Wednesday I was made Archdeacon. It seems very odd to be addressed by a new title, but this I suppose will in a few days become common to my ears and eyesight. The situation is one of great importance, and I trust that I may be enabled to be useful in it. I feel its responsibility pressing heavily upon me, and I have desired a few of my nearest and most intimate friends to aid me with especial prayers on Saturday week, Nov. 30, that I may be enabled to do my duty right in this new sphere of service. I know, my dearest Charles, you will add yourself to the number; and I shall rejoice in thinking that you do. This appointment will not add anything at present to my income, because the present endowment is to be altered, but it is to have the next vacant stall in Winchester Cathedral appended to it. . . .

At the beginning of this year he wrote the preface to the well-known 'Eucharistica.' As to this he writes to his brother Robert, 'I have engaged to write an introduction to and revise a set of Sacramental prayers, &c. . . . Send me any ideas which strike you; they are prayers, meditations, and doctrine from Anglican fathers of a good school.' On May 17 he finished 'Agathos and other Sunday stories,' written in the first instance for his children; the apple-tree in the garden,[1] under which the most part of it was written, is still pointed out. In November he began the favourite allegory, 'The Rocky Island,' and likewise became a member of the Athenæum Club, being 'unanimously elected as one of the privileged nine, Mr. Stephenson, the engineer, being the only other person honoured with that distinction at present,' as his friend Sir T. D. Acland wrote to him on January 28, 1840. Then, as the year advanced, he was less at home; and his diary becomes a simple chronicle of meetings or committees attended, speeches or sermons delivered, and visits paid or received, interspersed here and there with notices of an occasional day's work, and not seldom a *night's* work after a busy day was over, at his now forthcoming 'History of the American Church.' One of the meetings thus referred to was of sufficient importance to deserve a separate mention, as it was the occasion of his first appearance as a

[1] At Brighstone.

public speaker in London. The period which we have now reached was that when the great expansion in the operations of the Propagation Society was commencing, and with a view to make its claims and its work better known, a large meeting was arranged to take place in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, on April 8, with the Lord Mayor in the chair, supported by the Archbishops and a large number of the Bishops. Fresh from the successes of his tour in Devon and Cornwall in the preceding autumn, it was only natural that Archdeacon Wilberforce should be asked to take a leading part in the proceedings of the day; and numerous as in after times were his platform speeches, and unrivalled as was his success as a public speaker, it has always been asserted that this, his first great appearance in London, was at least as striking as any that followed it. His voice and manner had reached their full perfection, his materials had been thoroughly prepared and arranged, and the effect of his profound fervour was heightened rather than diminished by a youthfulness of appearance, which would have made it difficult for one who did not know him to believe that he was more than thirty, and which set him in the more marked contrast with the grave and reverend Bishops who sat around him. From that day it may fairly be said that his reputation as a public speaker was established. In May he was in London and attended two of Mr. Carlyle's lectures on Mahomet. Of these he writes to Mr. Trench: 'You have every right to every bit of Carlyle which I can save for you; the second lecture was more interesting than the first; he spoke of the Christianity of Syria as "worse and lower by far than Mahomedanism, for this was a reality as it sprang from the deep wild heart of the man, but Christianity was nothing but a jingling word rant about their Homo-ousions and their Homoü-ousions."'

A second public appearance of Archdeacon S. Wilberforce took place during this year. It was on June 1, on the occasion of the great anti-slavery meeting held at Exeter Hall to inaugurate the ill-fated Niger expedition under Captain Trotter, when Prince Albert made his first public speech in this country.

One who was present writes :—

The Prince Consort agreed to preside, and some of the chief men of the country were present. It turned out, however, a slow affair, the speeches dull and wearisome, when on a sudden a young man got up to move a resolution, and he spoke so much to the purpose and with so much fire in manner and originality of matter that the eyes of all were turned upon him, and thunders of applause arose when he sat down. The Prince inquired his name, it was Samuel Wilberforce. Sir Robert Peel, in a following speech, complimented him as his father's worthy son; and he was altogether the hero of the day.

It is somewhat remarkable that the only notice of this in his diary is comprised in the words: 'June 1.—Anti-slavery meeting,' and that no reference to it occurs in his letters; but it may be mentioned that when, six months later, the Archdeacon was nominated one of Prince Albert's chaplains, the incident was thus referred to in the letter offering him the appointment.

The Prince feels that the very high character which you have in your profession renders you peculiarly eligible to give credit to His Royal Highness's nomination. The Prince has additional pleasure in making this proposition to you, in looking back to the great meeting at which he presided and at which your talents so ably advocated the cause of humanity and religion.

In August the Canonry in Winchester Cathedral, with which the Archdeaconry of Surrey was to be endowed, became vacant, and on the 13th he was collated, and installed as Canon of the Cathedral, in which nearly thirty years after (1869) he was to be enthroned as Bishop. In September and October he delivered his primary charge as Archdeacon of Surrey, at St. Olave's, Southwark, at Epsom, and at Guildford; and on October 29, after two or three days' consideration, he accepted his Bishop's offer of the important Rectory of Alverstoke, to which he was inducted December 4, thus severing a connection with Brighstone and the Isle of Wight which had lasted for ten years and three months—a period to which he always looked back as one of the most unclouded happiness. The appointment was thus announced to his brother Robert:—

Farnham Castle, Oct. 27, 1840.

My dearest Robert,—You must hear from no one but myself that my Bishop has called me to undertake the charge of the living of Alverstoke, which has just fallen vacant. Many things make my heart sink at undertaking this great and important charge. But my Bishop's view is quite clear that it is my duty to do so; and I cannot hesitate to consider this as an intimation of God's will, and therefore shall go there with a good heart, trusting in His aid. Pray for me, my dearest brother.

My income will be increased about 400*l.* per annum by this change, and my ministry will be brought to bear upon a much more educated as well as numerous class. I shall also be at the head of the Gosport and Forton clergy. In short, here is a great opening for usefulness, if it please God to give me a single eye, a zealous heart, and a clear head.

The parish of Alverstoke, of which Archdeacon S. Wilberforce was now Rector, was originally a large agricultural district, but had long included Gosport, one of the few fortified towns in England, with its suburbs of Forton, Brockhurst, Elson, and Hardway. Of late, too, a new watering-place had grown up, with the name of Anglesey-ville imposed upon it, instead of its more natural one of Stokes Bay. In the parish were several naval and military establishments, forts, barracks, the Naval Hospital at Haslar, and the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard; and in Gosport there were many low public-houses and dens of vice. There were only two churches (Alverstoke and Forton) with cure of souls attached to them. The chapel at Gosport had no legal district, and the whole parish had, from a Church point of view, laboured under great disadvantages.

Archdeacon Wilberforce was soon felt to be the stirring spirit and master-mind of the neighbourhood, capable of attracting to himself whatever was zealous or intellectual in 'the three towns' of Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport.

The church at Alverstoke was more humble then than it appears now, since it has been enriched with a good chancel. Archdeacon Wilberforce had to endure its meanness, for the double reason that it had been, just before his time, in a way

rebuilt, and that other needs called still more imperatively for his exertions. He soon altered the internal arrangements of his church, so as to bring the font out of a corner and place it where the baptisms could be performed in the face of the congregation. Humble as the church then was, it soon attracted crowded congregations, including, especially on Sunday afternoons, many naval officers. His sermons during his incumbency at Alverstoke were probably some of the best he ever preached, for which three reasons may be given: (1) after ministering for years to a little country congregation, he was now for the first time in a sphere which roused his energies; (2) his sermons, in contrast to those which he afterwards delivered to strangers on special occasions, were at this time addressed to persons with whose circumstances he was acquainted, and whose progress he could watch; and (3) his own feelings were quickened and his own religious life profoundly stirred by the sorrow in his own home, which will presently be dwelt upon—the death of his wife, which took place at Winchester just before his moving into the Rectory of Alverstoke.

From his parish he was necessarily withdrawn at times by the duties of his Archdeaconry, by residence as Canon of Winchester, and by frequent summonses to Court, where he preached for the first time September 26, 1841; but no absence ever caused him to lose the thread of his pastoral work, and during his short incumbency he managed to get built national schools at Alverstoke, a church at Elson (St. Thomas'), and a church at Gosport (St. Matthew's), with large national schools intended to serve for the whole poor population of Gosport. A house of industry, or parish workhouse, was also the scene of much earnest labour, and district-visiting was organised, a little record of which remains in a short tract drawn up at the time, and published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The Archdeacon was much sought after as a speaker on all sorts of public occasions. Did a regiment need new colours? He must speak on the occasion when they were presented, and obtain the old ones for his church, where those of the 44th are

still suspended. Was the railway brought to Gosport? He must welcome it. Clerical meetings felt his power. A library for the clergy, in connection with Dr. Bray's associates, was established at Portsea. A Visitation sermon at Portsmouth touched the consciences of his brethren. Vestry meetings felt his advocacy of the interests of the poor, though the 'Times' newspaper misunderstood the circumstances, and in mistaken zeal launched a leading article against something he was supposed to have said. Some young candidates for Holy Orders came to reside in the parish for the sake of preparation for their work under himself and his curates.

It is almost impossible to describe the vitality and meaning which he infused into every detail, even of matters which are ordinarily regarded as mere forms of practical necessity. An examination of the entries in the baptismal and other registers during the earlier years of his work at Alverstoke will show what impressive lessons, as well as what tender sympathy, may be infused into such records. His catechisings in church were very striking, and full of interest and instruction to the elders who were present, as well as to the catechumens. He knew how tenderly to encourage a timid answer or to recall a wandering attention, sometimes by unexpectedly addressing a child by its name, and the children whom he catechised learned to love him and his teaching.

The district visitors' meetings were no mere formal gatherings for business, but under his guidance became indirect means of uniting workers in sympathy and building them up in the faith as he counselled or explained what should be done or taught. His singular gift of spiritual tact and *savoir faire*, if such an expression be permissible, enabled him often to touch the heart or impress the imagination by the simplest movements or tones. Many felt this in the way in which he celebrated all services; and his habit, which followed him through life, of concentrating his attention at the moment on whatever person or thing was presented to him, added enormously to his power of quick apprehension and ready expression, while at the same time it equally increased his hold on

those with whom he came in contact. Any one who watched him enter a room, filled with persons eager for recognition, must have been struck with the quiet concentration of manner with which he would speak for a few moments to each as if that one were the only person in the room, and then go on to another. In fact, such as Bishop Wilberforce was in later years, such was he during those earlier days at Alverstoke; only with this difference, that being settled there, with a definite charge and in close and continuous pastoral and personal contact with those around him, there could not but be more striking effects produced in individual cases than when afterwards the same capacities were spread over a wider sphere.

The narratives illustrative of this, which are furnished by those who came under his influence at Alverstoke,[1] are very numerous. One only shall be here preserved, as communicated by the late Rector, the Rev. T. Walpole. 'Well do I remember,' he says, 'the last time the Bishop held a Confirmation in Alverstoke parish church. It was on Easter-eve, 1873, two months before his sudden call. On his journey from this village, he told me the following touching story as his own thankful experience of the lasting impressions of his early counsels when Rector here, upon one whom thirty years before he had instructed and prepared for Confirmation.'

He had received a message, he said, only a few weeks previously, late in the evening, from a sick and dying woman, living at some distance, who desired to see him. He ordered his horse, and started immediately, and when he reached the house—a humble cottage in Oxfordshire—he went up to the chamber where she lay a-dying.

She looked up at him and said, 'You know me not, but I knew you thirty years ago. When I was a girl I was visited by

[1] On the birth of the Prince of Wales, Archdeacon Wilberforce, by way of commemorating the event, gave away, among the respectable poor of the parish, a large number, one or two hundred, of fine Witney blankets with the 'Prince's feathers' embroidered in the centre. Of these many may still be seen, preserved as heirlooms and exhibited with pride as the Bishop's gift,

you at Alverstoke, and you asked me whether I would be prepared for Confirmation. I hesitated, and said no. You would not leave me, however, but sat down and spoke to me and to my young cousin, who was staying with me. We had just before engaged to go to Porchester Castle on the following Saturday for a frolic with two soldiers, with whom we were slightly acquainted; but we listened to your words, and you left us to consider whether we would be candidates for the blessing and the gift which was promised to the confirmed.

'Together, as by one intent and purpose, we said to each other, "We will give up Porchester, and be candidates for confirmation." So we were taught by you and confirmed; and ever since that hour we have lived in the faith and love of Christians; now I am to die in peace.'

'She lifted up her languid body,' said the Bishop, 'to receive my benediction; and then she fell asleep in the Lord.'

It was in March 1841 that the blow fell, which, as has been already noticed, he had in some measure anticipated, and which coloured his whole after-life to a degree which only those who knew him intimately were aware of—the death of his wife. Their fourth son, Albert Basil Orme, was born on February 15; on March 7, following next after an entry in his diary 'finished Bampton Lecture No. 2,' occurs a memorandum of serious alarm respecting her; on the 8th, Dr. Locock was summoned from London, and arrived at Winchester the next evening; on the morning of the 10th she passed away.

Of the happiness thus shattered few records remain. In 1834 he wrote to her: 'All the sunshine of life is given me by God's mercy through you.' To a friend she said, 'I have been the receiver in *everything*. Whatever there is of good in me I owe it all through God to him. I always feel it was the crowning mercy of my life that I fell into such hands.' Of these few records, one is very characteristic of the Bishop, who from childhood onwards was a collector of birds, birds' eggs, shells, fossils, books, and autographs, and it is yet more characteristic of the 'sweet observances' with which he 'encompassed' his young and lovely wife. She writes in 1830 from Lavington:

'Samuel brought fifty-two glow-worms and put them in front of my window; he found them on the hill-side.' The number had reference to a family birthday. Mr. Trench, in his letter of condolence, said: 'I know too that your loss is not as another's, but that seldom, very seldom indeed, so much of love and light and purity have been withdrawn from our poor miserable earth, which for awhile they adorned and beautified, to a world which was their fitter sphere.'

To a man of merely ordinary affections such a blow must be at the moment crushing, and, even when afterwards recovered from, it cannot leave him altogether as he was before. Samuel Wilberforce was not a man of ordinary affections, and in his case the effect was deep and permanent. All who were in any measure admitted to his confidence know that this was so; but perhaps it has been reserved for his biographer, comparing letters written to many persons, and at long distant intervals, comparing, also, entries in his diaries stretching over almost the entire course of his subsequent career, fully to realise its abiding influence upon his character and upon his whole interior life. The deepened tone of the personal teaching in his sermons after this date has been already referred to, but this was only one of the outward indications of its inner working on his mind. There were many to whom throughout his life he appeared cheerful even to levity, who regarded him also as keenly alive to the accidental advantages of his position, and as being ambitious of social distinction and of professional advancement. So far as outward manner and demeanour went, there may at times have been some ground for the first of the above-named opinions. Samuel Wilberforce was equally remarkable for vividness of sympathy with those around him, and for the uttermost unreserve in the expression of feelings which were quickly stirred. None so ready to enter into other people's joy, or so anxious to contribute to other people's cheerfulness. Still more emphatically true was it that he, of all men, was the readiest to enter into another's sorrow and to weep with them that weep. Both the sympathy and the elasticity of his temperament were alike far beyond the average. All this is but

saying that with him the transition from one mood to another, according to that which prevailed with those around him, must often have been somewhat sudden, and that to an extent which might perplex comparative strangers, or persons of less susceptible dispositions. But as to the remainder of the judgments which have just been specified, the answer is complete. It is scarcely too much to say that all the mere personal aims of ordinary ambition were burnt up by the fiery fierceness of that one great sorrow which fell upon him at the exact moment when he was passing into a sphere where such aims would naturally have their fullest influence. That which is most noticeable is the fact that, while the blow crushed out the personal ambition, it in no way crushed the man. On the contrary, it acted as an abiding stimulus to every sense of duty, so that the increased energy and even eagerness with which he pursued each object that his multifarious duties set before him, and which many persons alleged as certain proofs of his ambition, were in reality due to the very cause which had subdued it. No doubt there would have been but few men who would have felt the blow so keenly; fewer still on whom its lessons and its influence would have been so abiding; fewest of all, those who would have retained the energy and the elasticity after the personal motives had been destroyed. It is therefore all the more necessary, for the right understanding of his future career, and of the spirit in which he did the work to which he was called, that the reserve which would otherwise naturally be maintained as to this crisis of his life should be abandoned, and that his true nature should be shown as it really was. For this purpose it is only right, not merely to give a few extracts from his diary at the moment of his bereavement, but also to bring into juxtaposition with them a few specimens, and they are only a very few, of the way in which, year after year, the same keynote is taken up again and again, showing how the feelings and resolutions which were then elicited remained in full force throughout his life and gave the colour to his whole subsequent career. '*I fear being scourged into devotedness*' had been his expression little more than three years before,

It was an unconscious prophecy of what was before him. How heavy the scourge was, and how he interpreted its purpose, it must be for himself to tell.

The day of his wife's death was March 10. Never did the anniversary pass by without its being commemorated in his diary and referred to in letters to the more intimate among his friends; and his children well remember how in after years, in the midst of all the tide of business, the day was strictly kept, and how the great sorrow remained as fresh as though it had only just befallen. Always, on returning to Lavington, the first thing was to visit the churchyard and to lay flowers on her grave; and after his last visit[1] thither, on May 31, 1873, so near to his own departure, he wrote to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. G. Wilberforce, describing the occasion as

one never to be forgotten. God's world in its beauty animate and inanimate around me; the nightingales singing His praises; and all seems to rejoice before Him. My dead seemed so near to me in my solitude: each one following another and speaking calm and hope to me, and reunion when He will.

The following are a few extracts from his diary at the time:—

March 10, 1841.—A day of unknown agony to me. Every feeling stunned. Paroxysms of convulsive anguish and no power of looking up through the darkness which had settled on my soul. . . .

March 11.—In some degree, yet but little, able to look to God, as the smiter of my soul, for healing. Oh, may HE enable me to lead a life more devoted to His glory and my Master's work. May the utter darkening of my life, which never can be dispelled, kill in me all my ambitious desires and earthly purposes, my love of money and power and place, and make me bow meekly to Christ's yoke.

Tuesday, Mch. 16.—Morning a good deal alone in prayer, and then happy. Large views of life *as a time of service* seem to open. O Lord confirm them. A good deal out with —— and ——. I suffer much from conversation.

Wednesday, 17.[2]—The gaslight, one only, in the damp dark

[1] The Bishop had come from London on a visit to Lord Zouche at Parham Park, and took the opportunity to ride over to Lavington.

[2] The day of the funeral, which took place at Lavington.

morning; the Cathedral in still majesty; muffled tread, hollow voices; strange men bearing that beloved form from my door, and her mother and her husband seeing the hearse drive off with all that made life an earthly Paradise to me. We followed her in the fly 5 hours after. I went round by Norwood,[1] not quite to fall in, and saw it passing below the great house. My dear Bishop arrived, and John. Bishop all affection and sympathy, strong emotions. God bless him. The funeral. I, like adamant, with the sense of being so; an awful state. . . .

March 19, 1841, *Winchester*.—As I firmly believe that upon my use of this bitter anguish depends under God the very cast of my future life, I put down such thoughts, recollections, and resolutions as may hereafter be useful to me.

I would take a general view of the sort of lessons I am to learn from this blow, and its actual effect upon me.

1. It is a call to a different mode of life. This is my settled conviction. I have had the best of this world's blessings, the fullest enjoyment of the most faithful and strong affections. Now what else *can* the sudden removal of all this mean than that I am to serve Him in a different way; in a more severe, separate, self-mortifying course? I am called as Abraham was to 'come out,' to care no more for the things of this world.

This view is greatly strengthened by what I know of my temptations, which may have caused this blow—self-indulgence, covetousness, vanity.

If this be so, I should make up my mind *for my life*; yet not as *vowing* or making resolutions, which were presumptuous, but yet make up my mind not to shrink back from this burden of *desolate* service which God binds on me. This is why I should think no more of weaving other webs—a ruled case. Domestic happiness not for me, or why taken away? My call is to self-mortification. Let me review this, if I am ever in danger, and solemnly, as in God's sight, say that I can see an *intimation from Him* before I change my purpose.

This life will be exposed to a multitude of dangers; as, first, self-indulgence. I am in danger of a selfish indolence. Therefore I must strive to labour actively in my parish, to be doing kind things to all around me. *Above all*, I am called for all these reasons to a life of much prayer and communing with God. This

[1] A hamlet of Lavington.

stills, settles, strengthens the heart. Give up to God the time before given to her.

March 20, 1841.—Here is a *great* point. Bodily exercise will profit me little. I *must* live much in prayer. *Now*, I feel it to be my only resource; but I know that it will not always be so. I shall again be *busy*—employed; and then averse to the *exertion* of prayer. For this *at once* form the habit of early hours for prayer.

I shall be greatly in danger, by degrees, of ambitious desires, now that I have lost the holding back of domestic affections. *She* always checked them in me. Therefore I must pray more for a simple mind, watch the risings of ambition, seek after the gift of lowliness and love to Christ as *the* object.

Beware of lightness. Should not such a desolation give a man *gravity*, a remembered sense of things invisible?

. . . . . .

The great object I desire to gain from this affliction is a maintained communion with God. For this purpose train and practise my mind—

1. In looking earnestly and steadily to Him as having sent this affliction to be a blessing to me, as loving me, as training me, as being my Father.

2. Cultivate a sense of life being altered; that it *is* altered; that it is not merely that my *feelings* are now crushed, but that *life* IS *changed*, that God has broken its dream; that I am called to take the cup of my Master's sorrow and drink it. This I must do *mainly* by gaining from God's gift a *love of Him*. Means to which are—

(*a*) Increased Meditation.—Take a more thoughtful view of life.

(*b*) Increased Devotions.—Opportunity; more time; more call to open my heart to God. Then watch against that weakness of my heart which would lean on the smaller remaining props, the sympathies of my friends, relations, &c., instead of leaning on God. Great danger of this—of throwing out *pro*-legs.

(*c*) Separation from Earthly Things.—Many opportunities for renouncing the pleasures of life in all ways. Remember Fasting, &c.,—yet only as a means, useful only because I am so weak. Then, again, as to earthly plans, rising in the world, &c. What watchfulness do I need here. Here an opportunity of rising higher—a temptation to falling lower.

I fear falling from these present views and living a mere worldly life. The guard must be *perpetual*. Natural feelings will alter even in my broken heart. I must, therefore, win *now* from God a sober, settled sense of life's emptiness, of His love to me in Christ, of the blessedness of truly living to and with Him. This my great want.

I must specially guard against self-contemplation and vanity. I am conscious of danger here, even in my very sorrow. God help me. Oh, if all this should pass away and leave me no nearer God, *i.e. more* worldly!

In 1845 he thus writes :—

. . . . Over her grave which I had strewn with fresh flowers, I prayed God to give me death unto the world, and life only to Him. But how great a thing it seems to ask for. I am so utterly weak, and temptation is so strong. Yet He can do all things. If I could but love Him altogether—how strong should I be ; how full of light ; how clear ; and how my reason bids me love Him, and how sometimes do I hope I do, and yet what a hold this miserable (to me most miserable), and yet sweet world, has on my heart, God only knows.

In 1846, at Cuddesdon, when Bishop of Oxford, on the anniversary, November 30, of his consecration, he writes :—

I have taken some time for prayer and meditation to-day, looking through my former life, reading my former entries. How wonderfully fresh it all is still. How perpetually is SHE before me! In business, in society, when I seem full of other things, how there is a constant under-bass ringing secretly in my ears. Yet, how little have I learned of all this sorrow should have taught me.

I have been looking back on the past year.[1] I want, 1. More secret prayer. 2. More dwelling on Scripture. 3. More command of my tongue. 4. More love to God and souls.

I put these down here, that if God spares me to another year, I may specially and closely question myself as to them. If I am to *be* a blessing, I must be more devout, more of a saint than others, and this will give me all I want, boldness, deadness to self. My heart is very, very heavy.

Again, three years later, on the same anniversary :—

Lavington, Nov. 30, 1849.—I have come down here for a day of

[1] The first of his Episcopate.

quiet and prayer, on this momentous anniversary. I was early up, and in prayer until 8. Then to Holy Communion at church; after, stayed there and went through, I hope with all my heart, the Consecration Service. How little way have I made. Then visited *her* grave. Then came in and read over some past entries, and now I desire to review, as in God's sight, my life. . . .

I have been trying to review my 'Episcopate.' The master-fault, not doing all enough *to please God.* All lesser spring out of that, run into it. My own pleasure, good reputation, friends, favour, occupation, inclination to be employed usefully, how these mix in! Resolve—

1. To examine myself more on this—to strive more against it—by setting myself often of fixed purpose to do for God with an eye to Christ; by still more earnest prayer for this great gift of losing sight of myself. I have prayed *daily* for this of late; by seeking to grow in love to Christ, then all easy. Then—

2. Not enough keeping the resolution and promise of exercising myself in Scripture. *Mem:* not to lose the highest parts of my office as spiritual pastor in the lower or table-serving parts. I feel *this* danger.

3. *Ambition.*—How deadly in the Church of Christ. *Vanity.*—How weakening and contemptible. *Love of ease and money.* How growing, and strangling to the Divine life.

4. Turns of this year: (*a*) Domestic matters. . . . (*b*) Dangerous sickness, and near view of death. (*c*) Evident withdrawal of Royal favour; G. E. A.'s[1] death bearing on this. Oh, help me to be single-eyed! *Make* me single-eyed to THY glory. Deliver me from vanity, from self-trust, from ambition, self-seeking, especially in mine office; suggest to me how to be useful; guide me in doubtful things; give me tenderness and firmness, boldness and humility, activity and thoughtfulness, love and zeal. Keep me from even *seeming* double. Make my righteousness of purpose plain. Teach me to submit when (as in 1847) I am falsely charged with want of simplicity.[2] Help me to be mighty in intercession. Work a work, if it please Thee, by me amongst my clergy, and laity, and parishes. Help me to lead, and them to follow, in self-

[1] Referring to the death of Mr. Anson, private secretary to Prince Albert; with whom Bishop Wilberforce was on terms of especial confidence.

[2] Referring to his conduct in reference to the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Bishopric of Hereford.

denial, humility, simplicity. May the Cross be stamped on me, on my life, my thoughts, my words. Keep me from censorious thoughts, unkind words, judgments of others, negligence in relations, colouring, unfairness. . . .

5. Resolutions. To aim more at the *interiora* of my office, in my engagements, in conversation with my clergy: more study of God's Word, more prayer. A special 12 (noon) prayer. When able, try to get to some system of intercourse with the more religious clergy as in retreat (Lord, lead me to this). To begin work with a more special dedication to God. Aim at more self-denial and mortification, less softness. Aim at increased knowledge of Ordination candidates, more pains beforehand to find them out. Danger of sinking into official routine. Cultivate more and more a living interest in the work of every earnest-minded clergyman, whether of *these* or *those* opinions. The great danger of the Church of England SECULARITY. I set to strive against this:

(*a.*) In myself, in my own soul:—Here the dangers and remedies comparatively simple:—love to Christ, doing all to Him, watchfulness against worldly estimate. Yet difficulties as to how far I should, as, now, mix freely in society. If I abstain, it must be *altogether*. Exclusiveness is the evil. Is not my call to go *everywhere*, where not sinful, and *witness*? Some have John the Baptist's call. Have I not the other? to have sackcloth *inwardly*.

(*b.*) In my household and family. Here many more difficulties. I might easily shock by non-compliance as to things in themselves indifferent. The *first* (*a*) the real remedy: have less personal share in such things: great vigilance here. Often self-denial and prayer.

(*c.*) In trying by degrees to raise my clergy, by (1) example; (2) intercourse; (3) if God should ever give me the means, *a Diocesan College, invaluable here* (I visitor). Secularity, for many reasons, the weakness of our Church, . . .

The following lines, too tender and too perfect to admit of one word of comment, bearing date, as will be observed, 'Lavington, February 10, 1849,' nearly eight years after his loss, were found among his papers after his death:—

A VISION.

Lavington, Feb. 10, 1849.

I sat within my glad home, and round about me played
Four children in their merriment, and happy noises made;
Beside me sate their mother in her loveliness and light,
I ne'er saw any like her, save in some vision bright.

It was in life's young morning that our hearts together grew,
Beneath its sparkling sunlight, and in its steeping dew;
And the sorrows and the joys of a twelve years' changeful life
Had drawn more closely to me my own, my blessed wife.

Then at our door One knocked and we rose to let Him in,
For the night was wild and stormy, and to turn Him thence were sin:
With a 'Peace be to this household' His shelterers He blest,
And sat Him down amongst us like some expected guest.

The children's noise was hushed, the mother softly spoke,
And my inmost spirit thrilled with the thoughts which in me woke;
For it seemed like other days within my memory stored,
Like Mamre's tented plain or Emmaus' evening board.

His form was veilèd from us, His mantle was not raised.
But we felt that eyes of tenderness and love upon us gazed:
His lips we saw not moving, but a deep and inward tone
Spake like Thunder's distant voices unto each of us alone:—

'Full often ye have called Me and bid Me to your home,
And I have listened to your words and at your prayer am come,
And now My voice is strange to you and "wherefore art Thou here?"
Your throbbing hearts are asking, with struggling Hope and Fear.

'It was My Love which shielded your helpless infant days,
It was My Care which guided you through all life's dangerous ways.
I joined your hearts together, I blessed your marriage vow,
Then trust and be not fearful though My ways seem bitter now.'

We spake no word of answer, nor said He any more,
But as one about to leave us He passèd to the door,
Then ere He crossed the threshold He beckoned with His hand
That she, who sat beside me, should come at His command.

Then rose that wife and mother and went into the night,
She followed at His bidding and was hidden from our sight:
And though my heart was breaking I strove my will to bow,
For I saw His hands were piercèd, and thorns had torn His brow.

Years after it was still the same. In 1853 the entry in the diary runs thus :—

March 10.—Woke early, with all the events of this day twelve years as fresh as yesterday before me. My vain hope that she slept. The heavier and more laboured sleep. The dews of death!

In 1855 the record of an unusually busy day of Confirmations ends with :—

Full all day of thoughts of 1841. Oh, that I had profited more by that life-sorrow!

In 1861 the entry is :—

March, Sunday.—Up early, and celebrated at Mixbury. Reviewed the way God has led me—how mercifully. My sweet one at rest. My own keeping through all these years. Oh, if my sins had not forced the enduring chastisement of this day, my life had been too bright for earth.

And in 1864, after mentioning the day's occupations, a similar conclusion recurs. The complete entry is as follows :—

March 10.—Ecclesiastical Commission. The Royal baptism. A good deal of talk as to Suffragan Bishops, &c., with Gladstone, Lord Russell, G. Grey, and Chancellor. Down to Glympton. *All my thoughts all day in the Close House at Winchester :*—1841 *seemed yesterday.*

And as closing this page of the Life this letter to Sir Charles Anderson :—

The Close, March 13, 1841.

My dearest Charles,—Your letter just received has filled my heart and my eyes very full. God bless you for your sympathy. The blow is greater than even you conceive. But even now I feel that it is far less than I have required. May God only give me grace to profit by it. It has, after all, come upon me like a thunder-clap. I had, indeed, never reckoned upon it. Dark shadows truly had been, often of late, cast over me, and they chilled my soul; but they passed; and in them somehow I always thought that I was alarmed lest my heart should cling too fondly to her, but that after all she would be spared. . . .

Oh! my dearest Charles, how much less have I valued such a loan than I should have done. And yet God knows I loved her tenderly. But then I had loved her from my boyhood. I had

thought of her, I am certain, *daily*, at school and at college; and now for thirteen years almost of married life—well! I do not repine; I believe not at all. But I long to learn my lesson; and I know, calmly and settledly, that a sunless life, as far as earth goes, is before me, and I do not wish it otherwise. I wish to do my work meekly and cheerfully till I also am called. My heart is very, very full. God bless you. Write again to me. I am ever your own friend, S. WILBERFORCE.

Thus far the year 1841 shows a distinct turning-point in the Archdeacon's life. It was also a year of great importance both in the political and ecclesiastical world: in the former Lord Melbourne's Ministry was overthrown by the Conservatives under Sir R. Peel, and the latter was convulsed by the appearance of the famous Tract 90. On Sunday, September 26, Archdeacon Wilberforce was called upon for the first time to preach at the Chapel Royal, Windsor, in his capacity of Chaplain to Prince Albert. He thus writes to Miss Noel:—

Windsor Castle, Sept. 26, 1841.

All has gone on most smoothly and pleasantly here. I felt no nervousness about the service, because there I was on high ground: but about the first dinner, &c., I did. However, things fell rapidly into their proper places; and after dinner, when the Queen came to speak to me, she spoke so pleasantly and kindly that I was quite composed by it.

It was quite a small party at dinner, only eighteen in number; and in the evening we sat round a small rosewood table (the Queen, the Prince, Lord Portman, myself; Miss Lister, maid-of-honour; Mr. Stopford, Canon of Windsor, in residence; Baron Stockmar, Baroness Lehzen; Lord Sydney, in waiting; Mrs. Stopford, Lady Portman (in waiting), and were quite quiet.

In the afternoon I had quite a long talk, *tête-à-tête*, in his library with the Prince about the Church, &c. &c., and very pleasing he was. This evening, after dinner, the Queen came and spoke to me most kindly about my sermon, &c. &c., and is going to send me in one of her carriages to the railroad to-morrow. In short, nothing can have been more kind than my treatment throughout. My only mistake was not asking for the Princess Royal, whom I should much like to have seen. I preached on the Widow of Nain—a sermon I hoped likely to be useful.

You know better than any one the thought which has been all day in my mind, of not being able to tell anything, and so there being no use observing or liking anything. But oh! *she* is better off, better by far. And no doubt it is safer for me to be steeled by such fires against many dangerous influences. But I must go to bed, having to be off at five to-morrow to reach the Visitation at Portsmouth.

In a letter of the same date to his brother Robert he adds that 'the Queen came and talked with him after dinner about his father and *his* visit, and his mention of her in his Journals when she was two years old,' and that in the above-mentioned conversation with the Prince 'he (the Prince) showed himself very right-principled, regretting the Liberal tendencies of things undisguisedly.'

A little later on occurs the following entry in his diary:—

Friday, Nov. 12, 1841.—Off to breakfast with Bunsen, and then Palace. Prince *would* see me:—shewed me the young Duke of Cornwall asleep in bassinet. Duchess of Kent 'wished to be introduced.' I called at the Prince's desire. She very gracious, but speaks English poorly. 'The Prince thinks very much of you.' 'Where do you live?' 'Oh, it is a pity that it is so far from us,' &c. &c. Then luncheon at Athenæum. Saw James Stephen: long talk about Jesuits (he preparing an article, I suppose), then of his assurance that Sir R. Peel would *quam citissimè* call me *episcopari*, &c.

On the first Sunday of the new year (1842) he was again at Windsor, where he met a party which interested him much, and of which he wrote:—

Alverstoke, Jan. 8, 1842.

All went on most pleasantly at the Castle: my reception and treatment throughout exceedingly kind. The Queen and the Prince were both at church, as also was Lord Melbourne, who paid his first visit at the same time. The Queen's meeting with him was very interesting. The exceeding pleasure which lighted up her countenance was quite touching. His behaviour to her was perfect. The fullest attentive deference of the subject; with a subdued air of 'your father's friend' that was quite fascinating. It was curious to see (for I contemplated myself, at the moment, objectively and free from the consciousness of subjectivity) sitting round 'the

Queen's table,' (1) the Queen, (2) the Prince, (3) Lord Melbourne, (4) Archdeacon, (5) Lady F. Howard, (6) Baron Stockmar, (7) Duchess of Kent, (8) Lady Sandwich, in the evening, discussing Coleridge, German literature, &c. with (2), (3), and a little (4), and (6), who is a very superior man evidently. The remarks of (3) were highly characteristic, his complaints of '*hard words*,' &c. &c.; (2) showed a great deal of taste and interest in German and English literature, and a good deal of acquaintance with both. I had orders to sit by the Duchess of Kent at dinner, just opposite to (1) and (2); (3) sitting at (1)'s right; and the conversation, especially *after* dinner, was much more general, across the table, on etymology, &c.

During the rest of the month, and during February, he was chiefly in London, seeing much of Chevalier Bunsen, meeting the King of Prussia at Lambeth Palace, dining with Mr. T. Carlyle at Mr. F. D. Maurice's—'a very interesting evening'; visiting Dr. Kay (afterwards Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth) and inspecting his recently formed training-school for masters at Battersea; and also, in company with Mr. T. Acland, visiting the National Society's training-school at Stanley Grove (afterwards St. Mark's College), Chelsea, besides a number of other engagements; while the joint scheme of Prussia and England for the Jerusalem bishopric is referred to in a letter to his brother:—

44 Cadogan Place, Feb. 2, 1842.

My dearest Robert,—. . . . I have no fear about Prussia and the Protestants. I believe that if Archbishop Tenison had been anybody else almost in creation from what he was, Prussia would even now be Episcopal and strengthening us in a thousand ways by a visible unity, and by issuing true notions on the Sacraments, &c. Now, I see not the least symptom of an inclination *now* to say, 'Episcopacy is immaterial; let us fraternise.' I believe the truth is they *are* Christians, are one with us in the living and invisible unity of the Church, the essence of which is union with Christ; but that they cannot prove it, or openly commune with us, for lack of an organisation. They are like spirits in the separate state, or like Dean Tucker's 'vehicular state.' I confess I feel furious at the craving of men for union with idolatrous, material, sensual, domineering Rome, and their squeamish anathematising hatred of Protestant Reformed men. Will you read, if you have not read them, Maurice's 3 Letters to the 'Cursing Deacon'?

Traces now begin to appear of that which was subsequently so remarkable, namely the extreme rapidity with which Samuel Wilberforce was always able to prepare for any sermon or other public utterance. Several times during this year (1842) he was summoned quite unexpectedly, and at the close of the week, to attend and preach at Court on the approaching Sunday, allowing him barely time to arrive on the Saturday afternoon, with only the Sunday morning to write or finish his sermon; as, for example, is shown in the following entries in his diary:—

Sunday, February 27.—The Pavilion, Brighton.—Finished sermon, and preached it. Much in prayer for a blessing. Interview with Prince after church: to publish and dedicate to the Queen. Walked with Anson, B. Lehzen, Stockmar, &c. Peel very civil about sermon, &c. All very kind. Baron Stockmar 'person acceptable.'

Sunday, July 10.—Claremont.—Up at ¼ to 5 and wrote sermon; nearly finished by breakfast, ½ past 9. Lady Conroy, Lady Lyttelton, &c., all very agreeable. Came down and finished sermon. Preached it with interest. All kind about it. Saw Prince of Wales and Princess. Read some very striking Rom. Cath. devotions—*Entretiens, &c., avec J. C. par Père Thomas*, translated from the Portuguese.

Under the self-same date, July 10, 1842, the Lady Lyttelton mentioned in the foregoing extract, who, from 1842 until 1850, was governess to the Queen's children, wrote as follows to her daughter, the Hon. Miss Lyttelton, describing most vividly the impression which his presence produced at Court:—

Claremont, July 10, 1842.

. . . . The real delight of this visit is the presence of Archdeacon Wilberforce. I never saw a more agreeable man; and if such a Hindoo were to be found, I think he would go far to convert me and lead me to Juggernaut; so it is hard if all who know him are not altogether Christians sooner or later. And I need not add, for it is a necessary part of his character, that he never parades or brings forward his religious feelings. They are only the *climate* of all his mind; talents, knowledge, eloquence, liveliness, all evidently

Christian. And it is very pleasant to observe the hearty respect and regard with which every one behaves to him. What good he has in his power—ten talents indeed.

Similarity of subject will warrant the insertion of one more extract from a letter of the same writer, though of a date some two years later :—

Just before church time the Queen told me that Archdeacon Wilberforce was going to preach, so I had my treat most unexpectedly—mercifully I could call it—for the sermon, expressed in his usual golden sweetness of language, was peculiarly practical and useful to myself—I mean, ought to be. 'Hold thee still in the Lord, and abide patiently upon Him,' was the text; and the peace, trust, and rest which breathed in every sentence ought to do something towards assuaging any and every worret, temporal and spiritual. There were some beautiful passages on looking forward into 'the misty future' and its misery, to a worldly view, and the contrary. The whole was rather the more striking from its seeming to come down so gently upon the emblems of earthly sorrow ; we are such a 'boundless contiguity of shade.'

There was a beautiful passage—I wish you could have heard it, because you could write it out—about growth in grace being greatest when mind and heart are at rest and in stillness ; like the first shoot of spring, which is not forwarded by the storm or the hurricane, but by the silent dews of early dawn. Another upon the *melancholy* of human life, most beautiful because most true.

The diary during a visit to the North records :—

Friday, July 22.—To Bridlington, where the sea magnificent, and Marton, where I had not been for I think eighteen years. *Then* always dreaming of life with my blessed Emily. *Now* Herbert by my desolate side, and life gone from me—like one of those broken on rocks,—but for the hope of Christ's mystical presence.

Of the intercourse between the Prince and himself at this period his entry under *Monday, March* 6, 1843, after a Sunday at Claremont, serves as a specimen :—

After breakfast with the Prince for three-quarters of an hour, talk about Sunday. Told him that I thought 'Book of Sports' did more than almost anything to shock the English mind, &c. He

urged English want of amusements for common people of an innocent class—no *gardens*. In Coburg, with 10,000 inhabitants, 32 gardens frequented by different sorts of people, who meet and associate in them. 'I never have heard a real *shout* in England. All my German servants marry because they say it is so dull here; nothing to interest—good living, good wine, but there is nothing to do but to turn rogue or marry,' &c. He very intelligent, right-minded and remarkably pleasing. 'The Queen wishes to give you this print of the Princess. The picture was by ——, and was very successful, and it has been lithographed at Paris,' &c.

In October also he was appointed by the Archbishop of York to be Sub-Almoner to the Queen.

Extracts from letters, which illustrate either his occupations or his feelings, are here given :—

Windsor Castle, April 4, 1844.

Many thanks to you for your very kind note. Yes, I quite know all those spring feelings. It is the hardest time of all the year. SHE loved it so. She opened in it so like some sweet flower. Always was I looking forward to it. Now I never look on to it. It seems so indifferent what it is; all the short halting places in life are swept away. If I could always look on to the end with anything like a comparatively increased singleness of eye! But it is most sad going home. If I went home to her it was beyond all words. If I went home *with* her, I got apart to see her meet her children. And now—but I ought not to sadden you.

I am come here for to-morrow. The King and Queen of the Belgians are here. How much at such a time I wish there were some *rule* of fasting. At home one can do it easily; but here I hardly know what is right. To be at all singular would be wrong certainly, yet I fear our not fasting must scandalize good Roman Catholics like the Queen of the Belgians. I opened yesterday Pusey's translation (just out) of Avrillon's mode of keeping Lent, with an introduction by Pusey. I think it is fuller of sad and humiliating bits of superstition than anything of his I have yet seen. How very sad this is.

Lavington, June 12.

. . . I spent much time alone yesterday night, after all were gone in, in that churchyard, and came home quite quiet. Life here is so unlike my life anywhere else. I was up alone on the hill-side between six and seven this morning, and anything more lovely you

cannot conceive. The slanting sun was throwing its brightness from behind me on the glorious prospect, far up into Surrey, Albury, the Hog's-back, Leith Hill, &c., &c., and all very distant country looks so beautiful: a sort of delectable-mountain-feeling hangs about it. I suppose it is the secret instinct after the land which is very far away which then stirs within one. All nature is such a mere parable of the unseen that one seems often now to have been like a child who read the parable only for the story, and reality looks in at last in the shape of idealism.

The month of October was spent chiefly in Yorkshire, and on the 26th he attended a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at which the Earl of Carlisle was in the chair, who thus records in his diary the impression made by the Archdeacon's speech :—

October 26.—Arrived at York. Took the Chair at the meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. I gave rather a flat account of our tour on Lake Huron; but soon came Samuel Wilberforce, who made a speech of two hours, combining, as I should imagine, the qualities of his father, Macaulay, and Ezekiel. It produced immense effect, and some of its pictures of our national neglect of religion were tremendous. The voice and delivery exceedingly good. I had much talk with him in the evening at Bishopthorpe, and liked him excessively. He praised Arnold; thought his bitterness was so vehement that it must have been superficial; thinks he had no defined system on religious subjects, which has made his pupils liable to become Tractarians.'[1]

The annexed letter from Mr. Gladstone, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the 'History of the American Church,' then just out, will be read with interest, and its concluding remarks especially noted :—

Whitehall, Oct. 31, '44.

My dear Wilberforce,—I found your kind note and the volume on the American Church awaiting me when I returned to town on Monday, and I paid your book the only honour in my power, namely, to give it the first turn, which enables me to assure you that I have read the greater part of it with much interest and

[1] Extracts from Journals kept by George Howard, Earl of Carlisle. Selected by his sister, Lady Caroline Lascelles. For private circulation only. Page 14.

pleasure, and, unless it be my own fault, with not less instruction The picture is, indeed, a very striking one; and most painful, in particular, as showing the exhausting power upon the inner life of quasi-establishment such as that which prevailed in Virginia, when its evils are not neutralized by a full Church organisation. Always very sincerely yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

CHAPTER III.

(February 1845—December 1845.)

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE'S days as Rector of Alverstoke, as Archdeacon of Surrey, and as Canon of Winchester, were now fast running out, and the year 1845, the commencement of which the course of this biography has now reached, was destined to be a momentous one in his career. In March he was offered, and after some short deliberation accepted, the Deanery of Westminster. In October followed his appointment to the Bishopric of Oxford. In each case the offer was made to him through Sir Robert Peel, at that time Prime Minister, and whom, as the diary records, the Archdeacon had frequent opportunities of meeting on the occasions of his attendance at Court. So far as the earlier days of the opening year are concerned, a quotation or two from the diary, and some passages from letters, indicate the course of his life and the subjects which occupied his thoughts.

Saturday, *Feb.* 8.—Most kindly received at the Pavilion. Much conversation in the evening (The Queen, P. Albert, self, Miss Murray, Miss Kerr, Lord Ormond, Lady Queensboro'), so that cards stopped. Wrote first part of sermon on Temptation.

Sunday, 9.—Finished sermon. 'God did tempt Abraham.' Preached it. Interview with Prince. Queen came in. Much talk —Peel's Church measures—Gladstone. Sermons, why so dull? 'No object.' Sir R. Peel and Whitehall Chapel. After dinner long talk. Chess evening, which I regret, not that my own conscience offended at it one jot, but that capable of misconstruction, and not unlikely to receive it from Lady ——.

On March 28 the offer of the Deanery of Westminster reached him, which he thus records in his diary :—

March 28, 1845.—Whilst at dinner with Trench, &c., a messenger came from Sir R. Peel with offer of Deanery of Westminster. Much perplexed by it. Greatly disposed to refuse it. Resolved to consult Anson. Off at midnight. Got to Windsor by half past 7. Found it was the Queen's wish. Peel had sent in two names, mine and B.'s. The Queen chose mine. Resolved; and off with A. to Farnborough and on to Farnham. Bishop at Godalming. Thither after him. Affecting conversation, and away to rail. Down to Winton. Wrote and accepted.

A letter written on April 5 says :—

Its being close to the seat of Government, civil and ecclesiastical, makes it wholly unlike any other Deanery. Sir Jas. Graham, after enlarging on its openings, summed it up with this: 'It is one of the very finest positions in the Church of England. The Bishop elect wishes to retain it until his consecration, and as that cannot be until May 3, I shall not take possession for a clear month, in which time I am going once more to 'visit' Surrey, and take leave of the clergy, and to take my Doctor's degree, &c. It is grievous to me beyond measure being so parted from Winchester and all its neighbours; but, on the other hand, the Stall there was almost the only thing I ever very much wished for or received with perfect satisfaction, and so never have I had a 'residence' which has not been marked with its own peculiar sorrows, and often overwhelming agonies. So little did we know! As to this post, it had never once crossed my mind till the messenger brought the offer, and then I shrank from it, so perhaps it is THE thing. My mind is now *quite* quiet about it. I see in it quite enough to occupy all my powers and time; and I do not look beyond it to any of the things we have talked about. . . .

On April 17 he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity at Oxford; on the 21st he delivered his sixth and last Archidiaconal Charge, as Archdeacon of Surrey, at St. Saviour's, Southwark, when, as he wrote to his brother Robert, his 'parting from his clergy and churchwardens was touchingly affectionate'; on May 9 he was installed as Dean of Westminster, on the 10th he went to Osborne, preaching there on the 11th, and in the course of the third week in May took up his abode in London.

June 1, 1845.—I have now been nearly 14 nights in London. I

trust my purpose is clear. O God, give me grace to keep it. I have preached to-day twice in W. Abbey with the deepest interest. I looked on it with dread; but the sight of the large congregation, the mass of heads, the number of *men*, the attention, moved me greatly. If ever in my life I felt a longing to speak Christ's truth, to be His instrument in saving men, it was, I think, to-day, and I earnestly asked the hire of souls. I have been less unable *rather* these few days to keep before me the true character and end of my life. O Lord, help me.

The very few months during which Samuel Wilberforce remained Dean of Westminster were too short a time for anything of moment to be initiated with regard to the Abbey or its services; and the only mention which occurs either in his diary or his correspondence of any views or plans with regard to his duties or responsibilities as Dean is to be found in a letter to Miss Noel :—

Lavington, Aug. 7, 1845.

It has gone greatly against my heart to be all this time without writing to you; but I have been more busy than I almost ever was in my life, and now I am again in the blessed quietness of this holy place. It always seems to be another life which I have here. Being so separated from all my usual full occupation, it has, even without its associations, a sort of Paradise feeling, and when I was yesterday standing over that grave, with my dear Herbert clinging fondly to me, it seemed as if I was in another world.

You do not in the least misunderstand me; you know how much I am really *interested* in my work; there is a great deal to do at Westminster, and it seems to me that I need a great deal of wisdom and simplicity to do it. The school is in a dreadful state, and very much, I feel sure, from the need of greater comforts, cleanliness, and attendance, which we ought to supply. If you treat boys as savages, they will be savages. Then the choristers are a grief of heart to me; and the lay vicars also. Did I tell you that I was about to edit a very interesting little 'Memoir of a Maid of Honour in Charles II.'s Court,' and an eminent saint—an ancestor of the ArchB. of York, by whom the MS. is committed to me? It seems to me to be very interesting and likely to be very useful. . .

The powerful impression produced by his sermons is shown by the following extracts from Lord Carlisle's Diary :—

June 8, *London.*—Mary and I scuttled across the Park to hear the new Dean of Westminster preach at the Abbey; we fell in with Milman, and got good places. Very full. He preached with the greatest force, point, charm, beauty. What a fit place for his powers.

June 15.—I went to ask Lady Granville to come with me to Westminster Abbey, which she could not; but the Levesons came with me instead; she had never attended our service before. We went to the Deanery and Samuel took us in. He preached divinely, on the signs of receiving the Grace of God in vain, with so much power, beauty, and *practicalness*. Lady L. owned that she had never heard so fine a sermon, and wrote one sentence of it in her Prayer Book: 'Respectability is not conversion.'[1]

Read in the light of subsequent events, now matter of history, these letters between Mr. Gladstone and Samuel Wilberforce, so early as the year 1845, on the subject of the Established Church in Ireland, cannot but be interesting, in spite of the brevity with which the subject is touched. It appears that early in August Mr. Gladstone had sent to Dean Wilberforce a list of questions touching the status of the Irish Church for his consideration and reply, bearing largely on the question whether the Anglican or the Roman Episcopate were the genuine representatives of the ancient Church of Ireland. These questions were thus acknowledged:—

Dean Wilberforce to Mr. W. E. Gladstone.

Alverstoke, Aug. 15, 1845.

My dear Gladstone,—I fear I shall have little chance of being able to sift your questions to the bottom, or I should gladly undertake to do so. Although you, I dare say, will, at least to a certain extent, agree with me in thinking that, important as such questions are at the time, the passing of years and an unquestioned title does greatly affect their importance, and that after all the one thing the Irish Church needs to do is to show that she IS the Irish Church. Failing this, I fear that no validity of title will long uphold her: nor, indeed, do I think it ought to do so. Let her show this, and I should not fear for her, even though all these alleged technical informalities were absolutely proved.

[1] The Earl of Carlisle's Journals, pages 22, 23.

Mr. Gladstone to Dean Wilberforce.

13, Carlton House Terrace, Aug. 16, 1845.

My dear Wilberforce,—Do not think that I intend to keep up the fire at this rate; but I wish, while I recollect it, to ask that, when it may suit you, you will kindly send back the queries which I sketched, as I omitted to keep a copy of them. I wish I could accept your comfort; for the quivering of historical positions on which important convictions have, in a material degree, rested themselves, is a process inciting disagreeable sensations.

I agree, indeed, that the political question of the continuance of the present settlement of Church property in Ireland will not be decided by a reference to my queries. As you say, title by descent will not uphold her, and efficiency would be her best argument.

But I am sorry to express my apprehension that the Irish Church is not in a large sense efficient: the working results of the last ten years have disappointed me. It may be answered—have faith in the ordinance of God; but then I must see the seal and signature, and these how can I separate from ecclesiastical descent?

The title, in short, is 'questioned,' and vehemently; not only by the Radicalism of the day, but by the Roman Bishops, who claim to hold the succession of St. Patrick, and this claim has been alive all along from the Reformation, so that lapse of years does nothing against it.

But I was far from wishing to put upon *you* the bolting of these questions to the bran, especially as I am much persuaded that one of our crying evils is to concentrate too many undertakings on single men instead of a just distribution.

The constitutional question of Succession, as the estate of religion, is a great though a secondary one; and it is more or less affected by these queries. Believe me most sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Tuesaay, 14.—Afternoon at 6, while sitting with Mrs. Sargent, arrived messenger from Sir R. Peel, with offer of Bishoprick of Oxford.

I had wished for this, and now that it comes it seems *awful*. Wrote to Sir R., whose letter was remarkably cordial, and accepted. To Anson and the Prince.

A few days after his acceptance of the See he received the following letter from Prince Albert :—[1]

Windsor Castle, Oct. 19, 1845.

My dear Dean,—I had intended to commit to paper for you my views upon the position of a Bishop in the House of Lords, but gave up the idea, fearing that it might appear presumptuous on my part. Anson, however, tells me that he is sure you would not consider it as such, and would be pleased if I were still to do it ; I accordingly resume the pen.

A Bishop ought to abstain *completely* from mixing himself up with the politics of the day, and beyond giving a general support to the *Queen's Government*, and occasionally voting for it, should take no part in the discussion of State affairs (for instance, Corn Laws, Game Laws, Trade or Financial questions, &c., &c.); but he should come forward whenever the interests of Humanity are at stake, and give boldly and manfully his advice to the House and Country (I mean questions like Negro Emancipation, education of the people, improvement of the health of towns, measures for the recreation of the poor, against cruelty to animals, for regulating factory labour, &c., &c.).

As to religious affairs, he cannot but take an active part in them ; but let that always be the part of a *Christian*, not of a mere *Churchman*. Let him never forget the insufficiency of human knowledge and wisdom, and the impossibility for any man, or even Church, to say, 'I am right, and I alone am right.' Let him, therefore, be meek, and liberal, and tolerant to other confessions ; but let him never forget that he is a representative of the Church of the Land, the maintenance of which is as important to the country as that of its Constitution or its Throne. Let him, here, always be conscious that the Church has duties to fulfil, that it does not exist for itself, but for the people, for the country, and that it ought to have no higher aim than to be the Church of the people. Let there be, therefore, no calling for new rights, privileges, grants, &c., but show the zeal and capacity of the Church to stretch her powers and capabilities to the utmost for the fulfilment of her sacred duties to the people, in ministering and teaching. A Bishop ought to be uniformly a peacemaker, and, when he can, it is his duty to lessen

[1] This letter has already appeared in Sir T. Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. ii. pp. 132-34.

political and other animosities, and remind the Peers of their duties as Christians. He ought to be a guardian of public morality, not, like the Press, by tediously interfering with every man's private affairs, speaking for applause, or trampling on those that are fallen, but by watching over the morality of the State in acts which expediency or hope for profit may tempt it to commit, as well in home and colonial as in foreign affairs.

He should likewise boldly admonish the public even against its predominant feeling, if this be contrary to the purest standard of morality (reproving, for instance, the recklessness and the wickedness of the projectors of Railway Schemes, who, having no funds themselves, acquire riches at the expense of others, their dupes). Here the nation is in the greatest danger, as every individual gets corrupted, and every sense of shame is lost.

In this way the Bishops would become a powerful force in the Lords, and the country would feel that their presence there supplies a great want, and is a great protection to the people.

I have spoken as thoughts have struck me, and I am sure you will be better able than I am to take a comprehensive view of the position. Ever yours truly, ALBERT.

Here, then, closes such an account as it is possible to give, alike of the outward career and of the inward life of Samuel Wilberforce up to the time when, at an unusually early age, he was called to the Episcopate.

The year 1845 was the crisis of the Tractarian movement, and, though Oxford was its centre, the whole country was agitated by it. In the month of February occurred the conflict respecting Mr. W. G. Ward and his 'Ideal.' On November 1, Mr. Newman, Mr. Oakeley, and two others were received into the Church of Rome.

It was at a crisis like this, and holding the views which have been already so fully set forth, that Samuel Wilberforce was called to the administration of the diocese where lay the focus of the excitement. It was his calling to calm, if it were possible, the ferment of opinion which was raging, and to turn to account, if it might be, the living energies for good which underlay the tumult. Add to this that the political world also had ecclesiastical disturbances of its own. It was during the

spring of the same year that Sir Robert Peel had carried his Bill for an increase of the Government subsidy to the Roman Catholic Seminary at Maynooth. The excitement on the subject was enormous, the opposition most tenacious, but the Bill was carried by an immense majority. Out of doors the proposal met with the fiercest opposition. In the House of Commons it gave occasion to one of Mr. Disraeli's bitterest philippics. The fact that Ministers were now advocating a policy which while in opposition they had resisted furnished Mr. Babington Macaulay with an opportunity for violent declamation, not against the measure but against the inconsistency of the Government which introduced it. He declared the whole country to be in 'ferment and uproar'; and appealed to the petitions against it which 'night after night whiten all our benches like a snow-storm.' 'All those fierce spirits whom you halloed on to harass *us*, now turn round and worry *you*. The day of reckoning has come, and there you sit doing penance for the disingenuousness of years.' Nevertheless, Sir Robert persevered, and, after a debate which lasted over the then extraordinary period of six nights, the Bill was carried at half-past three on the morning of April 19, by a majority of 147. Of course this concession to the Roman Catholics in Ireland did not tend to mitigate the general outcry against the Romanising tendencies which were causing so much alarm in England; but the two things were represented as having a connection which in fact was purely imaginary.

Late in the evening of November 26, the Bishop-elect went down to Lavington, arriving there, as his diary specifies, at 11 P.M. in order to obtain a few days of quiet and meditation previous to the day of his consecration :—

Thursday, Nov. 27.—A good deal of time alone. Prayer, and reading 'Enchiridion,' given me by H. E. M., and thought. Some large views of service, but on the whole much *ariditas*. Lord help me.

Friday, 28.—Spent my day as yesterday, and I hope with some profit. At night more perception than is common with me, of the great end of life being to serve God in *His* way. Some laying hold

of the 'promise of life which is in Christ Jesus,' of the pledge that I may be strong in the grace which is in Him.

O Lord, cleave the heavens, and come down. Be with me. Yea, overshadow me; yea, fill me with Thyself for Christ's sake.

Sat. 29.—At early communion with Manning after private prayer. Service. Time alone. Then with Manning to London. R. &c. there. Prevost and Trench, and others flocked in.

Sunday, November 30, 1845.—Up early and much in prayer. At 11, to Lambeth. The service very overwhelming; sometimes almost above my endurance. I trust that I did in very deed betrothe myself for ever unto my God, and that He mercifully deigned to accept of me, even of me. R.'s sermon, in parts, very touching. Came home, and at night much prayer. Many friends round me, and full of sympathy and love.

The consecrators were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Samuel Wilberforce's own Bishop, the Bishop of Winchester, together with the Bishops of London and of Salisbury. Large numbers of his friends were present, and never on any occasion had the chapel been so filled with those who were personally interested in the Bishop-elect. But no account of his consecration can equal his own few words respecting it, in a letter written on the following Friday.

Deanery, Dec. 5, 1845.

I felt all Sunday as if you were indeed with us. It was a most solemn time. I was frequently well-nigh overwhelmed, but there was, I trust, a Presence with me. I did endeavour to pledge myself for time and for eternity to *Him* Who is the Faithful and True; and I humbly hope that He did indeed accept me. Even now it sometimes seems a dream that I have passed into that holy state with such mighty ventures issuing forth on all sides. Every part of the Service was most solemn; the prayers, Robert's sermon, with one affecting and beautiful allusion to our beloved father, the consecration prayers, the Archbishop's questions, and then his grave, earnest, subdued tones, and reverend aspect; and behind them I seemed to see the hand stretched out which nails had pierced, and to hear a 'Peace be unto you' which the earth cannot speak. Our dear Bishop was much affected, and I was greatly moved at coming within the rails and sitting down with them.

And here seems to be also the fitting place for some men-

tion of the resolutions which he had been forming for his conduct in the Episcopate.

Nov. 2, 1845. *Alverstoke, Sunday.*—For many reasons I have resolved to use this precious book at this time for myself. But specially because as I cannot doubt but that it was the intention of God to fit me, by all the bitter suffering which has made it *mine* not *hers*, for this to which HE is now calling me, so I would ever remind myself of the lessons I have had above almost every other man to wean me from my love of the world, and to fix my heart and soul on God my Saviour.

I propose marking down here a few practical rules as they occur to me for my guidance. May God help me, for Christ's sake.—S. W.

The first great *necessity* seems to me to be to maintain a devotional temper. The first great *peril*—SECULARITY. To guard against this by self-examination, and above all by living in prayer. Remember that

To serve God
In *His* way
Through His Grace
is all.

Now trusting in God's help, without which I well know by my own experience, that all attempts at spending time devotionally are utterly in vain, I resolve,—

I[st] Resolution:

As my universal rule, when not hindered by illness, or some impossibility, to secure at least one hour before breakfast for devotional exercises.

Next, as my great fear is acting with an eye to men and myself, rather than God, I resolve,—

II[nd] Resolution:

Often to set my conduct, principles, &c., in the light of the coming day; and try thus to form the habit of acting under God's eye.

Mem.—To examine myself (1) next morning rather than at night when weary: (2) on my resolutions specially.

III.—To form a regular systematic habit of intercession for my clergy, &c.

Among other practical hints specially needful and necessary, I put down,—

1. *Beware of exaggerating*, either in praise or blame :—guard my conversation more. μὴ διάβολος.[1]

2. Be a 'father in God' to men of *all* opinions amongst my clergy.

Take *time* to answer letters. Give no opinion on hearing one side. Beware of *confiding*—of speaking on feeling.

Nov. 27. *Lavington.*—It is a monstrous thing that there be 'gradus summus et animus infimus : sedes prima et vita ima : lingua magniloqua et manus otiosa : sermo multus et fructus nullus : vultus gravis et actus levis : magna auctoritas et nutans stabilitas.' S. Bernard, lib. 2, *de Consid.* c. 7.

'Multum interest ut *ab initio* eam tibi vitæ formam rationemque constituas, quam in postremum perpetuo sequaris nihilque de recto vivendi modo quem inchoaveris remittas aut relaxes ; deinde etiam istud omnino eniteris et efficies ut *certas* et *statas* horas lectioni, meditationi, orationi . . . . quas neque salutationes interrumpere nec alia externa negotia minus urgentia impedire possunt.'—Carol. Borom.

'Præter solitas et statas Ecclesiæ preces certam sibi quantum potuit horam desumet, præsertim matutino tempore divinorum meditationi et orationi impendendam. In quâ oratione non sibi tantum gratiæ cœlestis opem deposcat sed et pro populis suæ curæ commissis se deprecatorem exhibeat.'—Conc. iv. Mediolanum. Pars. 3ª. Tit. 'De Episcopo.'

Cautions.—Never to speak of clergy, &c., before servants or children. *N.B.*[2]—*Never talk about them at all.*

Never to hurry men who come to consult you. Mere venting themselves is a relief. The receiving of this a duty of sympathy.

Residence and Labour.—God numbers the Bishop's absent or idle days. Satan *always* busy. Evil sowing ; the good fainting ; time passing ; men dying ; Christ coming.

*Mem*ª.—Supreme importance of much study of Holy Scripture.

Examine whether the labours of the office or its temporal advantages endear it to thee :—*onera*, or *in honoribus complacentia.*

Time for retirement before great occasions, *e.g.* Consecration, Ordinations, Synods. The *seclusion* of the Aaronic priests before clothing in holy vesture. Our Blessed Lord whole nights in prayer. The Church 'fasted and prayed.'

[1] That is—'Let me not be a slanderer.'

[2] This is in a much later handwriting.

The Earthly-minded.—'Ad culmen regiminis anhelans, in occultâ meditatione cogitationis, cæterorum subjectione pascitur, laude propriâ lætatur, ad honorem cor elevat, rerum affluentium abundantiâ exultat.'—S. Bernard.

Scripture, Study of.—'Ut vero hanc cœlestem prudentiam altè animo imbibat, sibique veluti propriam faciat, ipsas sacras Scripturas sæpius . . . . ipsas perlegat meditate, attento et erecto in Deum animo.'

Nov. 28, 1845.—My object:—I. To serve God.
II. In His way.
All else indifferent. All around the *media* for this. For this thou wast created and redeemed. This is Heaven. To serve anything else, especially thyself, this is Hell. Lord, teach me to love Thy service.

Remember to take from time to time special times for stirring up the gift that is in thee by the laying on of hands. 2 Tim. i. 6.

Remember this day's resolutions when by my wife's grave I seemed parted from earth's pleasures;—when at night I did cry to God for the heart to love and serve Him and none else according to the promise of life, even to me, which is in Christ Jesus.

On December 10 he did homage for the temporalities of his See:—

Wednesday, 10.—Down to Osborne, in carriage with Peel, Goulburn, &c., &c. Two hours on the road, 45 minutes crossing. Did homage. The Queen evidently nervous. In fly with D. of Wellington, Graham, &c. Peel and Graham in talk. The Duke and Sidney Herbert in much deep talk. Peel much abstracted; the only thing which seemed to catch his eye some deep draining by roadside. Dined at G. Harcourt's. There, heard from Lord Lincoln that they resigned last Saturday, and Lord John Russell sent for.

The reference in the last lines of the foregoing extract from the diary requires some explanation. The agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws had for some years been gaining strength, and in the latter part of the year 1845 it had culminated, owing to the failure of the potato crop and to the consequent Irish famine. The consequence was the resignation of the Ministry and Sir R. Peel's assurance to the Queen that he would give a general support to measures removing restric-

tions on the importation of corn such as had been advocated by Lord John Russell, but that he declined to pledge himself to support their immediate and total repeal. By December 20, however, Lord John had found it impossible to form a Ministry, and Sir Robert returned to power, Mr. Gladstone taking Lord Stanley's place as Secretary of State for the Colonies. And thus it happened that of the two friends Mr. Gladstone became for the first time a Cabinet Minister all but simultaneously with the elevation of S. Wilberforce to the Episcopate.

On December 13 the Bishop was enthroned in Christ Church Cathedral, then spent a few days in London, and on the 16th arrived, with Mr. R. C. Trench, at Cuddesdon, to prepare for his first Ordination examination.

Bishop of Oxford to Rev. Sir G. Prevost.

Alverstoke, Oct. 31, 1845.

Dearest Prevost,—I cannot thank you too warmly for your very affectionate and touching letter; and for all its true and most valuable advice. May it please God to enable me to act perfectly upon it. I feel beyond all things the necessity of both points you mention; and, with the aid of His grace, hope that I may in some degree act upon your words. I shall store up your letter, and refer often to it.

Thank you greatly for the Bishop Andrews. It will be a remembrance to me of your counsel and your love. I earnestly return your desire that nothing may ever lessen that love; and this I do all the more because I cannot hide from myself, that with all our affection there ever have been, and still are, views of doctrine, on which we do greatly differ; and I may be so circumstanced as to grieve you, because I act on my conscience. I will only ask you, dearest friend, if so it should ever sadly be, that you will give me credit for acting on my convictions under the All-seeing Eye, even when I come to conclusions different from yours.

I have been very ill since I last wrote to you, with inflammation in the windpipe. I am now recovered but very weak from the disease and its remedies. I am ever your loving friend,

S. Wilberforce.

And yet the Bishop could find time to read and weigh the

newly published work of Mr. Newman's on 'The Theory of Development,' which the great 'pervert' published immediately on his secession; and concerning which the Bishop wrote to Mr. Gladstone:—

Deanery, Dec. 6. 1845.

My dear Gladstone,—. . . . Have you seen Newman's book? Acute as it is, perhaps beyond anything even he has written, I do not think, from what I have seen of it, it is calculated to overthrow the faith of many. For those who believe that the first Divine afflatus conveyed to the Church in the persons of the Apostles all truth concerning God which man could know, and that the inspired Word of God is the written transcript of that entire knowledge which it was but given to the Church afterwards to draw out and define with logical accuracy as heresy created the necessity,—for all such the book has no force whatever. . . .

Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1845.—Morning, many engagements in London, till too late to be off by two. Off by five. At Cuddesdon by nine,—travelling down with Mrs. Sargent, Herbert, and B. James. A dark, dreary drive, but all safe, thank God. So ends this year. A year greatly marked by God's mercies, if I be faithful in the state to which I am raised. Endeavoured to draw my family in chapel to praise and thanksgiving. O THOU Who hast been so gracious unto me, bless me and mine in this new residence.

A windy, stormy, violent night:—so my diocese all dark and cloudy, but ONE directs. One is over all. To Him I dare to say, My Father keep us. Amen.

With this last entry in the diary the record of this year, so eventful in so many ways, closes. But as so many of the later extracts from his letters have touched upon Bishop Wilberforce's deep anxiety regarding his Ordinations, and as they were always occasions which drew out his powers to the utmost, it is thought that this is the most proper place for the insertion of some extracts from a letter from one who was for many years associated with him in their conduct, namely, Dr. Woodford, the late Bishop of Ely:—

The change which lay at the basis of the wholesome reform effected had respect to the social character of the Ordination season. At Cuddesdon the system was commenced of lodging the candidates in the palace. One of the Bishop's earliest proceedings was

to make such additions to the house at Cuddesdon as to render this practicable. For those who could not by any means be accommodated within the palace, sleeping-rooms were obtained in neighbouring private houses. Sojourn at an inn was peremptorily forbidden. All, wherever they slept, met the Bishop and his Chaplains at every meal in the palace. It is impossible not to linger for a moment upon the pleasantness of those meetings; the Bishop presiding at the head of the table with that singular grace which made him inimitable as a host, having a different candidate every time on his right and left, drawing into free and unflagging conversation those more immediately around him, and skilfully contriving by a special question to link in those more remote; the conversation itself perfectly natural, now contracting, now widening in its circle, now gliding by imperceptible steps into a vein of deep earnestness, now flowing back, without a jar, under that genial guidance into a tone more in accord with the hour of relaxation.

Another principle of Bishop Wilberforce's Ordinations was to enforce the idea that the days spent with him were to be days of devotional exercises. Hitherto the examination had been the dominant idea. He sought to represent it as secondary to the spiritual preparation.

During the last two days of the Ember week, the Bishop was occupied in private interviews with the candidates. He saw every one singly. When he commenced this practice, it was a new thing—and it may therefore be classed amongst the reforms in regard to Ordination work, for which the Church is indebted to him. In order to furnish subject-matter for this private interview with the candidates for Priest's Orders, the following question was proposed to them:—

'What difficulties, from within and from without, have you experienced in the exercise of your ministry?'

The paper containing the answer was given by each man into the Bishop's own hand, and read by him alone. It contributed material for the close searching into character and motives, which marked the private interview. How close that sifting of character was, may be gathered from the notes in the Bishop's private memorandum-book.

The most prominent feature of the Cuddesdon Ordinations was the series of addresses delivered by the Bishop in the chapel. Those addresses were of two kinds. On the Saturday evening next before the day of Ordination, the address took the form of a written Charge.

A volume of these Charges has been for some years before the Church. The previous addresses were in many respects the more remarkable. The candidates assembled on the Thursday morning in Ember week. The first address was then given after morning prayer in the Palace chapel. A second address was delivered at evensong, and similarly on each of the succeeding days. These addresses were always extempore addresses, founded upon the lessons of the day. In earlier times the lessons were especially chosen; latterly the lessons appointed in the Calendar were most usually taken. Nor is it possible to forget the marvellous adroitness with which the chapter, when not specially selected, was made to furnish a basis for the required teaching. The addresses of each Ember week were always closely connected, so that a single leading thought was left upon the mind as the result of the week's instruction. The effect of these addresses was shown not only in the attention with which they were listened to at the time, but in the increased devoutness of manner amongst the candidates as the week advanced,—more than once, I believe, in the voluntary withdrawal for a while of some who, having offered themselves without due thought, learnt to feel under the power of those weighty counsels that the Ark of God might not be touched by careless hands, and so in the deepening sense of their unfitness delayed taking the great vow.

CHAPTER IV.

(Jan. 1846—Nov. 1847.)

WHEN Samuel Wilberforce became Bishop of Oxford in the year 1845, the task before him was something more than that of infusing life into an already existing diocese. The See of Oxford as originally created by King Henry VIII. in 1524 consisted of the single county of that name. In 1836 the county of Berks was added to it, a transfer which brought with it the Chancellorship of the Order of the Garter; the county of Bucks might also have been added at the same time, but the story goes that the then Bishop of Oxford on inquiring of the then Bishop of Lincoln as to the general character of his clergy in Buckinghamshire, and receiving the laconic answer, 'Oh, top-boots and Exeter Hall,' declined the transfer. The consequence was that the diocese of Oxford, as it is now known, was first completely constituted when Bishop Wilberforce came to the See, and that his work was not merely to reform but almost to form the diocese.

In 1845 there were no Junior Bishops waiting for vacancies to admit them into the House of Lords; so that the somewhat inconvenient arrangement was then in force, by which the last-consecrated Bishop, however anxious to acquaint himself rapidly with his new sphere of duty, was required to be in constant attendance as Chaplain of the House of Lords. In Bishop Wilberforce's case this attendance had to begin almost immediately after his consecration, as, owing to the political necessities of the moment, Parliament met, in 1846, at the unusually early date of January 22. It has been seen how busily he had

been engaged during the month of December 1845; there remained to him but three weeks during which it was possible to be at Cuddesdon before he was summoned to his Parliamentary duties; but in these three weeks he accomplished much. With the exception of one Sunday, January 11, when he preached at Claremont—'where most kindly received; Peel there, moody and abstracted, yet after dinner kindling into stories'—and an attendance, on January 19, at Windsor Castle, at his first Chapter of the Garter, to be invested as its Chancellor, nearly the whole of this interval was spent at Cuddesdon. There, during these few days, he had found time to receive every one of the Rural Deans of the three counties which now formed the diocese, and singly with each to survey the state and the requirements of his Rural Deanery, so as to have acquainted himself, at least in a general way, with the diocese he had to govern, and the men upon whom at the outset he would have to depend.

But it must not be supposed that, however cheerfully he wrote, the prospect before him could be any other than one of long, uphill labour. The fact was, that his conception of a Bishop's work and of diocesan administration was very largely original, or, if not original in the strict sense of the word, at all events it was at that date so unusual as to wear all the aspect of originality. There is no need in this place to repeat all that has been said and written in a hundred ways of the practical abeyance into which the Episcopal office had fallen during the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the present, despite some notable examples to the contrary. It yet remains true, and ought here to be emphatically stated, that the *idea* of Episcopacy with which Bishop Wilberforce set out, and which through life he consistently illustrated, was essentially his own. According to him the Bishop was to be as much the mainspring of all spiritual and religious energy in his diocese as a parochial clergyman is bound to be in his parish. It was the Bishop's duty to supply not merely advice and counsel to his clergy, but also that *momentum*, which the sense of real supervision, how-

ever kindly and sympathising, always communicates to the mind and energy of the person supervised. It was his to care for the diocese as a whole, to learn for himself where needs existed, to take the necessary steps for supplying those needs, and to take care also that it was known that he so acted, and that he was at all times not only accessible to all men, but also ready personally to investigate on the spot any case that was brought before him.

This last rule of action he always carefully impressed on his lieutenants. The late Canon Ashwell, when a young clergyman under thirty, had been compelled to rebut a charge of the omission or neglect of some duty. The refutation was complete, and at the first he was disposed to felicitate himself on having proved to the Bishop's full satisfaction that, so far from having shown any neglect, he had, in fact, done more than was strictly required of him, and he expected to receive praise instead of blame. He was mistaken. The Bishop turned upon him with—'Then, Mr. Ashwell, I must teach you one of a clergyman's most needful lessons. *Esse quam videri* is a maxim which has its application; but, for a clergyman, the *videri* is essential to his having even the chance of realising the *esse* in his actual work. How are people to be encouraged to come to you for what you are ready to *be* and to *do*, if you do not take care that what you are and what you do be seen and known? And in this case, I, too, as your Bishop, have a ground of complaint in that you have been careless as to letting the real grounds of my confidence in you be manifest to all'—and more to the same effect. The occasion which elicited the above has long since passed out of recollection, but the memory of the warning and of the manner in which it was given can never be forgotten.

Bishop Wilberforce's idea of true Episcopacy is happily now a familiar one: to those of a younger generation it seems a matter of course; and Bishops who fail conspicuously to act accordingly are regarded as falling below the standard of their duty. But it is only the barest meed of justice to say that it is from the ideal of a Bishop's duty which Bishop Wilberforce

conceived, which he enforced by his example, and which the brilliancy of his abilities compelled the whole Church to recognise, that the change now spoken of has arisen. His power of organisation needs no additional remark. His restless activity, at once natural and by this time habitual, made a ubiquity which would have been intolerable to most men, almost a source of pleasure to him. His manner, naturally winning, and cultivated by habit, gave him a power both socially and in dealing with individuals which has never been surpassed. His success in winning the territorial laity to an interest in Church work in the diocese, and his sedulous pains to conciliate them on occasions when he had to visit their parishes, can never be fully told; he secured from the leading clergy a hearty sympathy in his plans, while from the younger he elicited an almost romantic devotion. 'I trust you utterly. But you are in a very difficult position, and God alone can enable you to fill it rightly,' were his words to one who felt them to the full; and he had the art of making them feel that they were trusted—the one great secret of drawing out the powers of young men of ability and zeal. As time went on, as his Parliamentary reputation increased, as his political importance developed, all these things reacted upon the diocese, and those who served him felt an added pride in following one who was not only the indefatigable Bishop and the sympathiser in all their difficulties, but also the brilliant orator who could hold his own among the foremost statesmen of the day in things secular as well as sacred. Another group of circumstances contributed not a little to Bishop Wilberforce's success. First among these may be placed the fact that his diocese was the diocese of *Oxford*—Oxford, to which was drawn so large a proportion of the rising youth of the country, so large a proportion of its future Clergy, so that whatever was done in the diocese where Oxford lay could not but be known and heard of throughout the land. Whatever was done there could not be done in a corner.

Then, secondly, his position was such that he could keep up his close attention not only to Parliamentary business, but

to all the variety of Church business which centres in London, along with the closest attention to diocesan affairs. Everybody saw the Bishop of Oxford; almost everybody in some sense knew him; everybody heard of what he was doing; his diocese came up to the very verge of the metropolis; his example was therefore close under the eyes of all who were open to be influenced by it. The sphere of his labour was exactly the one to bring his discharge of the Episcopal office and of diocesan duty into the utmost prominence, and that with exceptional rapidity. To all this must be added the comparatively early age at which he came to the See—an age which unites the fire of earlier years with the experience of later: one, too, at which a man can enter upon a great work without the haunting consciousness of a future too brief for its completion. Truly the career of Bishop Wilberforce offers an example of that which is too rarely seen—the concurrence of capacity and opportunity. The result has been what the whole Church knows. Bishop Wilberforce has revolutionised the idea of Episcopacy throughout the whole English-speaking world.

So far as the University was concerned, the presence of so stirring a Bishop in its immediate vicinity was regarded with varying degrees of satisfaction. By some among its older members his nomination was heard of with some alarm, in consequence of the reputation for activity which he had already acquired. This feeling was increased when he began his work. 'I recollect,' said one who is now almost, if not quite, the senior member of the University—'I recollect when a Bishop of Oxford never drove into Oxford without four horses and two powdered footmen; and what does Sam do? He gets upon a horse and rides in by himself, without so much as a groom behind him! I met him myself to-day.' The quickness, life, and versatility of the young Bishop were not in accordance with the ideas of propriety entertained by that elder generation. Then there was a traditional jealousy lest the Bishops of Oxford should gain too much influence in the University, which was sharpened by the capacity which was displayed by Bishop Wilberforce, and by the power which he

possessed of personal leadership, which had already been experienced. There was also the real if somewhat smothered suspicion of the party who had held with Mr. Newman, and who regarded him with unfriendly eyes. But it was not so with the majority. He was not so well known at first as he afterwards became, but there was a general belief in his earnestness and power which made the majority of thoughtful men thankful that he should have been set over the Church in the Diocese of Oxford at such a moment.

Another point in the Bishop's episcopal character and conduct demands particular attention, *i.e.* his conscientious almsgiving; and it is here named the more appropriately, inasmuch as the special testimony on which it is based belongs to the early period of his Episcopate. The Bishop's relation to his cathedral city was by no means convenient. Cuddesdon was seven miles distant, and in Oxford he had no definite foothold. And yet from such a population as Oxford contained it could not be but that many an appeal should be made to his bounty, while the above-named circumstances rendered personal inquiry into their genuineness almost impossible. Yet to turn a deaf ear to them seemed in no way fitting. The result was that, as in many other matters respecting the city of Oxford, so also in this, the Bishop used the assistance of Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Hobhouse, then Vicar of St. Peter's-in-the-East and Fellow of Merton, whose permanent position and constant residence in Oxford gave him easy means of investigation. Bishop Hobhouse distinctly testifies that for several years his personal experience led him 'to form the highest estimate both of his natural bountifulness and sympathy with misfortune, and also of his faith in the blessedness of relieving it.'

'I have in my mind one specific case which is a representative one. After the Irish famine, a poor Irishman, who was struggling to win an Irish degree at Dublin, on the strength of a small income drawn from cottage rents, came to Oxford under the pressure of distress, and applied to the Bishop both for immediate help and ultimate ordination. I was sent to his lodging, and found him with an aged dependent mother living

in one sole garret-room. The Bishop continued to "pour in oil and wine" upon this poor couple until the whole circumstances could be ascertained by correspondence, and some one found in Ireland who could administer help to them after their return. I did not know whether to admire most the patient sacrifice of most precious time and thought to the case, or the amount of bounty given from a purse which was continually strained by the most diverse claims. From what I saw of the Bishop's generosity in other directions, I feel confident that he expended the whole of his official income on charitable and official objects, including, of course, hospitality in the latter.'

Of the tact not unmixed with humour with which the Bishop dealt with applications which, as Bishop Hobhouse above observes, bore the suspicion of unworthiness, the following letter is a good example:—

Cuddesdon Palace, Feb. 24, 1848.

Sir,—I have to-day received a letter from you, stating that you are a faithful man and want money, and that I am rich, and if I am faithful I should give it to you, and so proceeding to much that you had better left unsaid.

But how am I to know that you are faithful?

If I thought you so, I might be as much mistaken as you are in thinking me rich.

You referred me to some persons who know you. I wrote at once to the one of them whom I knew, and I have commissioned him to minister to your wants, *if he thinks fit*, to the utmost of my power.

More I cannot do, than earnestly to exhort you to pray for humility before God and man. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

S. Oxon.

A story, too, of which every detail is capable of exact verification, may be given as an illustration of the Bishop's openness to claims upon his sympathy and charity in cases where most men would have seen no claim at all, and in matters involving the expenditure of far more than money. A young clergyman of somewhat sentimental and lymphatic temperament, but open to high impulses, and equal under some circumstances to doing really good service, was in charge of a

district church in a northern diocese. He was married; and his wife, somewhat his superior, and a woman of rare excellence, was made much of in the neighbourhood. He, morbid and sentimental, and imagining that he had not his wife's sympathy, fell into what must at the least be described as indiscretion, which, though going no further, gave rise to scandal; so that, after the matter had been laid before his Diocesan, he was desired to quit the diocese for three years. This meant ruin for him and for his family. His wife stood by him admirably; by her and by him the case in all its fulness was laid before one who had access to the Bishop of Oxford, and who, having failed in all other attempts to serve them, resolved on appealing to the Bishop's sympathy, wrote to him on the subject, forwarded the whole budget of particulars to him, begging him—no light task—to master them, and asking for an interview. After one or two failures, he called at what he thought would prove a convenient hour at the Bishop's lodgings in Pall Mall. Alas! it was the reverse of a happy moment: the Bishop was already due at dinner elsewhere; the carriage was waiting at the door to take him, while he himself was hurriedly dressing after arriving late from the country, owing to the delay of some railway-train. The card, however, was sent up, and the friend waited. In a few minutes the Bishop passed, all disconcerted by his lateness and his hurry, and almost shouted, arm outstretched, 'I *can't* give you a minute, sir! I can't give you a minute. And this is no case of mine. It is no case of mine.' The response was, 'I know it is no case of yours. Had it been a case of yours you would have known of it for yourself, and there would have been no need for me to bring it before you. I thought you fully understood that it was simply a question of your charity.'

By this time the Bishop had actually reached the street, but at the word 'charity' he pulled up as if he had been struck, paused, came back into the house, and with a change of expression which the narrator declares he can never forget, and certainly not describe, said in his kindest voice, 'Can you sleep in London to night?'—and the answer being 'Yes,' he added,

'Then come to me to-morrow at 10.' Next morning it was found that the Bishop had thoroughly mastered the whole case, and, what was more, had made further investigation of his own, which led him to look with some doubt upon the sincerity of the offender's repentance. 'We fought it all out,' says the narrator; 'I told him all I knew, and all I hoped, and then the Bishop said, "Well, then, what do you want me to do?" "Take him into your own diocese for the three years without a licence," was the reply. 'We had more talk then,' continues the friend's report. 'I told him that what the man needed was work, which would leave him no time to be thinking about himself—a place in fact where there was work enough for two, and that if so placed, there was every reason to believe that he would right himself. The Bishop said he would do so; and after due communication with the clergyman's former Diocesan, he told me to write to an incumbent in his diocese who wanted help in a large district with a large labouring population, to tell him the necessary facts of the case, and to say that the Bishop would be glad if he could take him as his assistant.' The result was the thorough restoration of the clergyman's character and usefulness, and he won the respect and goodwill of all classes. 'But,' the friend concludes, 'what touched me most was the high-souled spiritually-minded way in which the Bishop approached and discussed the subject, which indeed might be said to have been no concern of his, and the marvellous change which was wrought in his worried, anxious, nay, almost angry, countenance when the appeal to his *charity* fell upon his ears.'

On January 22 Parliament was opened by the Queen in person, and Bishop Wilberforce took the oaths and his seat. The Royal Speech announced the approaching relaxation of the Corn Laws, and on the 27th followed Sir Robert Peel's statement of his financial policy. The two occasions were thus mentioned by the Bishop to Miss Noel:

Athenæum, Jan. 28, 1846.

I took my seat, as I think I told you, in the House of Lords on the first day of Session. You know how all such real business interests me. But I feel as if I should never take any part in debate;

though some day I shall. The impediment of the lawn sleeves must be very great and entangling. Last night I went under the gallery of the House of Commons to hear the debate. I never saw anything received so sulkily as Peel's statement. There was a kind of thundery sullenness, such as even that House, I suppose, had seldom seen. It is altogether a *most* perplexing question.

How the future statesman-bishop shines out in the phrase, 'you know how all such real business interests me,' and how characteristic the sense of impatience at the impediment of the lawn sleeves! It was not long, as will be seen—indeed it was scarcely seven or eight weeks—before he made his *début* as a speaker in the House of Lords, and before the Session closed he had already shown himself an effective debater as distinguished from a mere speaker. A couple of extracts from letters, written while reading Mr. Carlyle's 'Life of Cromwell,' then recently published, are all that will excite interest :—

Cuddesdon Palace, Jan. 30, 1846.

I have just been dipping into Carlyle's 'Cromwell,' which deeply interests me. Really, in some of his pages, those old Civil War times seem to stand alive before us; and I love to have the truth and life which made Puritanism what it was,—whilst it was that great conquering thing, Conscience, asserting itself,—set before one, instead of the old drivelling dogma-loving hypocrisy in which it ended, and was cast out, or rather hounded out, by weary real honest England.

Again :—

February 8, 1846.

About Cromwell :—Until 1647 he seems to me really, though enthusiastically, godly. I mean that he was ready to part with all for Christ; but that he too little knew, that there was an outer as well as an inward voice, and so might easily be led to do things evil, by mistaking the lying voice of his own inclination for the true voice of God's inward prompting. In this state the great temptations gathered round him, and who can say how far he fell? But his letters to his daughter in particular do, up to that date, imply a simple preference of communion with God to everything else in the world which has amazed me.

Among other things, he was now serving on a House of

Lords' committee on Irish railroads—'a sad interruption of all other business'—as he wrote, 'but very curious, and the examinations of the Irish witnesses would often exceedingly amuse you.' Unfortunately he recorded no examples; but how much the 'other business' began to thicken round him may be inferred from another letter, of the same date, where he spoke of 'sometimes 45 letters to write in one day, besides all the *run* of a London life, and sermons to write, and time *to be silent in*.'

It was amidst these manifold occupations, of which the general impression left by his varied but somewhat fragmentary correspondence is that of the most abundant cheerfulness, that the first of those heavy blows fell upon him, whereby, one by one, he was separated, through secession to Rome, from *all* those with whom he had set out on the journey of life. Such a case as his must indeed have been absolutely unparalleled. Not only his three brothers, and his brothers-in-law, with one exception, but his only daughter also, and her husband, all at one time or another quitted the communion of the Church of England for that of Rome, for which the Bishop himself felt so keen a repugnance. It is easy to imagine, therefore, the pang with which he recorded the first of these secessions:—

61 Eaton Place, May 19, 1846.

We are in *great* bitterness of heart just now. With the utmost precipitation and wilfulness George Ryder has joined the Romanists. His sister Sophy has gone with him. And together, and surrounding her with priests, our beloved Sophie has been beguiled also. The news came as a thunder-clap yesterday. It is most bitter to us; to me and to dear Mrs. Sargent especially.

Setting aside minor occasions, the Bishop took a leading part in four important debates during his first Session; and it is not too much to say that from the first he stepped into the very front rank both as a speaker and as a debater, so that his first Parliamentary campaign was decidedly a brilliant one. On two of these four occasions the subject was distinctly ecclesiastical; on the two others secular. The first ecclesiastical question was that of the repeal of certain of the Acts of Parliament against the Roman Catholics, for which purpose a

Bill was brought in by the Government, known as the 'Religious Opinions Bill.' This Bill was vehemently opposed by the Bishop of Exeter, who spoke strongly on the encroaching character of the See of Rome, objected to humouring 'the delicate liberality of the age,' and moved that the Bill be read that day six months. It was as vehemently supported by the Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Thirlwall), who sneered at Papal power as being too shadowy to call for legislative precautions in these enlightened days, and denounced the provisions of these antiquated Acts as bringing 'a heavy load of obloquy, discredit, and shame' upon the Church of England. The Bishop of Oxford struck a different note altogether. He supported the Bill as removing penalties which were both 'useless and unjust,' and which he fully agreed were 'a disgrace to the Statute Book.' But he emphatically refused to admit that in so doing he was abandoning any position which had ever been taken up by the Church of England, as would be inferred from what had been said by the Bishop of St. David's. So far from its being true that the Church was in any way responsible for these Acts, they were all of purely civil origin. As matter of history, the foremost of them all, that, namely, of the first years of Elizabeth, had been carried *against* the votes of all the Bishops on the Bench. If any objection could be raised against the Bill it was its want of completeness. For, as the Bishop alone had the statesmanship to point out, the admission as a fact by this Bill of the existence of the Pope's spiritual authority over Roman Catholic subjects of the Queen, rendered it a practical absurdity to retain upon the same Statute Book an oath of abjuration, which denied the existence of the very thing which this Bill recognised. In this, however, the Bishop was in advance of his age, and it was not until many years after that the force of his argument was appreciated, and the Oath of Abjuration abolished. The arguments used by the Bishop in this speech were afterwards developed in a remarkable article on 'Clerical Subscription' in the 'Quarterly Review' of April 1865.

The other ecclesiastical measure was a Bill for rescinding the union of the See of St. Asaph and Bangor, and for

the immediate formation of the Diocese of Manchester; his speech on this occasion was remarkable for a most powerful, if somewhat sarcastic, exposition of the real office and duties of a Bishop. It affirmed the principle, now so familiar, but at that time little thought of, that if the work of evangelisation is to advance, the Bishop must *first* be sent to plan and guide the work, instead of the pastors going first like a scattered army, and then, if indeed at all, for the leader to follow after. It contained also a vigorous plea for subdivision of dioceses and for increase in the number of Bishops, pointing out that no addition to their body had taken place since the days of Henry VIII., when the total population of the country was only four millions. The speech produced a great impression, not only in the House of Lords, but throughout the country.

On June 12 the question of going into committee on Sir Robert Peel's Corn Law Bill came before the Lords, in an adjourned debate. Earl Stanhope led the opposition, and moved that the Bill be committed that day six months. The Bishops were specially appealed to, as guardians of the interests of the poor and of the clergy, to oppose a measure which it was argued must injure both. The Bishop of Oxford spoke especially to the former point, but deprecated the appeals which had been made to the Bench as representing class interests. The Bishops, he said, did *not* represent any class interests, but they were in Parliament to care for the interests of all classes alike. For his own part he must support the Bill, though in so doing he was breaking away from old associations and old prejudices. The Anti-Corn Law League had won the sympathies of the country, and had wrought a mighty change in the opinions of all thinking men. The present law created an unnatural state of things. At this remark great interruption arose, and the Bishop, with the true instinct of a debater, turned the interruption to good account. 'Why, what was a state of nature?' he asked. All legislation of the kind under debate involved more or less interference with the natural order of things, and that was best which brought the smallest amount

of injury. The Corn Law was needless, and therefore mischievous. Its repeal would stimulate competition. Competition would necessitate a higher mode of agriculture, and thereby raise, not depress, the condition of the labourer. From this point the speech was a passionate address on behalf of the Bill, as one calculated to raise the agricultural labourers from a state of depressing poverty, with which he (the Bishop), as having for many years been a rural clergyman, was only too bitterly acquainted. It was a speech to be heard, rather than read; and it denounced in no measured terms the hollowness of the opposition to the Bill on the score of sympathy with the poor. What, he asked, did those know of their real condition who only saw them on days of forced festivity, pretending to drink, out of empty glasses, 'health to their landlord and prosperity to agriculture?' The Bishop concluded with a peroration, in which he told the Peers that their power indeed was great, but it could not stand against the rising tide of a nation's convictions, and he besought them not to place their House in a position in which it should seem to represent the hereditary wealth, but not the hereditary wisdom, justice, and virtue of the country.

In this really great speech the Bishop was stirred to the utmost, and exerted himself to the full. He exerted himself the more, as was only natural, because hitherto he had always regarded the Anti-Corn Law movement with suspicion and dislike; and was therefore the more anxious to justify as completely as possible the course which further consideration had induced him to adopt.

The criticism of a lay friend upon this speech may not be uninteresting. Mr. G. E. Anson, Prince Albert's private secretary, writing on June 15, 1846, expresses himself thus:—

> I think the House will be very much afraid of you, and that Peers, clerical and lay, will think twice before they venture to attack you. If I had your talent and your facility of sending home a *personal* shaft, when justly invited, I could not resist taking advantage of it, but I think it a little dangerous. Those men like the Protectionist Duke and the insane —— will never forgive the way

you showed them up, and made them the laughing stock of the House. The 'subtle' man on the Bench, too, will watch his opportunity of revenge. With the exception of these points, which may prove inconvenient to you, I thought your speech able, *well argued*, much to the point, and one which will do your order and your profession much good throughout the country. It was an unselfish and a patriotic speech, and the clergy ought to thank you for making it.

His fourth serious effort during this Session took place after the change of Ministry, and was in opposition to the Government Bill for the admission of slave-grown sugar on equal terms with the free-labour sugar of our own Colonies. On this subject, as will presently be seen from his letters, the Bishop's mind was for some time in suspense. On the one hand, he was naturally influenced by his hereditary anti-slavery feelings and convictions. Whatever tended to undo the great work of his father's life, the abolition of negro-slavery, was intensely distasteful to him. On the other hand, he had now given in his adhesion to the principle of free trade, and it was plausibly argued that, though slave-labour was unpaid, and therefore nominally cheaper, still free labour was essentially more productive, so that the advantage of slave-labour over free in the ultimate economy of production was more apparent than real. But the main argument on which the advocates of the Bill depended was that England required more sugar than the free labour of our own Colonies could supply, so that our own interest as consumers required the admission of slave-grown sugar on cheaper terms. It was clear that this would open a new market to slave-grown sugar. And what could the opening of a new market do but give a fresh stimulus to the production of the slave-grown article, and therefore also to the slave-trade? It was this consideration which determined the Bishop's course; and though he was perfectly aware that nothing could arrest the passing of the Bill, he decided on giving it his most energetic opposition. With great skill he turned the argument of the free traders against themselves. He showed that an equality of tariff between free labour and

slave-grown sugar was not an equality of advantage. Slaves were not paid wages; free labourers were. The higher productive value of free labour was hypothetical. Its extra cost was a fact. The effect of the Bill must be not to place the two commodities upon equal terms, but to put a premium upon the employment of slave-labour. The Bishop's effort, after all, was unavailing against a conclusion which he knew to be already foregone, but his argument was not the less appreciated. The speech, if not so eloquent as that on the Corn Laws, was one of far closer reasoning, involved a far wider range of knowledge and acquired information, and exhibited a greater power of marshalling his facts and drawing his several conclusions to their destined focus. The Bill was carried, but the Bishop was joined in a protest against it by Lords Ashburton, Brougham, and Denman; the protest being grounded not only on the merits of the case, but also on the lateness of the period of the Session at which the Bill was introduced, and the consequent lack of time for its complete discussion and consideration. How late in the Session it was will be felt when it is added that the debate in which the Bishop spoke took place on the 13th of August.

A Bishop's position in the House of Lords is not altogether an easy one. If he takes his part in the debates on secular politics, he is liable to be told that he oversteps his proper sphere; he is liable also to be carried away by the excitement of debate in a manner scarcely consistent with his calling. On the other hand, if he limits himself to matters ecclesiastical, he is in danger of being regarded as merely clerical, and therefore of failing to win his legitimate influence even in purely ecclesiastical affairs. Perhaps no Bishop in recent times has combined the *rôles* of statesman and ecclesiastic so thoroughly as Bishop Wilberforce, and that from the very first. That he did it with full purpose, and yet with a clear perception of the difficulties in which parliamentary debating must involve one bound by the restraints which ought to control a Bishop, is clear from this extract from a letter to Miss L. Noel, which gives his own account of the speeches above mentioned :—

House of Lords, June 18, 1846.

. . . I send you an extract or two from newspapers about my Corn Law speech, because I know they will interest you. Now, about that speech. My hope is to be able always to take *the line* that speech took, of our being there as special guardians of the moral and social well-being of the English *people*. But I never mean to *debate* again if I can help it; and I trust, please God, that having once been led by most unwarrantable interruption to show that I could fight with those weapons, I may in future both be more likely to be listened to and more able to set an example of gentleness when it is felt not to be the gentleness of feebleness but of self-command. Still, I feel the position a difficult one to fill just as I would.

From all this detail of business and politics it is not unpleasant to turn aside for awhile to one or two letters of the same period, written to the same friend with whom he corresponded with equal unreserve, whether the subject were the Parliamentary debates, his spiritual work, or his personal feelings :—

The Deck of the Steamboat, Southampton Water, July 13, 1846.

I have been hoping daily to write to you since you sent me those lines about my Herbert. But, even if I had not these to thank you for, I must write now; it seems so needful for me to give such a vent to my present feelings. On Saturday morning I went down to Osborne, and had a most kind and pleasant day there yesterday. This morning I resolved, if I could, to go over to Brighstone; and I took a carriage and went, and am just come back. All was as fresh as if it was yesterday, and I could hardly believe that I should not be called by that voice at every turn. I am very glad I have been, though my heart feels utterly crushed within me. Most happily for me the family were not there, so I walked about alone, and stayed a good while in her room; and went down to the sea where we all used to go. Really every crack in every cottage wall, every stone in the roadside bank, seemed to be clear and bright in my memory as if I had seen it yesterday. The affection of many of the people was soothing and striking; some who had been rather hostile Dissenters of old, being since turned to me. But you will conceive all—how the vision of the past is shed around me, and I can scarcely believe but that I shall soon see or hear her, who gave light and joy for so many years to our days. How

miserably poor are all outside additions against such inner wounds! How *only* is there any rest in saying over and over again, 'THOU hast done it, and THY hands are pierced, and THY heart is love.'

The trees *we* planted were some of them quite grown up; grown into real trees. . . .

London, Wednesday.

I write thus in pencil, because I am sitting for my bust to Mr. Behnes at his request. I have been twice lately at Osborne. Both times I have had most kind and friendly visits, and I have come quite to a clear understanding about the Tutorship. They did exceedingly wish to get me for it, and, therefore, did not like my being made a Bishop. But they thought it unfair to me to let their wish for a future and contingent appointment stand in the way of my present position, and so they gave me up as *Tutor*, thinking that as 'friend and adviser' I might be perhaps in many ways as useful. It is a very great relief to me; for I always felt so much afraid that I should really find the two offices clash and interfere with one another when I came indeed to exercise both. I think you will quite rejoice in this also.

It will be two years more before a Tutor will be appointed, and they have begged me to be looking about for the fit man. It will not *certainly* be a clergyman; though if they can find a clergyman, who in other respects is quite fit, they will prefer his being so.

It was during the Parliamentary recess of the autumn of the year 1846 that the first stirrings of the controversies respecting the details of the mutual action of Church and State in the matter of elementary education began to make themselves felt, though as yet scarcely above the surface. National education was part of the programme of Lord John Russell's Government. It was well known that the Government was considering some comprehensive plan, and the air was full of projects. Meantime the Bishops were being consulted by the Government, and in the following letter to his brother the Bishop of Oxford shadows out what, at this early stage of the matter, were his views on the questions which were raised, and especially on that of the Trust Deeds of Church Schools:—

61 Eaton Place, Nov. 17, 1846.

The ground you take about the School Trust Deeds is precisely

what I strove for last week. Perhaps I feel rather less anxious than you on the whole matter, from—

1. My strong conviction of the misery of our national schools as instruments of education, except in the rare instances where the clergyman, with a real pastoral vigilance, attends to the boys.

2. My belief that to *recognise* the character of the clergyman is enough (and in some aspects, as forcing him to personal exertion, the best mode) to secure all we want.

3. The importance of not fighting except upon a principle.

4. The importance, if possible, of engaging the laity in the work.

'With the hope of stirring your sympathies in behalf of half a million of operatives, the large proportion being females and children, and of exciting you to use that eloquence, which God has given you, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his creatures;' thus wrote Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) in 1847 to Bishop Wilberforce, asking him to support the Ten Hours Bill. So able and so brilliant was the speech which the Bishop delivered in the House of Lords in answer to this appeal, that years after, in 1858, when he visited Bradford, the factory workmen presented him with an address, which showed how deep and lasting an impression his advocacy of their cause had made upon their minds.

The remainder of the session and the summer was somewhat barren of public or political incident, so far as the Bishop was concerned; but it was busy enough in other ways. Confirmations were occupying him largely, and from the first they were, what they always remained, occasions when he exerted most fully and most successfully all his powers of solemn persuasiveness. No description can convey any adequate conception of the vivid impressiveness, not merely of the addresses which he delivered to the candidates, but of the whole rite of Confirmation as he administered it. His own sense of the importance of the occasion was unusually deep. Sympathy with the young was a marked feature in his character, and he felt intensely the possibilities for good which were before the young people presented to him. Then, next, it was one of Bishop Wilberforce's peculiar gifts that when he did thus realise anything very deeply, his whole bearing, voice, and gesture, eye

and countenance, were, if such an expression may be permitted, transfigured by the thought or feeling which possessed him; so that the living man as he stood before you was, almost without words, the expression of that feeling. When, in addition to all this, his power of language is remembered, the energy and deep feeling which was apparent in every sentence and every tone, together with his charm of voice and special fertility and variety of phrase, no one will be surprised at the prodigious impression which his Confirmations always made alike upon the young and upon the old. Tributes as to the power and lasting effects of his Confirmations might be multiplied by the hundred. One written in 1862 by a clergyman is here given:—

'Near twelve years past your Lordship confirmed in the parish church of Haddenham, and, amongst others, the writer of this letter received the imposition of hands. Entering the church a careless and reluctant candidate, he left it touched at heart, to use the short prayer which your Lordship besought us to repeat daily, at first for his sake whose words had struck home, afterwards (he most humbly thinks) in the earnestness of an awakened soul. . . . . Life grew to be a new thing to him. . . . At home, at Oxford, as Deacon and Priest in the Church's ministry, he has followed your Lordship with heart and eye, with gratitude and with prayers. He owes to one whose noble life of Christian activity is helping many heavenwards, under God, his hopes of heaven, much of his love for the Church, and some earnest desire to live to God in his holy calling. He who thus writes hopes to meet in the world of the eternal, one who can be loved and honoured here but who cannot be repaid.'

To Miss Noel the Bishop writes in 1847:—

Magdalen Lodge, Cambridge, July 5, 1847.

Now, to-day at *one* the Queen is to arrive, and then come Senate-Houses, and Installation Odes, and receptions, and levees, and for me receiving an *ad eundem* D.D. degree here, being admitted to 'the same station, step, and dignity here at Cambridge as you enjoy at home among your own Oxonians.' [*Continued and completed after returning to London.*] The Cambridge scene was very interesting. There was such a burst of loyalty, and it told so on the Queen and the Prince. C. would not there have

thought that he looked cold. It was quite clear that they both felt it as something new that *he* had *earned*, and not she given, a true English honour; and so he looked so pleased and she so triumphant. There were also some such pretty interludes,—when he presented the Address, and she beamed upon him and once half smiled, and then covered the smile with a gentle dignity, and then she said in her clear musical voice, 'The choice which the University has made of its Chancellor has my most entire approbation.'

I got back to London on Wednesday evening, coming up in a state carriage with Bunsen, Sir R. and Lady Peel, and Count Waldemar. Count Waldemar is a fine manly intelligent 'brave' in look and manner. I had a good deal of conversation with him. Also I had a very curious observation of Sir R. Peel. He was reading the 'Quarterly,' and soon settled into Croker's bitter attack upon him, peeping into its uncut leaves with intense interest, and yet not liking to show that interest by cutting; and so, when Madame Bunsen, who saw nothing of what was going on, offered a paper-cutter, courteously declining it and lapsing into an article on Pantagruelism, to fall again into the old article and peep again into the uncut leaves as soon as all was quiet. . . . I dined the other day in company with Carlyle. He was very great. Monckton Milnes drew him out. Milnes began the young-man's cant of the present day of the barbarity and wickedness of capital punishment, that after all we could not be sure others were wicked, &c. Carlyle broke out on him with 'None of your Heaven and Hell amalgamation companies for me. We *do* know what is wickedness. *I* know wicked men: men whom I *would not live with*: men whom under some conceivable circumstances I would kill or they should kill me. No, Milnes, there's no truth or greatness in all that. It's just poor miserable littleness. There was far more greatness in the way of your old German fathers, who, when they found one of those wicked men, dragged him to a peat bog, and thrust him in and said, "*There*, go in *there*. There is the place for all such as thee."'

On April 21 occurred the death of the Bishop's mother. It took place at the house of her youngest son, Henry, the Vicar of East Farleigh; and there, in East Farleigh churchyard, she was buried, having survived the decease of her husband, the great philanthropist, for nearly fourteen years. Respecting Bishop Wilberforce's mother little can now be recovered.

Letters, however, from her to her son show that she must have been a person of much observation, and of considerable vigour of expression and tenacity of purpose. One phrase occurs in a letter written by Mr. Charles Anderson to his friend S. Wilberforce, in 1831, which shows that the son's remarkable power of attending to many things at once had also characterised his mother. It is as follows: 'I know you have the faculty of your good mother of writing, talking, and listening all at once.' In later years the Bishop has been known to dictate seven letters simultaneously. Of his mother's character, and of her departure, the Bishop thus wrote :—

> There was something affecting, greatly, in thus parting with the last of the past generation, though the last weeks of suffering and wandering had made me feel it *indeed* as a release when her troubled spirit passed from this world of unrest to that world of rest. Dear creature! Never was there a tenderer or more loving mother; rarely one more sensible or more really able; and her humility was indeed deep. I had longed to see her once at Cuddesdon, knowing that she would greatly have enjoyed seeing me there; but God has ruled it otherwise and better.

Looking back across the period which has now been traversed of the Bishop's life, it is impossible not to be struck with its almost unbroken character of brightness and success. Rapid as his promotion had been, various as had been the positions which he had filled, many as had been the aspects in which he had come before the Church and the public, it is not too much to say that everything to which he had put his hand had prospered. Setting aside the great sorrow of his life—his wife's comparatively early death—there had been absolutely nothing to cast a shadow upon his career. It would almost seem as if the charm of his manner and his address had created a circle round him impervious to those cross accidents and adverse incidents which usually beset any active man, and especially one who had been engaged in such a multitude of affairs as Samuel Wilberforce. So it had been, unquestionably, up to the close of his forty-second year, and the autumn of 1847; but so it was to be no longer.

Yet before the outbreak of the storm comes this gentle touch of calm :—

Lavington, Nov. 13, 1847.

We have the most lovely morning here to-day for our first Lavington day. I got up and looked out at a little after 5. It was a stainless sky, Jupiter so large and bright, as to cast quite rays over the sleeping trees ; just the very faintest *white* light over the Eastern Hill sky, saying that HE would come for Whom we wait, and make all new. I never look out on that early morning hill-side without such thoughts of our dead. I remember just before Harry Sargent died, one night when I sat up with him, he asked me to show him the hill-side at the first dawn, and I opened all the windows, and we gazed at it together. And now *she* is gone, too. I went early to her grave this morning, and prayed for our H. and E., and all the little ones, and you ; and the moss was so green, and the trees all bare, to say how bare a time it was, and the sky all bright, to say that there was light above, and the green moss said there was REST for them that sleep in Him. And then, when I came into breakfast, came your note, like a token from the far land, and it quite overset me for a time.

CHAPTER V.

(Nov. 1847—Jan. 1848.)

THE translation of Dr. Musgrave to the Archbishopric of York vacated the See of Hereford, and Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, nominated Dr. Hampden to her Majesty for the vacancy.

Commenting on this appointment, the 'Times' said, 'We cannot imagine on what principle or motive it has been adventured; . . . there is no party whatever, at least none worth taking into account, to whom the new appointment to the See of Hereford can possibly be agreeable. It is not a question between High Church and Low Church, or between the Church and Dissenters. Lord John Russell may depend upon it that in selecting Dr. Hampden he has committed a political blunder.' These sentences in the leading journal aptly describe the then situation. For some fifteen years Dr. Hampden's name had been associated with theological views, unnecessary to enumerate here, and equally distasteful to the two great schools of opinion which ruled in the English Church. Looking back over the bridge of forty years which have elapsed since the occurrence, it requires a great effort of the imagination to comprehend the tumult which ensued in all quarters among the clergy. Meetings were held, remonstrances adopted, more especially in the dioceses of Exeter, Winchester, Bath and Wells, and Gloucester and Bristol, thus clearly demonstrating that the opposition to Dr. Hampden's appointment proceeded from *all* sections of the clergy. As the full account has been

given,[1] it is only necessary to recapitulate very briefly the reasons which excited such a strong and widespread opposition to the appointment of Dr. Hampden. They were, first, the Bampton Lectures of 1832; these were followed in 1834 by a pamphlet entitled 'Observations on Religious Dissent,' for which Dr. Hampden himself was censured by the Convocation of Oxford University, the statute censuring not the specific errors but the author, by 474 votes against only 94. The occasion of this statute was the appointment, in 1836, of Dr. Hampden, by the then Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at the University of Oxford. In addition to this censure by the University, so large a proportion of the Bishops expressed their disapprobation at the appointment, that in 1837 Lord Melbourne, in the House of Lords, made an attack on the Bishops generally. He was answered by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley), who declared that 'nothing but a sense of duty would induce him to remonstrate against that or any other appointment,' and added that it was the only Crown appointment against which he had ever objected, and that he still considered it 'extremely injudicious.' Dr. Hampden having called upon the Archbishop to justify his language, a long correspondence ensued, ending by the Archbishop saying that while giving Dr. Hampden every credit for orthodox intention, yet—

> The main objection still remains—that if, on the great topics on which a man is to instruct students in Divinity, a man can so write that both common and learned readers mistake him, he is not a safe teacher. And this is sufficient ground for those who believe your declaration, not to withdraw their disapprobation of your appointment, though they may not urge their objections farther.

In 1842 an attempt was made to repeal the censure passed in 1836, but as during those six years Dr. Hampden had done nothing either to explain or retract the statements he had made, the attempt proved abortive, the votes being 219 for the proposed repeal, and 330 against. The nomination to a

[1] *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. i. pp. 419–515.

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Bishopric of a divine censured by his University, and of whom the Primate of all England had felt himself compelled to speak and write about as he did, fully justified the 'Times' saying, 'Is it statesmanlike or patriotic to throw a fresh firebrand into our unhappy Church?' Up to this point Bishop Wilberforce had acted with other Bishops, and beyond addressing a purely individual and unofficial letter to Lord John Russell in reply to the Prime Minister's answer to the remonstrance signed by thirteen Bishops, a majority of the English Episcopate at the time, two Sees being vacant, he had in no way singled himself out from the majority of his brethren. Bishop Wilberforce's letter to Lord John Russell [1] stated that 'what the Church wanted, was an assurance that Dr. Hampden should be tried before he was consecrated.' The Bishop's motive is obvious, 'to obtain a satisfactory settlement of the question of Dr. Hampden's orthodoxy.' All remonstrances having failed to move the Prime Minister, certain clergy of the diocese of Oxford signed 'Letters of Request,' under the Clergy Discipline Act, 3 & 4 Vict. c. 36, asking that Dr. Hampden might be brought to trial. As Bishop of Oxford, Bishop Wilberforce had no jurisdiction over Dr. Hampden in his professorial capacity, but as the Rectory of Ewelme was attached to the Regius Professorship of Divinity any proceedings that might be taken must in the first instance be brought before him as Bishop of the diocese. On December 16, therefore, Bishop Wilberforce signed the 'Letters of Request,' giving thereby his sanction to the commencement of a suit in the Court of Arches, in which definite charges would be brought against Dr. Hampden, and a full opportunity would be given him to purge himself from all suspicion of false doctrine; but Bishop Wilberforce did not sign these 'Letters of Request,' until after the appearance of Dr. Hampden's published letter to Lord John Russell, in which letter, to the Bishop's extreme disappointment, Dr. Hampden had not asked for a judicial investigation. In signing the

[1] *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. i. p. 442.

'Letters of Request' Bishop Wilberforce exercised a purely ministerial and not a judicial function. It was not for him to say whether or not a case had been made out against Dr. Hampden, for the granting the 'Letters of Request' removed the consideration of the case to the Provincial Court. Had the Bishop refused to grant the 'Letters of Request,' the promoters of the suit could have applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for a *mandamus* to compel the issue, and the Bishop was advised that such a *mandamus* would most certainly have been granted. When, however, in deference to the promoters of the suit, the 'Letters' had been signed, Bishop Wilberforce induced the promoters to withdraw the 'Letters' until he made a last attempt to persuade Dr. Hampden to expunge or to explain the passages in the pamphlet entitled 'Observations on Religious Dissent,' on which passages the legal strength of the case against Dr. Hampden rested.

Dr. Hampden, however, was either unable or unwilling to accept the alternatives suggested by the Bishop, and the case would have gone to trial but for an unexpected circumstance, which gave a fresh aspect to the entire case. By the Clergy Discipline Act, under which the proceedings were instituted, no charge could be brought with reference to anything done more than two years back; on December 21 Dr. Hampden wrote to the Provost of Oriel (Dr. Hawkins), saying:—

> the 'Observations on Religious Dissent' were not being sold or circulated with his sanction, but against his wish; that he had never reprinted the pamphlet since the second edition was sold; and that if now sold it was against his leave.

It was, therefore, obvious from Dr. Hampden's letter that charges grounded on the 'Observations' were not legally maintainable.

Until now the Bishop had not regarded himself as called upon for any personal or official expression of opinion whatever, and his sole action had been that of endeavouring to mediate between the promoters and Dr. Hampden. On the

one hand he had been the medium of representing their case to Dr. Hampden; on the other hand he had been endeavouring to obtain from Dr. Hampden such concessions as might allay the enormous ferment which existed. Up to this time it was simply the general peace of the Church which he had had in view; not what course of action he as Bishop ought to take.

At this stage it is well to remember that the Clergy Discipline Act was, comparatively speaking, a recent statute. Eminent lawyers differed as to the true construction of its clauses. Since 1847 almost every clause of the Act has been the subject of litigation, and often conflicting judicial decisions. Bishop Wilberforce, as has been said, was advised in the first instance that in granting the 'Letters of Request' he was discharging a purely ministerial office, and then when once the 'Letters' had been accepted, he as Bishop was *functus officio*. Now that the case had assumed a new form, the Bishop again sought the opinion of his legal advisers, and the case was propounded to them whether in cases of alleged impugnment of doctrine the Bishop's refusal to sanction proceedings could be more extended than in cases of alleged immorality. Bishop Wilberforce's object from the very first was to save the Church from the scandal of the prosecution of a divine who was nominated for a Bishopric. The lawyers, in reply to this question, said that in their opinion the Bishop could exercise a judicial function as to whether or not he would grant the 'Letters.' Accordingly the Bishop reopened through the Provost of Oriel negotiations with Dr. Hampden, and on December 28 he thus writes to Dr. Hampden:—

> Regarding, then, the 'Observations on Dissent' as virtually withdrawn, I accordingly applied myself to a thorough and impartial examination of the 'Bampton Lectures.' I have now carefully studied them throughout, with the aid of those explanations of their meaning which you have furnished to the public since their first publication, and now in your private communications. The result of this examination, I am bound plainly to declare, is my own conviction that they do not justly warrant those suspicions of unsoundness to which they have given rise,

Having reached, then, this conclusion, through the close study of your work and explanations, which the due discharge of the office of a judge required from me, I deem it my duty not only to be satisfied with the assurance I possess of your future revision of the work, and to withdraw, therefore, the Letters of Request, but also, with whatever force the previous desire of explanation, and my position as bishop of this diocese may give to my words, to entreat those who have given utterance to their natural alarm at your appointment to weigh well the expression of my deliberate opinion, that you have given such explanations of what you personally believe on the points of suspicion, and what you intended as your meaning, as may well suffice to quiet all just alarm at your consecration to the office of bishop.—I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

S. Oxon.

To sum up, it is obvious that Bishop Wilberforce received diametrically contradictory advice. First he was advised that in granting the 'Letters of Request' he was merely acting ministerially, and that he had no option but to grant the Letters; and secondly, he was advised that he had the power of examining into the charges contained in the 'Letters' so as to satisfy himself that a *prima facie* case was made out TO HIS SATISFACTION, or in other words, that he could act judicially. This is the true explanation of what appeared to be a change of front. In the whole case the object the Bishop aimed at was one and the same, and this object, namely, the saving the Church from the scandal which of necessity must ensue should a man in Dr. Hampden's position be brought to trial on a charge of unorthodoxy, he pursued with all the tenacity of his nature. Again the reader must, to thoroughly comprehend the case, bear in mind, that at first the charge made against Dr. Hampden mainly rested on the statements made in the 'Observations,' and only partly on the statements in the 'Bampton Lectures.' For the former Dr. Hampden was under the censure of the University, for the latter the worst that could be said was that they contained ambiguous language; and further, when, owing to the fact that legally the promoters could not proceed with the charges drawn from the 'Observations' and had to

rest their case on the statements in the 'Bampton Lectures,' the Bishop, to his 'extreme surprise, became convinced that Newman's extracts, &c., were most unfair—so unfair as scarcely to let one hope they were not consciously unfair.' The Bishop thus describes his action: 'I did say what justice and the fear of God seemed to me to require, that with the "Observations" withdrawn, and the lectures explained, I thought no more opposition need be made. I was *sure* to please no *party*, but I thought it *just* to Dr. Hampden and *best* for the Church to say so.'

Extracts from a letter written to a friend fitly conclude this crisis in the Life of Bishop Wilberforce. Years before, the cup of domestic happiness had been dashed from his hands, and now came this blow, which in its results upon his character could have been hardly less powerful; at the time his conduct was, and to a great extent has remained, misunderstood, for the reason that amid the strife of tongues the real issue was lost sight of. The private note-book shows that in the trial and fiery agony of those weeks Bishop Wilberforce underwent a spiritual and an intellectual *annealing* from which he came out a stronger and a greater man; the lesson taught him by the Hampden episode was never forgotten, and in the future he is seen beginning to occupy that position which in later years was almost universally awarded him, that of the leader of the Church of England.

. . . . You mentioned to me in conversation that some persons of high character had heard it suggested that my dissuading further opposition to Dr. Hampden's consecration had resulted from an intimation of the Queen's wishes, and that, giving some credence to it, I at the moment replied with some indignation to so unworthy a surmise, and said no more. But, reflecting since on it, it seems to me most in the spirit of St. Paul's injunctions to put a force upon myself and answer more distinctly such a whisper. For though to anonymous public slanderers I would give no answer, yet to a stumbled Christian friend I ought even to humble myself to reply to a surmise so degrading to my character even as this. I therefore authorise you explicitly to declare that I have never had,

directly or indirectly, the slightest intimation of the Queen's wishes or feelings on the subject. I took my line at first directly and openly against the stream of Royal influence on a sense of duty. I never swerved from it. I should have maintained the suit if I could have done so *justly*. The Provost of Oriel can tell you that on the day after the ordination, in answer to his questions, I told him that I had not obtained sufficient satisfaction from Dr. Hampden, and *that the suit must go on*; that *he* then told me of the *legal*, and I thought moral, disavowal of the 'Observations on Dissent' by Dr. Hampden; that he obtained this in Dr. Hampden's handwriting; and that, as this work had been the ground on which I relied, I at once on receiving this assurance stayed matters till I had carefully examined Dr. Hampden's other writings *with the explanations* (for these, and not the 'Bampton Lectures,' were new to me, not having voted in 1842, and so not required to read them); and being satisfied that they *without the* '*Observations*' would not support a suit, I dismissed it, and urged the cessation of a resistance which I thought could no longer be legally made. *I* have changed no opinion I ever held on the subject. I still think that the 'Observations' would be *condemned* by a Court. I think the University censure just, the Bishops' representation right, the Church's resistance righteous. I only thought it *unjust*, and therefore *wrong*, to continue a criminal suit when there was not legal ground to maintain it, and that if there was not legal ground the opposition should cease, and we make the most of such admissions as we had; for that the opposition would cease to be right when it could no longer be legally supported. From the Provost of Oriel and from those most opposed to Dr. Hampden whom I saw, you could alike have confirmation of all this. And what I did I did with the general concurrence and agreement of at least 5 of the bishops who had joined the Remonstrance. . . . Such a check may be—it has been my prayer many times a day for this last week that to me it may be—an especial blessing. If I have been content to risk the favour of my Sovereign to do what a jealous care for the truth of Christ seemed to me at first to require; if I have since been ready to meet the hostility of so able and warm a party as the Tractarians to do justice; and if I meet for it with nothing but insulting sneers and obloquy, I do feel that it is not worth a sigh if it be *His* means of answering my daily prayer, that He would teach me to love Him better, and more simply to follow Him Who died for me. And if at times I can realise His 'Blessed are ye when

men shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake,' —it is enough to turn all these sharp stings of natural pain at men's misrepresentations into joy itself.

At the beginning of 1848, and before the last sounds of the strife had died away, the Bishop was spending a few days in visiting Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor, and the Marquis of Northampton at Castle Ashby, from both of which houses letters were written from which extracts are given :—

I have had a long private talk, and a satisfactory one, with Sir Robert as to *my* affairs, and I think he entirely sees through the hollowness of all the charges of insincerity which have been so falsely urged against me; and this is a comfort to me.

And again, the next day, January 13 :—

The more I see of Sir R. the more I am convinced of his perfect honesty; but what an instance of the vanity of ambition in *his* being out of power, and the pert incompetence of Lord John Russell employed in mismanaging the affairs of the country.

And a few days afterwards from Castle Ashby :—

Castle Ashby, Jan. 17, 1848.

I have been wishing always to reply to your questions as to Sir Robert. I will try. He is very kind in his hospitality; and, when I talked with him alone, far more threw off the great Sir R. than I ever saw him do before; talked of his *own* being abused, motives imputed, &c., quite naturally. In his family he is *reserved and shy*; the air of a man conscious of great powers and slight awkwardnesses. It is more the reserve of a man thus drawn two ways than from the frigid contemplation of his own greatness. Then I think I saw him in some respects at a disadvantage from the great family anxiety hanging over him, and making it doubtful if he should be called away or we sent home at a moment's notice. He had at home Lady Villiers (his eldest daughter) and her lord; his next daughter not fully out—a breakfaster and drawing-roomer, not a full diner—and a young man son. I did not happen to see him say much to either of these two last. To Lady Villiers his manners were always very pleasant, full of affection, and a sort of fatherly courtesy. To the children (Villiers's) he was always kind, but rather *to be* kind than as sunning himself in childhood's smiles,

He is rather decidedly deaf; and this again a little constrains him, lest he should speak of what is not being spoken of, or the like. In his picture gallery and showing us round his draining operations he spoke freely, pleasantly, and readily. All he said smacked of that which he is most accused of wanting—honesty of purpose. I feel, myself, sure of his true honesty.

CHAPTER VI.

(1848—1852.)

During the year 1848 the Bishop was almost exclusively engaged in ministerial work, and in perfecting and carrying on the organisation of his diocese. How this was done there is no record. The results are sufficiently apparent. But how the different schemes were started, how worked out, the active brain through which they passed alone could tell. Some of the machinery was already in the diocese, it is true, but it took a long time to set it in motion. Seven years elapsed before the first collective meeting of the Rural Deans took place, and it was not until 1852 that the full council met at Cuddesdon. One of the leading Rural Deans, a man whose theological views differed widely from those of the majority, says, 'I have learned here that spirituality of life is in no way confined to one section of the clergy.'

The difference between the old method of administering the rite of Confirmation and the new one introduced by the Bishop is illustrated by this story. At a certain large town a local publican presented a petition to the Bishop, asking for pecuniary compensation for loss of trade. He stated that his was the principal inn in the town; that Confirmations used to be held only occasionally; that when they were held, hundreds of young men and women used to come into the town, remaining there all day and coming at night to his house—the girls in their white Confirmation dresses; that he there gave a ball, which was always very largely attended; and that

owing to the changes which the Bishop had introduced he had lost the profits he had been accustomed to make.

An instance of the power which the Bishop exercised over those who came under his immediate influence, even in these early years of his episcopate—a power largely felt and recognised afterwards—is shown by this anecdote of one who was amongst the first admitted by him to Holy Orders. 'I hardly knew the Bishop, but he ordained me, and I stayed at Cuddesdon at the time with the other candidates. I remember most distinctly the impression he made upon us, and how in the evening as we were talking together after one of the addresses, one said, "Well, all I know is, that if the Bishop were to say, 'I am going to the Cannibal Islands to-morrow: who will go with me?' I would go directly," and each of us said, "So would I," and we would have gone gladly with him. This strong personal influence which we all felt was quite independent of similarity in theological opinion.'

The year was memorable in European history: it witnessed the Revolution which dethroned Louis Philippe. This Continental disturbance made itself felt on our shores in the shape of the Chartist demonstration. The next letters refer to the threatened rising.

April 13.—Nothing can be added to what the papers told you about Monday. It was a day to be ever grateful for to God. Nothing could exceed the perfection of the old Duke's provisions, if things had issued otherwise. Having been asked to name an officer to command, he said like himself, 'I can only name the Duke of Wellington.' How horrible if he was to be slain in a street riot, after pacifying Europe and conquering Napoleon.

April 17.—I am asked to present two Socialist petitions, and almost think of doing so in order to get an opportunity of saying something on the great Social question. I am so afraid from what I see that last Monday is quite misconstrued; that so many regard it as a proof that all is right, instead of seeing that the trust of Englishmen in those over them setting right what is wrong, is not yet worn out. I am very much afraid of injuring this great truth, so that I shrink from *starting* it, though I feel sure that if it was started and I was forced to speak, I could utter upon it some part at least of that which ought to get said.

The publication of Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce's work on the doctrine of the Incarnation, in January 1849, was an event in the theological life of the English Church. This work was, in fact, an expansion of or commentary on those great chapters on the subject in the Fifth Book of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, which are themselves a condensation of the teaching of the greatest of the Fathers as shaped in a later age by the mind of Aquinas. As directing attention to this—
—the noblest theological portion of Hooker's great work—as well as on the grounds of its intrinsic beauty—the Archdeacon's book was particularly welcome to the Bishop, and it was free from features which are discoverable in some of its gifted author's later writings and which marked his gradual movement towards the communion of the Church of Rome. But in the earlier portions of the 'Doctrine of the Incarnation' there is a dissertation, conceived in a realistic sense, upon the actual unity of types in nature; and it is to this philosophical element in his brother's work that the Bishop refers in a letter to the Archdeacon :—

January 29, 1849.

My dearest Brother,—I am reading your book with great interest, and am at page 300. I am not yet clear about 'Nature,' but shall say nothing till I have read more. What seems to me at present a difficulty, is this : why should not all the phenomena from which you deduct an actual community of something be accounted for, without supposing anything traditive, or therefore 'common,' by the Creator's will having imprinted the law, that from like like should spring, though that like be new? Then I see not how you are to maintain *tradition* for the lower parts and Creationism for the soul. But I wait awhile.

I have had a most kind reception at the Castle. No cloud visible. Your ever affectionate Brother, S. OXON.

On February 21, 1850, a public meeting of the inhabitants of Westminster was held at Willis's Rooms, the High Bailiff being in the chair, on the subject of the proposed Industrial Exhibition : Lord Carlisle, the Bishop of London, Lord Brougham, the Chevalier de Bunsen, the French, Belgian, and American Ministers being among the speakers. The Bishop

moved the second resolution, which was seconded by Lord Ashley and supported by Lord Canning; it was to this effect: 'That this meeting is of opinion that all consumers, especially the working classes, will be materially benefited by such Exhibition as that of 1851, from the tendency it will have to bring into general use the best productions.' The next letter bears upon the speech the Bishop made on the occasion :—

Colonel Phipps to the Bishop of Oxford.

Buckingham Palace, Feb. 23, 185—

My dear Bishop of Oxford,—The Prince has commanded me to thank you, in H.R.H.'s name, very much for your attendance at the meeting yesterday and for your speech, which he considers *by far the best* that was delivered upon that occasion. It has been considered so judicious, so eloquent, and so likely to prove effective in the country, that it is intended to print it for circulation among the working classes, and in this circle of society it is believed, and the Prince fully concurs in the belief, that 'the dignity of labour' will become a proud and a valuable watchword. It is proposed that this should be followed up by the establishment of a Committee, partly formed by working men (with a view of forming similar Committees in different parts of the country), and I am directed to enquire whether you object to be upon and assist in this Committee. It is proposed to ask the co-operation of people like Lord Ashley, Mr. C. Dickens, Dr. Southwood Smith, and those most frequently in communication with the best of the working classes. Very sincerely yours, C. B. PHIPPS.

On March 8 the long-expected judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Gorham case was delivered. In order to understand after such a lapse of time why this judgment caused so much excitement as it did it is necessary to give a short account of the case itself.

The Rev. J. C. Gorham, a beneficed clergyman in the Diocese of Exeter, was presented by the Lord Chancellor to another living in the same diocese—the Vicarage of Brampford Speke. Before proceeding to institute Mr. Gorham in his new preferment, the Bishop of Exeter (Philpotts) proceeded to put certain questions upon the Church's teaching with regard to

the Sacrament of Baptism. One of these questions was, 'Does the Church hold, and do you hold, that all infants duly baptised are born again of water and of the Holy Ghost?' Mr. Gorham's reply did not satisfy the Bishop, who then refused to institute.

According to the ecclesiastical law, when a Bishop without good cause refuses or unduly delays to admit and institute a clerk to the church to which he is presented, the clerk may have his remedy against the Bishop in the Ecclesiastical Court. This remedy the clerk obtains, first, by an appeal to the Archbishop, then, if the Archbishop refuse, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; which in this case reversed the sentence of the Dean of Arches, on the ground of vagueness and uncertainty found in the pleadings, as well as the examinations.

The Privy Council remitted the case to the Court of Arches, before which tribunal no further steps were taken, and the Dean of Arches therefore, acting for the Archbishop of Canterbury, instituted Mr. Gorham to the vicarage of Brampford Speke.[1]

The extent and bearing of the judgment were greatly exaggerated and misunderstood, by men unaccustomed to weigh accurately the phraseology of decisions of Courts of Law.

Considerations of policy instead of law seemed to have guided the decision, and the whole sacramental teaching of the Prayer-Book appeared to be in danger. This, however, was not all: attention was called by the judgment to the unsatisfactory character of the tribunal itself through which the Royal Supremacy was exercised on appeal in matters ecclesiastical.

Discussions took place as to what was meant by the Supremacy of the Crown in ecclesiastical matters, and the question arose, Can anything be done to prevent such cases as that of

[1] A lady not a perfect mistress of current events, said with a very perplexed air to Dr. Hook, 'Doctor, I hear a great deal about Mr. Gorham and the Bishop of Exeter, and marrying your wife's sister; why, Doctor, doesn't Mr. Gorham marry his wife's sister at once, and have done with it.'

Mr. Gorham being again determined by a Court having no distinct Church character, and in which, for that reason, Churchmen can have no confidence? Bishop Wilberforce, though wishing for a change in the composition of the Final Court of Appeal, thus expresses himself in a letter to his brother, the Archdeacon: 'If you put anything forth, I hope you will strongly assert the advantage of the Supremacy of the Crown properly administered. I am very anxious that in every move this *just* Supremacy of the Crown should be maintained. Till we are a republic it *ought*, "me judice," to be, and nothing could, I think, be more impolitic than to go against it.'

To the Rev. W. Butler he writes:—

That this is to be treated as a mere State decision. 2. That practically it leaves the matter where it found it. 3. That it only decides that to hold infants need some preparatory grace analogous to that which works Faith and Repentance in adults for them to be due recipients of the grace conferred in Baptism, is not so *plainly repugnant* to the Church of England as that the Court would be 'rigid' in excluding the holder of such a view. Now I do *not* see that this leaves us in *any way* tainted with heresy. It is very likely to mislead, and we must of course strive for a better state of things.

To Sir C. Anderson he writes:—

I saw Prevost yesterday, at the National Society meeting: *he* does not feel that the Church of England is compromised by this vile judgment, and many of our best Churchmen are quite staunch. I believe that in the end God will bring good out of all this evil; we must wait, dearest Friend, in faith. The present has ever seemed the darkest to those in it, and dark times make friends' voices and friends' love closer and more welcome than ever.

And a year later he again writes to Sir Charles:—

May 28, 1851.

Dearest Anderson,—Alas! all is very dark around us. But I am still hopeful. I fear we shall lose some of our very best men, and my heart bleeds at every pore at the prospect—*specially mine.* But I firmly believe in the vitality of the Church of England, and that it will throw off the evil of such a loss of best blood as that,

and still live to God. I see all the evil of the judgment recently given; but I cannot believe it will ultimately do anything else than raise the standard of doctrine as to the Baptism question. I never saw *my* candidates so uniformly well up on the Baptism question. There was not one out of 37 who did not satisfy me. Dearest Anderson, I think troubles around us and within only draw our hearts closer to old friends. I am sure I feel it so to you and yours. I am ever yours very affectionately, S. Oxon.

The Bishop was at Lavington in September, and while there had many long and anxious interviews with his brother-in-law Archdeacon Manning, whose possible secession from the Church of England had been a subject of apprehension both to the Bishop and to Mr. Gladstone. Early in September Mr. Gladstone wrote recalling a conversation which had passed between them, and pointing out that if the great majority of the Bishops had immediately after the promulgation of the Gorham Judgment openly in combination declared that they would uphold the doctrine of the Church as regarded Baptism, even though such declaration was not of the nature of a corporate action, such a step would have held secure to the Church not only Archdeacon Manning, but many others who, like him, were longing for some authoritative declaration. It is clear from the Bishop's answer that Mr. Gladstone expected Archdeacon Manning's decision to be grounded quite as much on what he considered the past history of the Church as on his apprehensions for her future.

Lavington, Sept. 14, 1850.

My dear Gladstone,—My stay here has let me see much of Manning. Never has he been so affectionate, so open, so fully trusting with me. We have been together through all his difficulties. But alas! it has left on my mind the full conviction that he *is* lost to us. It is, as you say, the broad ground of historical inquiry where our paths part. He seems to me to have followed singly exactly the course which the Roman Church has followed as a body. He has gone back into those early times when, what afterwards became their corruptions, were only the germ buds of Catholic usages; he has fully accustomed his mind to them; until a system which wants them seems to him incomplete and uncatholic, and one

which has them is the wiser and holier and more catholic for having them, until he can excuse to a great degree their practical corruptions and justify altogether their doctrinal rightness. All this has been stirred up and rendered practical in his mind by our own troubles, but the result of all leaves me very hopeless of the issue. Few can at all understand what his and my brother's present state are to me. I believe you can; the broken sleep, the heavy waking, before the sorrow has shaped itself with returning consciousness into a definite form; the vast and spreading dimensions of the fear for others which it excites; the clouding over of all the future. It has quite pressed upon me, and I owe, I believe, to it as much as to anything else a sharp attack of fever which has pulled me down a good deal. I am going, after my Ordination, at my doctor's desire, for a fortnight or three weeks' tour, and I think of going to Scotland. I know not if I should be near you, or if Sir John Gladstone could have me if I were; but if it were so I should be very glad to see you. I thank you sincerely for telling me about yourself. Such assurances are like the voice of a true comrade in the stifling mist. May it please God to bless your travel. I am very sorry that you will be away this winter, but trust that you as well as yours may return to us strengthened by your absence. I am ever, my dear Gladstone, affectionately yours, S. Oxon.

Mr. Gladstone replied to this letter on September 17, and from his reply it appears that he also, from his personal knowledge of Archdeacon Manning, thought that even before the Gorham Judgment the Archdeacon's mind was so imbued with Roman Catholic ideas that he had ceased to make any active struggle against them.

An impression was left on Mr. Gladstone's mind that although the Archdeacon was convinced of the authority of the Church of England and believed in her mission, yet there was in the Church of Rome a yet stronger attraction; he attributed the Archdeacon's final decision to the refusal of the Bishops to propagate a declaration that the Gorham Judgment was neither the law nor the faith of the Church of England.

Although the Gorham Judgment was thus the ostensible reason for Archdeacon Manning's secession, he had been for a long time hesitating, and it is doubtful whether any action

of the Bishops, either 'corporate or combined,' would, as Mr. Gladstone imagined, have really kept him secure. In 1841 he had made up his mind that unity was a first law of the Church of Christ, and that therefore the position of the Church of England was tenable only as an extreme and anomalous case: he had also refused in any way, either by word or deed, to do anything hostile to the Church of Rome, and, writing in 1850, he admitted that his teaching was nearer to that of the Roman Church than to the Church of England of that day. For many years he had felt himself to be prohibited from all sympathy with Protestantism, and what he termed the compromises of the Reformation. The opinions of 1841 had strengthened year by year, and each year had found him further removed from the living English Church; he believed that what he had supposed to be the theology of the English Church was only the opinion of a School beginning with the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and neutralised at the Revolution. The Church which claims to be One, Visible and Infallible, fascinated him as it has many others, and the idea that a civil court could settle a point of the Church's doctrine finally decided a question which was already trembling in the balance. All this is clear from letters written to the Bishop, but which for obvious reasons are not printed.

'I enjoy the thought, if it so please God, that we may grow old and mellow and wise together.' So Archdeacon Manning had written to Samuel Wilberforce in 1837. Alas for the fallibility of human foresight!

It was nearly a year before the Bishop again visited Lavington; he then writes to the Hon. Richard Cavendish:—

Lavington, June 10, 1851.

My dear Cavendish,—We came here yesterday and return (*D. V.*) to-morrow. It is a sad visit. The glory of our beloved little church is departed. The heavens weeping over us, and the trees dropping round us, seem acted parables of our thoughts. Twenty-three years ago to-morrow, and the sun shone on me as I came out of that church the most blessed of bridegrooms, having won her whom I had loved, as few love so young, ever since the vision of

her beauty enchanted my early boyhood. How has wave followed wave from that day to this! Oh! and how has mercy and loving-kindness and forbearance and compassionate forgiveness been multiplied and abounded upon me year after year.

The anxiety through which the Bishop passed brought on a feverish attack, which confined him to bed for four days, and left him much pulled down. By his doctor's advice he went to Scotland for a change of air and scene: from there he writes to Mrs. Sargent:—

Steamer, Monday, Oct. 14, 1850.

My dearest Mrs. Sargent,—It is very pleasant to have my head turned homeward again and to get into the land of letters, for they have been uncertain in coming and most *uncertain in going* of late. At Mr. Ellice's, in the traveller's book of the young Mrs. Ellice, the hostess, you are requested to enter your day of arrival, departure, profession, business in Scotland, and some complaint. Here is mine, as far as I remember it, of this morning:—

Arrived.	Departed.	Profession.	Business in Scotland.
Oct. 8.	Oct. 14.	Man of letters.	To be unlettered.

Bidden with murmurs this fair sheet to stain,
'Then I obey,' and thus complain,
That never man was yet ill treated
As I within this glen.
On nags, in boats, on carriage seated,
And dragged o'er flood and fen;
Then crammed in mind and body
With talk and singed sheep's head;
Made to take whisky toddy
And Dover's dust in bed;
That my letters still kept coming
Like flakes of mountain snow,
And (what nightmare more benumbing?)
That they would not, would not go,
That weird women still were weaving
Their spells by night and day,
Till at the time for leaving
I scarce could break away;

That so was I hag-ridden
That, in spite of all this pain,
If I again am bidden
I shall surely come again.

The Dover's powder was for a little cold in my throat, which is nearly gone.

Some readers of this letter will remember the beautiful old lady to whom it was written, and will recall the chivalrous and deferential manner with which the Bishop always treated her. For twenty years she lived with the Bishop, superintending his household and taking care of his children, who found in her care and love a second mother.

On September 24 a Papal Bull was issued establishing a Roman Hierarchy in England, and amongst the numerous meetings convened to protest against this so-called 'Papal Aggression' there was one at Reading at which the Bishop was asked to preside. Before consenting he wrote saying that unless precautions were adopted to ensure an orderly meeting, he must decline being present. Party feeling ran high in Reading. Only a few weeks before this proposed meeting, four of the clergy refused to meet the Bishop at the house of the Vicar, previous to a Confirmation. The Bishop wrote to them: 'You refused to unite with your Bishop in preparatory prayer, lest you should aid the delusions of Rome, by walking with him into church.' The Evangelical party were constantly reproaching the Bishop for his supposed leaning towards Tractarianism. Dr. Dallas wrote to him saying 'that he had forsaken the Evangelical party and thrown his influence into the opposite scale,' a letter which drew from Bishop Wilberforce a declaration that he belonged to neither party in the Church. 'I am for the party of the Church of England and nothing narrower,' and in a subsequent letter, 'Because between angry parties, I, God helping me, have held and will hold what I esteem the truth of both and the party violence of neither, I am reviled as uncertain. It is hard to bear, and as my heart craves after sympathy and trust above all other gifts, the temptation has

often beset me to cast off the burden by the easy course of adopting party cries, but I dare not do it.'

The Bishop's tact was often exercised in dealing with clergy who desired to make themselves notorious for 'conscience' sake.' An admirable example of his dealing with cases of this sort was shown at the opening of a new church when the neighbouring clergy were invited. Arrangements had been made for the clergy to walk into the church in procession in surplices, the Bishop last. The procession was formed, all was ready, when the Rector came to the Bishop saying, 'All will be spoilt; two clergy have come in black gowns; they declare they will wear them in the procession; they are come for the purpose of thus openly showing their Evangelical principles.' The Bishop replied, 'All will be well, they will go in surplices.' The Rector assured the Bishop it was impossible, and that any remonstrance would only cause a disturbance. The Bishop, after again re-assuring the Rector, said to the clergy, who were formed two and two, 'Gentlemen, are you ready?' and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he stepped along the rank and accosted the first black-gowned clergyman with 'Good-morning, sir,—will you have the kindness to read the first lesson for us this morning?' Then he passed to the second, with the request that he would read the second lesson; the two fled to find surplices and the procession went into church with the two clergy clad as the others were.

Bishop Wilberforce's supposed High Church opinions caused him, as he himself said, to 'labour under the unfounded reproach of holding secretly the Romanising views against which he had always set his face.' A colour was given to this suspicion by the Bishop's toleration of the Rev. T. W. Allies, a clergyman of the diocese, whose published works had caused much scandal. Mr. Allies had, however, expressed his regret for this, withdrawn the book censured from publication, and given a pledge to teach and preach only the plain sense of the Articles. This, which was known to the clergy of the diocese, was not so generally known to the public, and as in the course of the year Mr. Allies resigned his living and joined the Church

of Rome, it was not surprising that a false and mischievous impression respecting the Bishop's line of conduct prevailed. Bishop Wilberforce took the opportunity of a large meeting being held under Lord Ashley's presidency in the Freemasons' Hall on December 5, ostensibly as a protest against Romanising tendencies in the Church of England, to write to Lord Ashley explaining the matter of Mr. Allies, and entreating Lord Ashley to direct the current of Thursday's meeting to 'settle whether it shall set against *bonâ fide* Romanising tendencies,' such as 'auricular confession, sacramental absolution, the sacrificial character of the Lord's Supper, the denial of Justification by Faith,' &c., or whether it shall be a 'mere attempt to brand as Romanisers all those in the Church who are of the school of Andrews, Hooker, Beveridge, &c.' The concluding words are :—

I have as I believed dropped no one truth of my Evangelical education, but I hold those truths in a more consistent and therefore a firmer grasp. But the question I am anxious you should let me suggest for your thoughts is this : Can it strengthen us as a Church against Rome, against Latitudinarianism, against irreligion, against Socialism and our frightful social evil, to drive out or render suspected all the earnest-minded and I will venture to say spiritually minded men in this our day of exceeding need of every aid? I am, my dear Lord Ashley, most truly yours, S. Oxon.

Lord Ashley's reply to this letter is given :—

. . . . Be assured that I am much gratified by your confidence in me, and that it will always give me pleasure to receive the honour and benefit of your counsels. Be assured also that nothing I propose to say shall brand as 'Romanisers' men of the school of Hooker (after the Apostles the greatest Christian in the Church) and Beveridge. My movement is against Popery without and Popery within, and depend upon it I will not, God helping me, say a word to limit the fair latitude of opinion, that must always be permitted within certain points. I hope too, to avoid all personalities, and to strike only at this frightful system of things which is leading (perhaps I know more of it than you) to a 'free Church of England.' You are not aware how many Church of England people are attend-

ing regularly Independent congregations, driven to them from a whole district by mummeries and Tractarian Dogmas.'

While the Evangelical party in the Church complained that Bishop Wilberforce did not throw in his lot with them, and consequently accused him of Roman tendencies, he was engaged in a correspondence with Dr. Pusey, the recognised leader of the Tractarian movement, as to the publication of certain Roman Catholic books of devotion which Dr. Pusey had adapted for use by members of the English Church. Bishop Wilberforce's relation to Dr. Pusey, to a certain extent, resembled the position the Bishop held towards Dr. Hampden. Both were Professors of the University of Oxford and exempt from the Bishop's jurisdiction; the only power the Bishop possessed was that of preventing Dr. Pusey from preaching in the diocese of Oxford, and this step the Bishop took on November 23, 1850. During the time this inhibition lasted, viz. until May 1852, a long correspondence took place between the Bishop and Dr. Pusey. In the course of it the whole question of private confession was discussed at great length, especially Dr. Pusey's method of treating those who came to him. Bishop Wilberforce's own view of private confession is to be gathered from a letter to a lady left amongst the Bishop's papers, and marked Confession, 1850 :—

Cuddesdon, January 14, 1850.

In the whole paper two things appear to me to be mixed together, which must be severed for any clear answer. They are, the benefit of (1) Confession to a Priest, and of (2) Absolution.

Is there then any efficacy in (1) the Absolution of a sinner by a Priest? I cannot doubt that there is. The words of Scripture, 'Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted,' and the universal consent of the Church, clearly can mean no less.

But then *what* is the efficacy of Absolution?

The *whole* Ministry is a ministry of Absolution. The minister of Christ performs by Christ's commission, on Christ's behalf, certain acts, which acts have in virtue of Christ's appointment the effect of parting the sinner from his sin. He is empowered to do these acts, and the promise is that when he so does them, as he is empowered, the currents of God's grace shall flow at his word, and

that which according to God's will he does here on earth shall be accompanied by corresponding acts in the unseen World which shall give reality and spiritual effect to what *he* has done.

This promise applies to the *whole* Ministry. The act of Absolution is only *one* point, though a culminating point, in that whole system. But *what* is the spiritual efficacy which accompanies Absolution? Can it alter the objective fact of the sin of a given sinner being retained or forgiven? Can it be applied at the will of man so that when pronounced *it* wipes out a score which, but for its being pronounced, would remain uneffaced?

¶ I answer, in my judgment, certainly not. These are not the benefits of Absolution. Absolution is, I believe, in every case, and must be, *declaratory*. To take the highest case: When our Blessed Lord in His earthly ministry said, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee,' did He *declare* a fact in the unseen world, or did he *alter* a fact in that world? Doubtless He only declared a fact. It was impossible for Him capriciously, or by volition, to forgive the *impenitent*. He did but *declare* to the penitent the blessed fact in the unseen world, which hung upon the laws of eternal truth, that she, a penitent, was forgiven. But whilst the act was in its essence thus declaratory, was it *no more* than a mere declaration? It was, I doubt not, in many ways far more. As He spake the currents of Grace flowed to that soul. There was given to it a perception and appropriation of God's forgiving love; a sense of reconcilement, a childlike trust which no unauthorised declaration could have given; so that hereby the declaration of the fact in great measure caused the fact; even as, when He said 'Stretch forth thy hand,' and the withered arm was stretched forth, His word caused what His word announced; the secret currents of grace moving at His supreme word. Now *this* is the virtue of Absolution. One *uncommissioned* may declare God's forgiveness of the penitent's sin, but he declares it only to the intellectual apprehension of that hearer. The hearer probably apprehended it intellectually *before*. But it was not the *intellect* which wanted enlightening: it was the eye of the soul which could not look up to God in Christ as a forgiving Father, because many sins had dulled and clouded it. Now when the commissioned minister of Christ declares this forgiveness to one in whose soul penitence is even beginning to stir, he opens the floodgates of Grace, and the gifts of God's Spirit accompany the act which He has appointed should be so done, and the work of parting the sinner from the sin which burdened him is carried mightily on.

Now then, here is a real efficacy in *Absolution*. But for this, sincerity and reality in the recipient are essential: they in their first beginnings being thus carried on into penitence and pardon in the worthy receiver under the Grace of Absolution. Now, Confession is the part which belongs to him who seeks this Grace. He comes to confess his sins unto the Lord. He has some sense of sin, some desire of pardon, some belief in God's forgiveness through Christ, some yearning after the working of the Spirit which is to undo the evil of many sins, and to quicken the eye dulled by many infirmities. He therefore comes to confess, not as he would, but as he can, and so confessing he is absolved, and all these currents of Grace are let loose upon his soul. Hence Confession and Absolution precede the receiving of the Holy Eucharist, that the penitent and believing soul fresh cleansed by Grace within may draw near to feed on Christ.

But all this applies, you will see, to *Confession general* as far as concerns man, and *Absolution general* as far as concerns God's minister. Now, in what way does private Confession and special Absolution differ from these? In their essence, I believe, not at all. There is no more efficacy in them so far, nor any, either necessity for them on the part of the penitent, or power of enjoining them on the part of the priest.

Their *advantage* in certain cases, I think, is twofold.

I. Where some sin burdens a conscience, and either from its intricacy or its weight keeps it perplexed, there are two advantages about private and special Confession and Absolution: (*a*) It gives the opportunity for joining particular ghostly advice to the act of Absolution, so introducing a special direction for the perplexed conscience; (*b*) It aids the conscience in casting off its burden when there is the sentence of Absolution pronounced, the pronouncer knowing the full extent of the sin.

II. Where the sin is against man as well as against God, it facilitates that restitution without which (where it can be made) penitence cannot be sincere. This, I take it, is the whole meaning of the abused text, 'Confess your sins one to another,' *i.e.* your trespasses against another to him, &c.

Thus, private Confession and Absolution

I. Are only fit for certain cases.

II. Should *never* be enjoined as a necessary condition.

III. Are very dangerous as *the rule*, as (1) tending to defile the soul by forcing it to dwell upon, put into words, and speak to

another, what is far better rejected as a whole with loathing; (2) tending in other cases to cause habitual prevarication and holding back; (3) tending in others to ease the mind *wrongfully*, by the mere act of confession to another; and (4) tending to place the priest instead of Christ, instead of making his office lead on *to* Christ, and yet

IV. *May be* blessed assistances to a soul craving for them when used sparingly, as medicine to the sick, when a soul is (1) involved in the intricacies of past sin, or (2) crushed by its burden, or (3) wants awakening to restitution.

The great principle, therefore, seems to be that private Confession and Absolution, like Direction itself, are strong cordials provided for a time of sickness, not ordinary diet for the soul's health.

Returning, however, to Dr. Pusey. In the correspondence already referred to Dr. Pusey had succeeded in satisfying the Bishop that his practice was only to use private confession as a means to restore health, and that he did not regard it as the normal condition of a healthy soul. On this ground, therefore, Dr. Pusey stood cleared. But there remained the question of the adapted works of Roman Catholic devotion. The Bishop's objection to these was, 'not that they would lead persons to ask how there can be so much good among Roman Catholics, and so be disposed to join them; but that by the use of such devotions their own minds should unconsciously assume a Roman Catholic attitude.' Dr. Pusey, on July 9, 1851, informed the Bishop that as to the particular work to which exception had been taken, that he had determined not to reprint it, and with regard to the others that they were 'out of the market.' The Bishop thus gives his reasons for setting Dr. Pusey free:—

May 6, 1852.

My dear Dr. Pusey,—My relations to you have, as you well know, long been a matter of deep anxiety to me. I have dreaded doing injustice on the one hand to you, on the other to the Church. On the one hand, I have feared to interrupt the good which your earnest ministrations are so well calculated to effect in awakening the careless, and on the other I have dreaded encouraging that fatal tendency towards Rome which has so beset us of late, by

allowing the exercise of a ministry of the tone of your adapted books of devotion. . . . With these statements before you, you apply to me to set you free to exercise your ministry by preaching in my diocese; and—looking

I. At your recent sermons before the University;

II. At your private assurances to me of the strength of your convictions, and the earnestness of your labours against Roman doctrine;

III. At the large liberty allowed to our clergy, who seem to me to go to quite as great length in the opposite direction as you in yours—

I do not feel that I can do otherwise than reply to you as I now do, that I set you free as you request. I am, very sincerely yours,

S. Oxon.

CHAPTER VII.

(1851–1853.)

THE tour on the Continent which the Bishop took in 1851 shows his singular power of being able to cast off almost suddenly the cares and troubles of which, as the last chapter showed, he had plenty, and to enjoy his leisure with almost boyish spirits. This elasticity of mind is the more remarkable when, as in this instance, the Bishop was suffering from illness, against which he struggled for about six weeks, until it laid him prostrate at Como, under the charge of an Italian doctor, who starved and lowered him till he was most seriously ill. His daughter and niece were then the only two of the party left with the Bishop, and it is needless to describe their anxiety and alarm. It however happened that when they were out walking, Miss Wilberforce and her cousin saw a little dog which they recognised as belonging to Dr. Alderson. They followed the dog to its home, and to their great joy found they were right. Dr. Alderson immediately came to the hotel where the Bishop was, reversed the whole of the treatment, moved him to Milan, and then, giving up his own plans, joined the Bishop's party, and took charge of him home. Except during the days of illness at Como, this tour is daily chronicled in a journal which was written up each evening and read aloud to the party next day.

The Journal describes the churches, pictures, rivers, the views they saw on their journey through France and Germany into Switzerland, conversations the Bishop had with men of all classes whom he met, sometimes in the train, sometimes in the

steamers. For instance, there is one conversation recorded with a member of the lay fraternity of St. Alexis, another with an Alpine chamois-hunter. The flowers, the butterflies, the birds, were, as the Journal shows, all noticed. An extract from the Journal of August 21 is as follows :—

The Grimsel. We started this morning, going by the Glacier du Rhône to this place. Rather a hard day, the ascent from the Glacier being exceedingly steep. It was wonderfully beautiful ; every form of vegetable and insect life seemed in full enjoyment. The flowers continually changing as we ascended higher ; and we met many of our English garden flowers,—the Pride of London, &c. ; the Rhododendron alpinum just coming into flower where the snow of an avalanche was melting from it. The Fritillarias, the Hair Streaks in great beauty, and the Apollo, were the chief butterflies. The Alauda campestris in abundance. I saw one Accentor alpinus, one small bird of prey and one vast eagle ; and yesterday a pair of the rare Phænicuras. The sun on the snowy mountains was lovely to-day—and all in beauty.

Another extract is as follows :—

As we crossed Zug lake in the long flat-bottomed creaking canoe boat, in which our two *bateliers* with their flat oars pushed us over, all the common champaign country scenery on the right was bathed in sun, whilst the blackest storms were passing amongst the whole grand scenery on our left. It was a wonderful contrast and full of all moral images.

Within a creaking craft o'er Zug's sweet lake
We floated on, too easily to wake
A ripple in its waters, which were bright
With a hot summer's sun, whose gladsome light
Steeped lazy fields and vineyards on our right ;
Whilst on the left Mount Pilate's awful form
And every giant alp were wrapped in storm.
So rests, how oft ! untroubled light on those
Who sleep and work and eat and then repose,
Whilst they who fain would heavenward reach e'en here,
Are wrapped in darkening clouds of doubt and fear,
Are black with troubled thoughts and wet with many a tear—
So be it, Lord ! if but at last there may
Break in Thy light on us and all be day.

An extract, written on the return journey, shows the impression left on the Bishop's mind by what he had seen of religion abroad :—

All I see abroad makes me more bless God for our Church. Throughout all the Reformed countries I have seen, religion is gone. In the Romanist countries there is a great appearance of devoutness in worship, but marred with what miserable superstition ! What image worship ! What blind belief in a priest massing for them ! What an absence of God's Word ! How great has been His goodness in preserving to us alone, so completely, in our Reformation, the Catholic element.

In the winter of this same year a long correspondence was carried on between the Bishop and Mr. Gladstone about various matters of Church discipline and order, with special reference to the recent decision in the case of Mr. Gorham. This decision had had consequences which the framers hardly contemplated. Owing to it, general attention was drawn to the unsatisfactory character of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as the Church's Court of Final Appeal, and also to the absence of any representative body which could speak as the voice of the Church.

In 1851 Lord Redesdale formally moved in the House of Lords for a copy of the petitions presented to Convocation by the clergy and laity of the Province of Canterbury on February 5 of that year. He took this opportunity of urging the revival of Convocation. Both the Bishop of London and Bishop Wilberforce supported this motion, which was agreed to ; but it was opposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the ground that if Convocation met and debated, dissensions and controversy would be sure to arise.

The course the Bishop then took was not without precedent, an amendment to the Address having been moved and carried in 1847.

On February 4, 1852, Convocation met formally, and with a very small attendance. The Bishop presented a petition, the prayer of which was 'that Convocation should address the Crown by petition'; and in presenting it he announced his

intention of moving that 'this House do consider the prayer of the petitions,' upon which the Queen's Advocate (Sir J. Dodson) interposed, and said that he felt it to be his duty, as legal adviser to the Archbishop, to declare that such a motion was without precedent. For the past 135 years the Crown had called Convocation together purely as a matter of form, but had not permitted it to act. He then quoted in support of his argument the statute (25 Hen. VIII. c. 19), which prohibited Convocation doing business without the express sanction of the Crown. The Bishop of Exeter differed from this view; business, he explained, was making Canons, not petitioning the Crown. Bishop Wilberforce then stated that the motion he intended to make was not of a general but of a particular nature. Notice had been given of the introduction of a Bill into Parliament dealing with Clergy Discipline, and he thought this was a matter on which the clergy ought to be consulted. Three of the Bishops present agreed—the Bishops of London, Exeter, and Chichester. Three dissented, on the ground that such a small number of Bishops were present, the reason for such a scanty attendance being, that the majority of the Bishops supposed that this meeting was only one of the ordinary ones, *i.e.* meeting in order to be prorogued. This view being admitted as correct, Bishop Wilberforce pressed on the Archbishop the necessity of proroguing to a definite and not very distant period. The Archbishop then declared that in his opinion it was most improper that Convocation should in any way place itself in hostility to the Government, and prorogued the meeting till August 19. The Bishop then gave notice that on that day he should repeat his motion.

Before that date, however, political changes had taken place. On February 20 Lord John Russell's Government, which had been in office for five years and a half, was beaten in the House of Commons by a majority of nine on a clause in the Militia Bill. The resignation of the Ministry was announced on February 23, and Lord Derby came into office. On July 1 Parliament was dissolved, and with it Convocation. The elections of Proctors for the new Convocation were held in August.

On October 18 a notification appeared in the 'Times,' to the effect that Lord Derby had advised the Crown to issue license permitting Convocation to resume its synodical functions.

In the 'Times' of October 23 appeared a short article stating that Convocation was to meet on November 5; that before it could sit it was necessary that the consent of the Crown, Premier, and Archbishop should be obtained. The article then stated that though Lord Derby was known to be favourable, yet the Archbishop was known not to have the same view; and that a rumour prevailed in well-informed circles that her Majesty agreed with the Archbishop. The article concluded by saying: 'In this case it will be impossible for either House of Convocation on its meeting to proceed with anything beyond the consideration of those formal matters to which its attention has hitherto been confined.' On the 25th the 'Times' published a contradiction to what had been stated in some journals, viz. that Convocation was to have license to sit; and in the same number, in a leading article, said: 'The moment the attention of the public was directed to the thing as a scheme within the bounds of possibility, all hope of its success was at an end; and we hope this warning will suffice to prevent any surprise in the choice of Proctors or any other clandestine movements for the future.'

Convocation met formally on November 5. The Lower House elected its Prolocutor, and adjourned to November 12. On that day it met for the despatch of business for the first time for 135 years. In the Upper House, besides the Archbishop, there were sixteen Bishops. In the Lower House between eighty and ninety Proctors attended. The account of the proceedings in the Upper House is summarised from Mr. Warren's 'Synodalia.' After some petitions had been presented, the House proceeded to consider an Address to the Crown. To the draft proposed by the President the Bishop of Oxford moved an amendment.

After consultation, the Archbishop proposed to his suffragans that, on its rising, Convocation should be continued to

the next Tuesday, and the debate on the Address then resumed, and with the consent of the Bishops it was so determined.

On Tuesday, November 16, the debate upon the Address was resumed. The Bishop of Oxford withdrew his amendment in favour of one proposed by the Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Denison), and inserted a clause in the draft Address. He further moved for a Committee to consider an Address to Her Majesty on the subject of Clergy Discipline, and to report to Convocation. This was carried, and a Committee appointed.

On Wednesday the 17th, after some formal business had been transacted, Convocation was adjourned till February 16, 1853.

It is much to be regretted that the above bare outline should be the only record of this first meeting. Reporters were excluded from the Upper House, and so the speech made by the Bishop is lost. Its nature and power may be deduced from its effects, which were to convince the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Kaye) of the expediency of reviving Convocation, to carry unanimously the draft Address to the Crown, and to obtain the Committee on Clergy Discipline.

The Bishop's energy, tact, and eloquence were rewarded by tokens of approaching success in the work to which since 1840 he had devoted himself, and of returning vitality in the Church's Convocation, which for nearly a century and a half had been little more than a legal fiction.

It is right to mention in this place that the Bishop derived great assistance from his lay coadjutor Mr. Henry Hoare, who worked heartily with him for the restoration of Convocation. The Bishop's energy never flagged until he had won back step by step nearly all the powers Convocation had lost. How this was done will be shown in the sequel. The diaries of 1853, 1854, and 1855 tell their own tale. But the struggle was long and laborious. Not before the last of the above-mentioned years was the first real advance made, and it was not till 1860 that the second, the obtaining a Royal Letter authorising the transaction of business, was accomplished.

In the earlier part of his task the Bishop had moreover to

contend against the hostility of the Cabinet. Of the members of the Government only Lord Derby and Mr. Walpole certainly were of opinion that Convocation was not a sleeping or dead body, yet they thought it should only be called into action on specific subjects of vital importance to the Church. Their answers to questions in both Houses of Parliament showed that the Government was not prepared to sanction the revival of Convocation as a Church Parliament for the discussion of general subjects.

On December 16 Lord Derby's Government fell. On Sunday the 19th, Lord Aberdeen, in obedience to the Queen's command, went to Osborne.

On learning this the Bishop thus writes to Archdeacon Wilberforce:—

Dec. 21st, 1852.

So our friends are in at last. Though I am greatly grieved that Lord Derby's not resigning and re-forming when the voice of the nation was manifestly against Protection, seems to drive them into the foul arms of the Whigs as allies. In some respects, however, such an alliance may work well for the Church, if our people are the head, as they are at present. The popishly-inclined—Puseyite Presbyterian—as I think the 'Record' called Lord Aberdeen, being head. . . I am ever your most loving brother,

S. Oxon.

On January 11, 1853, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Arthur Gordon, the son, private secretary, and, it may be said, the confidant of Lord Aberdeen, writes to the Bishop saying that—

'the favour with which my father was once disposed to regard the Convocation movement has certainly been on the wane for the last few months. . . . I began business by saying that you were to be in town on Thursday, but that you had expressed your willingness to come up for the promised interview on any day he might name. He hurriedly replied, 'But can I see him? ought I? I can't enter into his views, you know. I can't allow them to sit.' I observed that he himself had invited the interview and could not well now refuse to hear your arguments. 'Very well, very well; but it can't go on, it must be stopped, I tell you.' I remarked that I had no reason to believe you desired a long session, but that any

direct attempt on the part of the Crown to 'stop' it would be a novel proceeding, and would irritate all parties. 'I like your "novel proceeding," is it not a novel proceeding on their part to hold any but merely formal meetings? Does not this make it high time for novel proceedings on our side? Do you think I am going to tolerate them by a side wind because the Archbishop is a poor, vain, weak, silly creature who they can bully with impunity?'

After a considerable pause, he added in a different manner, 'Will they consent to be prorogued on the 16th?' I replied that you had an Address ready or nearly ready and I believed you did not at present wish to go any further, but that of course it was impossible to say how long the debate might last. 'Very well, they may talk till midnight on the 16th if they like and pass the Address if they can, but they must not adjourn again. As it is already, I have had great difficulty in keeping down a clerical opposition and have only succeeded by saying that Convocation would be content with one more meeting.'

Yesterday, whilst walking together, I resumed the conversation by saying, 'You spoke yesterday of a clerical opposition to Convocation. I suppose you have taken means to ascertain that it is a *bonâ fide* opposition and not the act of some factious individuals?' 'By no means;—Montagu Villiers is to be the mouthpiece of the party; he was to get up and protest against business being done, and call for the interposition of the Crown, and then, whatever happened, the scandal would be great; but, as I told you, I have warded that off for one day.'

After a little while he went on, 'They never could stand for a day. The country is dead against them, so are half the clergy;—and I don't see *what* they want;—any Bishop can bring in a Bill, and if he thinks the assent of the clergy requisite, an informal meeting of delegates would represent them far better than Convocation. They would only hasten the inevitable smash. Your friend is right who says the Church of England is *two* Churches only held together by external forces. This unnatural apparent union cannot last long, but we may as well defer the separation as long as possible.'

The diary then refers to Mr. Gordon's letter and the interview with Lord Aberdeen.

Jan. 11.—Letter from A. Gordon, utterly dispiriting, about Lord Aberdeen's views on Convocation. I am to see him on Friday

thereon. Prayed earnestly, and hope to do so daily, for wisdom, faithfulness, courage, and persuasiveness to argue the high cause of attempting to put the Church on a more liberal and real footing with him. Miserere mei Domine, and give me strength.

Jan. 14.—To London with Bishop Blomfield, arranging thoughts for Lord Aberdeen, and much in prayer. Pleaded the cause as well as I could, on largest grounds. Lord Aberdeen *evidently* hampered by his Cabinet, but meaning well and fairly. Think we may in this agree. Off to Cuddesdon, and wrote to the Archbishop.

The Rail, Jan. 14, 1853.

My dear Lord,—I was so long with Lord Aberdeen that I had not an instant in which to get to you. The substance of his conversation was this:—

I. He admitted as logically true and as manifest common sense, the Church's claim, in the abstract, to internal self-government.

II. That the solemn summoning of the silent Convocation was a great unreality; *but*

III. He urged that it had been so for 150 years, and that any change must be made deliberately and with the assent of enlightened public opinion.

IV. That we had this time made a great step; that, if we could bring that step to a safe and prosperous conclusion, we should have made *a second.*

V. That to secure this end we ought to avoid any hostile conclusion; that it would be most undesirable for us to have the new Cabinet forced to consider as a Cabinet question the revival of Convocation; that this *would* be forced on by questions in Parliament or direct motions if we adjourned for further business on the 16th; that anything we could *complete* on the 16th he thought we might do safely.

The Bishop's arguments had made a strong impression on Lord Aberdeen, and the session of Convocation was irrevocably fixed for a single day's sitting. The diary says:—

Jan. 19.—Off after early breakfast to Windsor. Long talk with the Prince in his room on Convocation. Tried to set plainly before him our needs, and internal action the only remedy. He spoke, as always, kindly and plainly, and paid great attention to my view. The Queen kind in manner. The Prince full of preparation for invasion, discussing with Lord Clarendon and me the need of

having barracks about thirty miles from London, *e.g.* Reigate, Reading, &c., connected with meshwork of railways to form second line of defence, 'We are strong up to Lt.-Cols., but we have no one who could bring up large bodies of men and artillery.'

Jan. 20.—Chapel and breakfast, and talk with Stockmar on Church matters. He, as always, very sensible; promised to talk thereon with Lord Aberdeen. Off to London. Meeting of Committee of Convocation; agreed to our course, to circulate a bill with a letter I drew up stating that we intended to draw from it the *heads* of the measure we should propose to Parliament. Bishops London, Winchester, S. David's, Chichester and self all of one mind.

On January 31 Mr. Gordon wrote saying that a highly important conversation had taken place with regard to Convocation. The first question discussed was the power of the Crown to interfere at any stage in the proceedings of Convocation. It was answered that the power was undoubted, and had been exercised over and over again. It was next asked, whether, granting the legality of discussions on certain subjects without the Queen's license, such discussions were likely to be attended with danger to the interest and influence of the Church. The next inquiry was whether the danger was one which imperatively called for the interference of the Crown. It was then asked whether a brief discussion might not be so managed and moderated as to be harmless, without any necessity of bringing it to an arbitrary close. This was still more reluctantly admitted than the former propositions had been, and it was urged that to bring such management to a successful issue it would be necessary, not only to fortify the Archbishop by strong assurances of support, but also to take an early opportunity of declaring to Parliament that the Government regarded with the utmost disapprobation all plans for the revival of synodical action. One of those present (a person of considerable importance) recommended that a system of marked disfavour should be adopted and steadily persevered in towards those who promulgated 'principles likely to disturb the peace of the Church'; and he observed *that even the most active, ambitious, and talented of the High Church party were not*

likely long to hold principles which permanently excluded them from preferment.

On February 9 the Bishop had an interview with Lord Aberdeen, and showed him the draft of the report of Convocation Committee. Lord Aberdeen objected to it as being 'too detailed to get a decision on'; in consequence it was altered, and the next day the diary records: 'Attended Committee of Convocation; passed my draft of the Address.' Convocation met on the 16th. The Queen's answer to the Address was read; petitions were presented; and the proceedings were brought to a close in the afternoon.

In January the Bishop wrote to Prince Albert, asking him to preside at the opening of the Oxford Diocesan School on January 7. The Prince wrote regretting his inability to be present, and said that as to his views on Church Education he was afraid he should have to treat them as Omar did the Ptolemean Library, saying, 'if it contains what is in the Koran it is useless and MAY be destroyed, if it contains anything different it OUGHT to be destroyed.' He did not know 'what the Koran of the Diocese of Oxford may be, and from the contest at Oxford on Mr. Gladstone's soundness, must give up the hope of ever understanding it.'

The concluding paragraph in Prince Albert's letter refers to Mr. Gladstone's candidature for the University of Oxford. Mr. Gladstone had accepted the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Aberdeen's Coalition Ministry, and consequently had to seek re-election. He was opposed by Mr. Dudley Perceval, who was proposed by Archdeacon Denison, and who was supported by the ultra Low Churchmen and the National Club; the opposition was based on Mr. Gladstone's attitude with respect to the recent ecclesiastical questions. The Bishop thus answers Prince Albert's letter:—

Cuddesdon Palace, Jan. 8, 1853.

Sir,—I feel deeply the degradation of my university in this disgraceful contest. But your Royal Highness will allow me to say (1) That in the minds of the vast majority of the resident members, there is not a shadow of hesitation as to supporting Mr. Gladstone

on the highest grounds. (2) That the opposition from the country is to be traced, I verily believe, to one strong feeling, which the Carlton Club has worked upon with considerable skill. Mr. Gladstone's old supporters would have borne from him anything except a union with Lord John Russell, who has unfortunately concentrated in himself a most unusual amount of distrust and indignation by his conduct, or supposed conduct, in administering the patronage of the Crown.

On the same day he writes to Mr. Gladstone, enclosing the then state of the poll: Gladstone, 468. Perceval, 412.[1]

I cannot forbear sending you one line to say that I breathe again now that I hope that my University may escape the degradation which, the day before yesterday, seemed to threaten us. For you, I cannot doubt that, with the distinction you have been able to achieve for yourself, it would be far better to be in another seat than in one the electors to which are liable to be swayed by the crazy arrogance of such a man as . . . . I can forgive even your brother voting against you; but after your fearless notices on the eve of an election, all the unpopularity of your anti-Horsman labours *in re* Frome, I do *not* know how to forgive Bennett. Succeeding or defeated, may God bless you, my dear friend. I am, ever yours very affectionately, S. Oxon.

The Canada Clergy Reserves Bill, which greatly occupied the minds of Churchmen, was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Frederick Peel on behalf of the Government, to enable the Canadian Legislature to sell certain lands called the Clergy Reserves. These Reserves, amounting to half a million acres, had become the property of the clergy in the following way:—By an Act of Parliament passed in 1791 the Province of Canada was divided into an Upper and Lower Province, each with its own Legislature, and by that Act it was provided that whenever any land was allotted in Upper Canada, one-seventh was to be reserved for the maintenance of the clergy. In Lower Canada the proportion was greater; the result was this great accumulation of land, divided by the allotments into blocks of about 200 acres in extent, mostly in an uncultivated state. In 1840 the Provinces were united;

[1] The poll closed January 20, with a majority of 124 for Mr. Gladstone.

and in 1850 the Canadian Legislature voted an address to the Crown, praying to be allowed to deal with the land.

On February 25, Mr. Gordon wrote, saying that Lord Derby had given notice that he would on the 28th present certain petitions relating to the Canada Clergy Reserves; and that Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle hoped that the Bishop would be present and speak, as they attached great importance to his declaration on the subject being made soon.

The Bishop thus mentions his speech in the diary:—

Feb. 28.—To the House. Replied to Lord Derby. Kept the thread of my argument well. But did what I had meant not in too much speaking to persons, and exhibiting too much contempt for some very weak counter arguments. Lord Clarendon came to thank me for my speech, as most excellent, &c. Did not feel in the least elated but as almost vexed with myself for not coming near my *ideal*. To-night I think I was too argumentative.

Lord Aberdeen's opinion of the speech is contained in this extract from a letter from Mr. Gordon:—

March 1.—My father desires me to return you his warmest thanks for your admirable speech of last night.

In the speech itself Bishop Wilberforce replied to an attack made upon him by the Bishop of Exeter, who said that by holding different views to those of his father, Mr. Wilberforce, the Bishop had robbed him of his highest honour, his name. Bishop Wilberforce's words were:—

The right rev. prelate declared that I had robbed that name of its highest honour by the argument I had used on this question. My lords, I must beg you to pause before you agree in that opinion, for I can assure you that there is no feeling dearer to my heart than the honour of that honoured name. I deem it to be my greatest boast to be sprung from one who, gifted with the vastest opportunities, with the friendship, the closest friendship, of England's greatest minister, the highest powers, the most commanding social position, used them all for no personal aggrandisement, and died a poor commoner—a poorer man than when he entered public life, seeing every one of his contemporaries raised to wealth and hereditary honours, leaving to his children no high rank or dignity,

according to the notions of this world, but bequeathing them the perilous inheritance of a name which the Christian world venerated. My lords, I cannot bear that it should be said, though in the most oblique way, or by any deduction from what I say, it should be held, that I have for an instant derogated from his fame.

The Bishop's view of the case, a view the wisdom of which was justified by subsequent events, is briefly given in a letter to the Bishop of Quebec:—

. . . . I believe in my conscience (1) that this is a matter for colonial and not Imperial legislation; (2) that the attempt to retain it (as I deem unjustly) for Imperial legislation, with a view to preventing the secularisation of the Reserves, will infallibly be defeated; and (3) that the only result of the attempt will be to affix to the Church the stigma of being opposed to colonial independence; and (4) that, therefore, whatever be the issue, justice and true policy alike require that we should fight the battle in the colonial and not in the Imperial legislature, and least of all in the House of Lords . . . .

And in answer to the Bishop of Exeter, who had attacked him somewhat fiercely on the ground that having once committed himself to a wrong view of the case he was afraid to change, the Bishop writes:—

If I saw myself in error, no fear of any imputation of changeableness would prevent my openly declaring it. I have already faced formerly as great a storm of misrepresentation and obloquy by daring so to act, as ever broke on any man; and I would at once face it again on the same inducement.

On the second reading of the Bill in the House of Commons, Sir J. Pakington attacked Bishop Wilberforce for supporting the measure; this attack brought up Mr. Gladstone, who thus defended his friend's conduct:—

The right hon. gentleman has been pleased to advert to the speech of a right rev. prelate in another place as a speech of plausible fallacies in support of the present bill. He was astonished that the right hon. gentleman should have thought himself entirely warranted with so much coolness, to set down as plausible fallacies what other hearers of that right rev. prelate had described as not among the least brilliant orations ever delivered by one who was

certainly among the first of our public speakers. (Loud cheers.) But he (Mr. Gladstone) did not wish to dwell upon the merit of his public speaking, but upon the merit of his speech. He was glad that a bishop of the Church of England was able, from the strength of his mind, his keen sense of justice, and the courage with which he defended what he believed to be right, to come forward and declare himself a supporter of a bill like this, notwithstanding the obloquy which, especially among his profession, might attach itself to such support. He believed the right rev. prelate judged well and wisely (hear, hear) in the support he gave to this bill. (Hear, hear.)

When the Bill reached the House of Lords, Lord Derby moved an amendment; and the Bishop, speaking on the question, quoted Burke as having said that the Americans became intractable whenever they saw the least attempt to wrest freedom from them by force or shuffle it from them by chicane. Lord Derby having taken exception to these expressions, the Bishop explained that the allusion was made with a smile, and was not intended to be offensive. Lord Derby then retorted with quoting—

A man may smile and smile, and be a villain.

Lord Clarendon, amid the cheers of the House, interposed and said, 'We are not accustomed, even in the language of poetry, to hear such an expression as "villain" applied to any noble lord in this House.' Lord Derby's amendment was lost by a majority of 40.

The references to the above speech in the diary are:—

April 25.—Thought about speech on 'Clergy Reserves'; at night spoke very late. Lord Derby provoked, and retorted with 'Smile and be a villain,' ungenerously, rudely and stupidly enough. I was utterly discontented with my speech, and grieved that I had given any cause for anger. The Bishop of Exeter, too, very angry with me. 'A most unfair speech, &c.' I do not at all think it was. But I came home utterly desponding and thinking I never would speak again till I could so command myself as to provoke no one.

April 26.—To House of Lords. Lord Aberdeen came and talked with me about Lord Derby's speech and mine. Highly eulogistic.

April 29.—With Baron Stockmar at Buckingham Palace. Much political talk. 'All would do if Government able to keep fully Conservative.' Spoke strongly of excellence of my speech on Clergy Reserves and Lord Derby's vulgarity.

April 30.—Early letters. Then Committee of S. P. G. on sending a deputation to America. Rather dissuaded from sending bishops this time, and recommended waiting for direct invitation from Convention. Private view of pictures. Then rode to the Zoological, and back to dress for Academy dinner. Next but one to Lord Derby. He leant over and said, 'At all events, I must do the Bishop of Oxford the justice to say that *he* can take a joke.'

On September 8 the Bishop went for a short holiday on the Continent, returning to England October 6.

1853. *Sept.* 11.—Paris. Walked to Notre Dame. A scanty congregation. Thence to Embassy Chapel; preached on barren Fig-tree; 300 went away not getting room. Went to see Guizot. He said that religion was certainly reviving amongst the highest ranks chiefly, but also amongst the shopkeeper class, not amongst the poor. This he thought the case both amongst R.C.'s and Protestants.

September 12.—Thiers asked a great deal about England and English friends. He said that the French Church was losing its influence. It had now no remarkable men: the Bishop of Orleans the most so. The 'sottises' by which the Church was losing ground, were its violent anti-Gallicanism; its grasping at all; getting the old law of education abrogated to give it the command of all, most unfairly to the Protestants. The apparent wealth of Paris is fictitious, but great wealth really accumulating in the provinces. The country weary and wanting rest. Acquiesced without enthusiasm in this 'malheureux.'

September 14.—Strasbourg. Asked the Vicar-General of the Diocese a few questions as to conduct of missions. He at once began, 'The English Church must have unmarried priests before it can have missions. How can married priests care for souls or give themselves up to the work of the ministry?' I combated this, and we were in a moment in an argument on the Anglican Church. The Pope's infallibility, &c. The argument was warm but friendly. 'But now,' said he, 'if your Church is this, how is it that the most noble of your men leave it for ours—Father Newman and Oakeley?'

Again, 'But you have no agreement; your Bishops differ and condemn each other; both cannot be right.' Two home-thrusts.

September 17.—To Munich, getting there about four. Dined at the table d'hôte, then off to see Dr. Döllinger. He welcomed me with extreme warmth, but I soon found that he took me for Henry, and explained the mistake; still he remained cordial, and we had much talk,—the reception of Robert's book, state of religion in Germany, &c. He said that he hardly knew what to say as to relative morals of Protestant and Romanist Germany. More drinking in Protestant, but, perhaps from other causes, more licentiousness as to illicit intercourse here; strong on the advantage of confession, only tended to deaden conscience when used improperly. The Lutheran clergy lament their little influence over their people from the want of it. The way which the Josephine system had tended to destroy in Austria the Church's vitality. The extreme of a bureaucracy-loving government's interference. A parish priest wishing to use a more solemn form of benediction at a parish service than had been there wont, had to obtain government permission. The local government was armed with no power to give such allowance. So the case had actually to be reported to Vienna, leave obtained thence and reported; weeks before the priest could alter his benediction. This had taught the priests to lean on the State. The present Emperor has announced his wish to give to the Church its own powers, but as yet nothing very material done. The old clergy are for keeping all quiet and 'as you were.' The younger clergy who are at all in earnest are all the other way, hence a sort of breach between them. The Germans religious naturally, not above one Catholic woman in ten who does not confess. The roués and unbelievers do not, till a deathbed frightens them;—though all careless men, before marriage, or a son's first communion, &c., will confess. The way in which a faithful minister inculcates that no absolution is worth anything without contrition in the absolved, and that contrition will not be given to those who have wilfully sinned against grace, prevents, in Dr. Döllinger's opinion, danger of their allowing themselves in sin, from a trust in final confession and absolution.

September 27.—On the Danube. A great deal of conversation with Père—a Jesuit. 'The lowest and the highest people are the religious. The middle are Hegelian in philosophy and irreligious. There is a great revival and an improvement in the young priests.' He spoke very strongly of the good effects of missions. 'The

good was great and permanent. The reason is convinced, the feelings are moved. The grace of God does really attend and act with such movements.

The diary of August 18 records:—

Read a great deal of Maurice's Essays, many striking things in them, but I think a great deal of obscurity. I really can hardly discover in what sense he holds the Atonement—set me thinking much.

Professor Maurice was one of the Professors of Divinity at King's College, then a young institution, presided over by Dr. Jelf, and governed then, as now, by a Council. Once already Professor Maurice's theological views had been questioned on the subject of Christian Socialism, and he then narrowly escaped the fate which now befell him. He published a volume of Theological Essays, *one* of which was the cause of the loss of his professorship. It was the only one questioned, although Bishop Blomfield thought others in the same volume were even more objectionable, and wrote to Dr. Jelf, saying, that while Professor Maurice held his chair, he (the Bishop) should decline to receive the College certificate as a qualification for holy orders.

On October 20, just previous to the question coming before the Council of King's College, Professor Maurice wrote to Bishop Wilberforce; the reply, which is given below, shows that the Bishop thought that Professor Maurice in contending for a truth had been led into an exaggeration of its proportions; and he thus puts what HE believed Professor Maurice intended to advocate:—

October 24, 1853.

. . . . . .

What I understand you to mean affirmatively to teach is this: (*a*) That the happiness of the creature consists in his will being brought into harmony with the Will of God. (*b*) That we are here under a Divine system in which God, through the Mediator and by the Spirit, acts on the will of the creature to bring it into harmony with His own Will. (*c*) That we see in this world the creature, in defiance of the love of his Creator, able to resist His merciful Will and to harden himself in opposition to it; and that

misery in body and soul is the visible consequence here of such rebellion. (*d*) That it is revealed to us that our state in this world is, so to speak, the seminal principle of what it is to be in its full development in that world which is to come, and that therefore a will hardened against His, must be the extremest misery to the creature both in body and soul; that this hardened separation from God with its consequent torments, is the 'death eternal' spoken of in the Scriptures, the lake of fire 'where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched,' &c., of which we know no limits and from which we know of no escape; concerning which, therefore, it is unsafe to dogmatise as if it was subject to earthly conditions; and that in any contemplation of its horrors we must always contemplate God's exceeding love, and remember that He is striving through the Gospel to deliver every sinner from it who against his own sin will appeal to Him through Christ. (*e*) Finally, that to conclude that after a certain period of such sufferings God's vengeance would be satisfied and the lost forgiven future suffering, would be one phase of the error against which you wish to witness, and therefore as remote as possible from your teaching. Will you tell me as exactly as you can (i) whether I have rightly interpreted your meaning, and (ii) if I have not, wherein I have mistaken it, (iii) and will you send me back this letter with your answer. You shall have it back if you wish it. I am, my dear Maurice, most sincerely yours, S. Oxon.

Professor Maurice replied that he 'entirely and unreservedly' accepted the Bishop's 'statement of the principle' he had 'endeavoured to set forth in' his 'Essays,' and concludes: 'I could not improve it by any alterations or additions of mine. I say this without the least qualification, and with the most hearty and deep gratitude to you.' To Mr. Gladstone, whose sympathies were, as Bishop Wilberforce's, enlisted on the side of Professor Maurice, the Bishop writes: 'I am most anxious to prevent the hard and irritating censure of such a man as Maurice, when so many really unsound men go uncensured.' The decision of the Council of King's College was communicated to the Bishop by Mr. Gladstone: '*Oct.* 27.— . . . . They have done the deed—i.e. declared Maurice's statements to be of dangerous tendency, and resolved that his

connection with the theology of the College ought not to continue.'

One other letter of the many the Bishop received must be mentioned. Professor Plumptre, one of Maurice's co-professors writes:—

> All Maurice's friends are bound to love and honour you. . .
> I have opened to you what I am compelled to keep concealed from most others; but you have told me that you look on the bond of Ordination[1] as a real and permanent one, and I feel quite sure that you will neither wonder nor complain that in this deep sorrow, this enforced separation from the brother with whom I had hoped to continue working all my life long, I should turn to you as to one with whom the name of a Father in God is more than a formula, from whom I may certainly expect sympathy and, it may be, counsel and comfort. I am, your affectionate and grateful servant, E. H. Plumptre.

This year the Bishop resumed a habit he had discontinued since 1841—that of keeping a regular and daily diary. Excerpts of this year are:—

Jan. 26 (Peterboro').—Breakfast at the Palace. The Bishop's (Davys) story, 'The Queen always had from my first knowing her a most striking regard to truth. I remember when I had been teaching her one day, and she was very impatient for the lesson to be over, and once or twice rather refractory, the Duchess of Kent came in and asked how she had behaved. Lehzen[1] said, 'Oh, once she was rather troublesome.' The Princess touched her and said, 'No, Lehzen; *twice*, don't you remember?' The Duchess of Kent too was a woman of great truth.'

Feb. 20.—Heard to-day of the death of the Bishop of Lincoln (Kaye). Much affected by it. It depresses me sorely. May I learn 'the night cometh when no man can work.'

March 7 (Mentmore).—Went with Baroness Rothschild over this new house. She very amiable and pleasing: 'could not bear to live in their good house, and think of the poor in miserable crowded huts.'

[1] Professor Plumptre was ordained by the Bishop.

[2] Madame Lehzen held the position of sub-governess to Princess Victoria for many years.

March 12. . . . Showed me curious letter of Disraeli about his re-election—fearful of opposition from clergy on the ground of his chapter on crucifixion in the Life of Lord G. Bentinck; justified it on the ground that this is the true theological language of St. Augustine and St. Jerome.

April 4.—A. Gordon said, 'If the Bishop of London were to be taken, my father would appoint Bishop of Salisbury. He has a high opinion of him as a man of business. If the late Archbishop had died, as was expected, in 1842, Sir Robert Peel would have appointed the Bishop of London; it was settled. Peel was in Scotland, and wrote the letter to offer it to the Bishop, that no time might be lost if the event had happened.' A talk at night. Lord Aberdeen willing to be asked in Parliament about additions in the episcopate, and to give a favourable answer or to bring it before Cabinet, and, if Cabinet assented, to give a still more favourable, with a view, however, to future and not to any immediate action. I dissuaded stirring the question at all until the Government were really prepared to act.

May 7.—Much talk on Government Education Bill, and great objections to it from Sir T. Phillips, &c.; all seemed to condemn it strongly. Then to Stafford House with Lord Harrowby, where all the world assembled in 'Aunt Harriet's Cabin' to see Mrs. Beecher Stowe. She spoke to me with interest. 'There was a time when your father's work seemed as hard as ours does now. Yet he succeeded.'

May 28.—Dined Sidney Herbert. He said that 'Lord Aberdeen said little in Cabinet, but always carried his point—was exceedingly listened to in it.'

June 26.—Bishop of Sodor and Man (Lord Auckland) talked of Gladstone's mistake about converting exchequer bills in a way which showed plainly how the thoroughbred old Whig party still liked to run him down.

June 28.—After many letters, to christening of Prince Leopold; striking scene. The young blind King (Hanover). The Koh-i-noor on the young mother's diadem. Service too theatrical, and Archbishop's manner singularly unreal and therefore poor.

June 30.—To S. Rogers. He very flattering—urging second marriage with strange eagerness, as if he felt the solitariness of a servant attended age.

July 22.—Colonial Church Government Bill reported. Tea with Bishop of Salisbury at Athenæum. Greatly depressed with the

feeling that to labour hardest as a Bishop is to incur certain taboo, unlike all other works.

September 5.—Letter from Robert announcing his coming, and most alarming intimation of the reason of his wish to see me before I went abroad. He came. A talk with him. Not quite so hopeless as I had feared.

September 6.—I rode with Robert; long and much talk, rather more alarmed again. He all affection and truthfulness, but strong on that point which seems to me logically to imply all; viz. that the authority of the Church supersedes the individual conscience. Alas! alas!

November 3.—Long talk with Arthur Gordon. Lord Aberdeen now growing to look upon Gladstone as his successor, and so told Gladstone the other day. Cabinet shaky.

December 10.—Morning at charge. Then rode with Carlyle and Lowe; on horse full of spirit round by Popham lane. Well shaken. Carlyle full of unconnected and inconsistent utterances. Full of condemnation of the present day, of its honesty, &c., &c., praising the Georges I., II., and III. for honesty and ability. A heap of discordant ideas. Yet a good deal of manhood, and of looking to some better state of being. Poor man, a strange enigma! If he did but see the True Man as his hope and deliverer, how all his sighs answered!

CHAPTER VIII.

(1854.)

BISHOP WILBERFORCE'S further efforts for the restoration of Convocation are thus recorded :—

Jan. 4.—With Lord Aberdeen and settled about Convocation ; no hindrance to one day's business, nor if need be to a second. Archbishop's note fishing for a Government interruption arrived whilst I was in the house ; settled the answer to it.

Jan. 26.—The Archbishop told the Bishop of London, 'That no objection to a day's doing of business in Convocation. That we should therefore meet on Wednesday. That he supposed that we should receive report and appoint committees as before, &c.' Bishop of London said 'he spoke about it, so that I imagined he had seen *you*, and settled that it should be as you wished.' So unlike the truth, he having tried all he could and more than most would, to persuade Lord Aberdeen to use his prepared form of exoneration and extinguish Convocation.

Mr. Gordon had written to the Bishop on January 13 as follows :—

Lord John asked my father the other day what he meant to do about Convocation? My father without answering directly, replied that he had settled it all. 'Have you seen the Archbishop?' 'No, not yet.' 'Because I understand the Archbishop does not mean, after all that has happened, to attempt to prorogue them at all, but will wait for your royal exoneration.' 'We shall find some way of settling it, I dare say ;' and so the matter ended. I have no doubt whatever that my father will be able to reduce the Archhishop to reason, but it is as well that you should know.

Jan. 29.—Letter from Arthur Gordon with copy of Dean Elliott's

mischievous letter to Lord John, and account of his and Shaftesbury's interview with Lord Aberdeen. Lord Shaftesbury's 'violent abuse' of me, God forgive him, 'disgusted Lord Aberdeen.' Much cast down in the view of Convocation, &c. difficulties; tried specially to seek for guidance and singleness of purpose and strength therefor—. Also prayer for Lord Aberdeen.

On January 27, Mr. Gordon writes:—

The Dean of Bristol is perfectly welcome to bluster so long as my father and the Archbishop are agreed that there shall be discussion and that the writ shall not be got ready; they must however have discovered the form, for the Archbishop handed a draft writ to my father.

On the next day, January 28, Mr. Gordon, writing for Lord Aberdeen, says:—

In answer to your questions, into the details of the prorogation of Convocation he does not think it necessary to enter. He will only observe that though he has no wish for such a meeting, he will not object to the Convocation being *formally* assembled for the purpose of receiving the reports of the committees to be appointed on the 1st proximo. He does not wish to be understood as recommending a meeting before the close of the session of Parliament, but he authorises me to inform you that he will not interfere with any such prorogation as may seem good to the Archbishop and Bishops, provided it be to a distant date.

On the same day he writes:—

You may readily imagine the mortification of both Lord John and the Dean at finding out that they are *too late*. Nothing could be more comical than the tone of vexation with which Lord John exclaimed, 'Do you mean the Archbishop has consented to prorogue himself after all?' Shaftesbury was here this morning. I will not repeat his violent abuse of you, or his warnings as to the suspicion with which my father would be looked on, on account of his communications with you. I am happy to say he quite disgusted my father.

Of the triumphant result of so much unwearied planning, waiting, and labour, the diary says:—

Feb. 1.—After many prayers for God's guidance, restraint, and blessing, to Convocation, where nearly all day, and D.G. most mar-

vellously succeeded. The Bishops who heretofore had been our chief opposers moving and seconding our motions. God be praised whose work I believe it is.

Feb. 2.—Lord Aberdeen expressed to me very strongly his content at the doings in Convocation yesterday.

In August 1853 Archdeacon Denison, for reasons which he has explained in 'Notes of my Life,' preached the first of three sermons on the doctrine of the Real Presence, with the avowed intention of challenging public inquiry; he was at the time examining chaplain to Bishop Bagot (Bath and Wells), who was in failing health. The doctrine contained in these sermons was challenged, ostensibly by the Rev. Joseph Ditcher, but really by a party known as the Evangelical Alliance. In the beginning of February of this year Bishop Bagot wrote to Bishop Wilberforce, secretly committing the matter to him, for the peace of the Church; this peace would, Bishop Wilberforce considered, be best secured by staving off a prosecution, and he successfully directed his efforts to that end. He stated his reasons in a letter to his brother Robert, who desired a trial for the purpose of obtaining from the Ecclesiastical Courts an authoritative declaration as to what the Church of England actually taught with regard to the Holy Eucharist.

March 2, 1854.

. . . . I cannot but greatly fear that, if the trial comes on before Dodson, he will try the *case* on the baldest Act of Parliament interpretation of the Articles, Title and all; that he will be cowed by public clamour, and give a judgment against not only Denison, but the Church's doctrine; and that, it having once been given, we shall not get it reversed; and that the Church of England will seem to be committed to Low doctrine, which she does *not* teach, as to this Sacrament. Now if we, on the other hand, could win a few years, for your books to leaven the mind of the Church; and then, when a sentence was to be called for, and not against a man like Denison, whom every one esteems fair game for any prosecution, we might get a true interpretation of the teaching of the Church. Then I fear that it should now come to the Court of Appeal, because I am afraid that the Bishop of London is committed by a letter to Bishop Spencer. You alone have influence in this

matter with Denison, and I beseech you, my beloved brother, for the Church's sake and the Truth's, that you use it to induce him to endeavour to prevent a trial. If the Bishop of Bath and Wells *should* —before issuing letters of request—write to Denison to ascertain his view, what I want is that Denison should reply, not by re-stating the Catholic side of the doctrine, but on that side—simply saying that he adheres to all he has put forth and then addresses himself to show that holding that truth, he can subscribe our Articles and can condemn Rome. My *hope* would be that if he did this heartily, the Bishop of Bath and Wells might be able to stave off the trial.

And again :—

. . . . Of course, if the Church of England were to meet and consider the Question, I should see a great deal of weight in your argument. But the Question is not at all that. It is—Shall the formularies which the Church has deliberately put forth be subjected at one moment to the interpretation of one particular Court under particular circumstances? Now this question seems to me to be subject to quite other laws. It may be that God's overruling Providence is preventing the Church being injured by a misinterpretation of her laws, by preventing this Court at this time deciding the Question, and I may be the Instrument which He is using. If indeed the Court did decide wrongly, I should say as I said in the Gorham case, this does not really bind the Church ; and instead of despairing at all, I should in such a case hope that He would overrule it, as I cannot but see that He has the Gorham judgment, to awaken His Church to the truth and the importance of the truth. So that I should apply your argument on *this* side—for it seems to me to apply, when God by His providential Government *has* declared His Will. But, whilst that verdict is as yet unspoken, as He works out His designs through us, it seems that *we* are to consult and act our *best* for the Church, leaving the result to Him.

Bishop Bagot died on May 15, 1854, and so Bishop Wilberforce's personal connection with this case came to an end. The new Bishop (Lord Auckland), who had promised Lord Aberdeen before his translation from Sodor and Man, 'that he should neither persecute Mr. Bennett nor prosecute Archdeacon Denison,' on being applied to by Mr. Ditcher, declined to proceed by letters of request. Consequently Mr. Ditcher applied to the Archbishop to issue a Commission under the

Church Discipline Act; this was done, and the Commissioners found that there was 'sufficient *primâ facie* ground for instituting further proceedings.' After many delays, into which it is needless here to enter, the Archbishop presided over the Diocesan Court at Bath, and on August 18, 1856, made his Declaration. Bishop Wilberforce considered the Declaration important, more in the threat it conveyed than in anything else; and he grounded this opinion on the fact (1) that the Declaration was the *opinion* of individuals merely; not even a judgment; (2) that the *opinion* was not against the Real Presence, but only against one mode of explaining it. What he did consider serious was the manifestation of an intention to persecute; and he thought the time had arrived when Churchmen must most gravely consider what they ought to do. Several letters on this subject passed between Mr. Gladstone and the Bishop. Mr. Gladstone, however, had no concern with the Archdeacon's personal tenet; what he objected to was the prosecution itself, and to the apparent enforcement of the opinions on which that prosecution rested. He writes:—

. . . . Whatever comes of it, two things are pretty plain: the first that not only with executive authorities, but in the sacred halls of justice, there are now two measures, and not one in use: the straight one for those supposed to err in believing overmuch, and the other for those who believe too little. The second that this is another blow to the dogmatic principle in the Established Church: the principle on which, as a Church, it rests, and on which as an Establishment it seems less and less permitted to rest. No hasty judgment is pardonable in these matters; but for the last ten or twelve years undoubtedly the skies have been darkening for a storm, with constantly diminishing hopes of its being avoided. . . .

There was a strong movement in favour of a counter Protest or Declaration, but the Bishop and Mr. Gladstone agreed that the time for such a thing had not yet come, even if it were likely to do any good. Dr. Pusey, however, took a different view; and in conjunction with fourteen other clergy issued a Declaration. Mr. Butler was pressed to sign, but did not; presumably in consequence of the following letter of the

Bishop. As it gives reasons additional to those already quoted, the letter is here inserted. It is as well to state that letters written by the Bishop of Exeter show that he viewed the matter in the same light as Bishop Wilberforce.

Oct. 21, 1856.

My dear Butler,—I very strongly deprecate such a Declaration.

i. It *is* of the nature of another Article, and I greatly disapprove of individuals putting forth such.

ii. It is leaving our proper individual mode of protest in our pulpits and substituting a sham synodical act.

iii. It is furnishing to the enemy a list of men whose opinions on this subject are *not* to weigh. We have far more strength while not numbered. 'Omne ignotum,' &c.

iv. It is altogether a wrong *time* for acting, and so, like all premature action, action now will damage us.

We are threatened with a wrong decision—we shall appeal—the whole matter may be quenched. We shall then find the truth stronger than ever for opposition. Such a protest or declaration will stand greatly in our way.

I very earnestly hope that you will agree with me and dissuade the movement. If such things are put forth, every one who for any reason does not sign is your *opponent*. Till they are so severed, every Churchman is on your side. I am yours affectionately,

S. Oxon.

What the Bishop foresaw came to pass. On October 21 the Bath Court re-assembled, and after hearing Archdeacon Denison, delivered their judgment depriving him of his vicarage and archdeaconry.[1] But the Court of Arches[2] on appeal early in the following year reversed this judgment; and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the next year (1858) confirmed the judgment of the Court of Arches. The Archdeacon's defence was founded on a preliminary point of law as well as upon the merits. The Court of Arches and the

[1] History gives a curious corollary to this case. On Dec. 28, 1875, the Rev. Joseph Ditcher died, and by his express desire Archdeacon Denison preached the funeral sermon.

[2] The Court of Arches at first refused to entertain the appeal, but was compelled to do so by a mandamus from the Court of Queen's Bench.

Judicial Committee gave judgment in favour of the appellant on this preliminary point of law, expressing no opinion upon the merits; but these judgments had the effect of bringing the litigation on this matter to a close.

The letters which follow give in outline the history of one of the great sorrows of the Bishop's life. Few of those who met him in ordinary society, and saw what light and brightness he threw into the circle in which he moved, could have had any conception of the many forms of suffering which he had to bear. One of the very keenest of these sufferings was the secession of his brother Robert (Archdeacon R. I. Wilberforce) to the Roman Communion. The two brothers were bound to each other by the ties of the warmest love and affection. The touching lines which follow show how this increased as the two stood alone in their fidelity to the Church, when so many of those nearest and dearest to them fell away.

> Oh Brother! thrice beloved, who from those years
> When, as with common heart we lived, and shared
> Childhood's keen griefs and joys, hast ever bared
> Thy breast to every storm of woes and fears
> Which beat on me, and often with thy tears
> Hast staunched mine; who in dark days hast dared
> All questions to explore—Since it has fared
> So sadly with our house that careless ears
> Of passers-by with the wide severance ring
> Of four who at one altar vowed to serve—
> How closer to thy faithful love I cling;
> How pray we two may yet endure, with nerve
> Strung as of iron, and beneath the wing
> Of this our Mother Church hold fast and never swerve.

The Bishop had the highest admiration for his brother's great theological powers, and took the most intense interest in all that he wrote. There were points on which the minds of these two most remarkable brothers took different views as to the fittest mode of expressing the truths which the Church has to teach; but on the great and important truth that the Church of England is the Catholic Church in this country they had up

to the year 1850 been fully and entirely agreed. In that year the Bishop wrote: 'Great love to Jane.[1] I trust to her to keep you from being led away by Manning's subtleties.' And again in the same year, after Archdeacon Manning's secession, the Bishop writes saying—

I long to hear that Keble has in any measure reassured you. The more I think of it the more awful does it seem that one of us should be betrayed into deliberately choosing all the errors, superstitions, and grievous corruptions of the Papacy, when all the tenets of the Church as well as of the Gospel are our own in the Church of our Baptism. Never for months has a day passed that I have not earnestly prayed for you, that you may be kept from this most fearful sin. Of course in comparison with this aspect all other things are light. But it is heartbreaking to me to think of losing you, my brother and friend—my friend, guide, and aid since boyhood, and with whom, I do believe, there does still exist an unity of feeling, which has perished (though affection survives in all its strength) between Henry and myself. May God evermore bless you, my beloved brother; I think you so much better a man than I am, that it is marvellous you should be ensnared by such a painted hag as that Roman Jezebel.

It was on the point of unity that the doubts which had begun, then grew stronger in the mind of Archdeacon Wilberforce. His book on the 'Principles of Church Authority' would seem to show that his mind was distressed and disquieted by the sense of disunion and divisions among Christians, and that he was driven to seek an escape from these in the theory of union under the Supremacy of the See of Rome. The Bishop felt this keenly, first because he had always a clear view that the facts of history prove the Roman claim to Supremacy to be an incrustation upon the system of the Primitive Church; and he therefore felt that to commit oneself to the *à priori* theory of union through the Supremacy was to lean on a broken reed; and then in this case the grief that he always felt for every secession from the Church was intensified, because he was losing from his side in the great work for the Church of God a brother whose love and sympathy had been one of the chief

[1] Mrs. R. I. Wilberforce.

joys of his life. Many letters passed between the brothers while Robert was contemplating the step which he eventually took, and they clearly show that it was the longing for authoritative teaching that shook Robert. This longing, however, assumed no definite form until 1853. In the April of that year he writes: 'If I do anything, it will merely be to resign my preferment, in order that I may consider the state of things more dispassionately, but I have no thought of doing so at present.' Again, in July of the same year: 'I much wish to have a talk with you. I cannot satisfy myself that I am right in occupying a post which implies so much responsibility, while I continue uncertain in my judgment as to the state of things. I much therefore wish to retire into a less responsible position.' The Bishop's reply shows how earnestly he endeavoured if possible to retain in the service of the English Church, one of whose moral and mental powers he had such long and intimate knowledge.

The Athenæum, July 20, 1853.

My most beloved Brother,—I cannot tell you the deep sadness with which your letter has overwhelmed me. God forbid that you should take this step. Surely the mode in which your book[1] has been received by the Church must quiet your mind, for it shows (1) how great an amount of Church truth is held implicitly by it, of which there is no external manifestation; and (2) how plain it is that in the judgment of the Church itself you do not fall without the line of her honest servants. Indeed it seems to me clear as if written with a sunbeam, that our position is that of putting forth dogmatically all Apostolic truth, but having our arm of discipline so withered that we cannot punish and cast out those who deny the truth. But then herein we *really* share the fate of the whole Church; for what king or emperor is cast out for open and notorious crime? and yet how much clearer is crime than heresy, and how full and loud the censures of God against a Church which spares the rich and condemns the poor! So that *no* part of the Church could now retain any who applied to it the vigorous scrutiny you would apply in these matters to ours. My most dear friend and brother, may God restore to you perfect quietness in serving in our Church. . . .

[1] The book referred to is the Archdeacon's work on the Holy Eucharist.

This book had just been published, and the letter of the Bishop acknowledging the receipt of it shows the dread he had as to whither the craving of his brother's studious mind might lead him.

26 Pall Mall, July 28, 1853.

My beloved Brother,—It is so manifest to me that it must be your temptation—who follow up everything to its highest sources, and are satisfied with nothing until you have thought it all well out, and defined to yourself what you do hold and do not hold: to think that our Church does not hold, or that men do not hold truth, because they do not know that they hold it and even deny holding it when they do really hold it. I hear that the perverts in their secret communications, regard your work as the most dangerous entire denial of the great doctrine of Transubstantiation ever put forth. . . . . I am ever affectionately your dearly loving brother,

S. Oxon.

In October Robert paid the Bishop a visit at Lavington, where he met Mr. Gladstone. Writing to the Bishop on his return home, he says: 'I am much encouraged to remain quiet by Gladstone's influence and arguments, in addition to yours and Keble's, but I must endeavour to find some principle on which to justify such acquiescence, before I can feel that I stand on anything of a permanent basis. You say truly that if I could so employ myself as to give over thinking of my principles I should be safe, and I fully believe it, but this is a mode of proceeding in which a person might manage to remain a Methodist, a Mahometan, or a Mormon.' The Bishop's reply shows what the course was which he really advised his brother to take.

Near Marlow, Nov. 5, 1853.

My beloved Brother,—I am not quite easy, my dearest brother, without suggesting—and I am sure I do it with a full sense of my great inferiority to you—rather more what I did mean about your work, &c. I did *not* mean that you should, in the *interest* of your work, lose sight of your difficulties. But what I meant was this. Here is a most perplexed and difficult question. *Certainly* the Church is not in its normal state; any member of any branch of it may well be harassed with doubts as to his own, because he knows

more of its evils than of those of others. Now a right decision on such a question is more a moral and spiritual than a mere intellectual result. Logic cannot settle the many nice points which must bias the final decision. What *is* wanted is a *right judgment*—the special guiding of God's Spirit. Now then how can *that* be most certainly sought? Not, as it seems to me, by one in your position retiring from the activity of work into his study, but by doing with all his powers the work appertaining to his station, and then giving what time and care he can to study. To stand off intermediately from the fullest carrying out of the work of the present station, because you may change, seems to me to be inviting doubts. God bless you, my dearest brother, and keep us all in His way—even to the end! I am in true love your most affectionate

S. Oxon.

In July 1854 the Archdeacon writes:—'My dearest brother,—I must ask you not to think too much about me, or grieve if you hear of my resigning my preferment. For I cannot but see that all will go on as it has done, and as no prosecution is likely to take place against me, I must act for myself. I am inclined, therefore, to withdraw quietly into private life.'

The prosecution referred to was on the Archdeacon's book on the Holy Eucharist. Such a prosecution would have been to him welcome. He had expressed himself on Archdeacon Denison's case, as 'acquiescing in his present position in the hope that ere long something might be settled.' That natural straining of his mind towards dogmatic teaching had by this time been further intensified by the work he was engaged upon, the 'Principles of Church Authority,' published about this period. Referring to this work, the Archdeacon writing to the Bishop says: 'It contains my deliberate thoughts, the result of four years' consideration, and how can I suppress my convictions? I have said less to you than to any one about it because I did not like to grieve you while the thing was as yet uncertain, and also because I felt that I might in some measure commit you, and I wish you to stand alone.'

The news of the Archdeacon's having taken the decisive step of resigning his Archdeaconry was conveyed in almost a

single line, which the Bishop received at Chichester on September 3. Writing to Sir Charles Anderson on that day, the Bishop begs him to come to Lavington, and says: 'Really, my dear friend, I want you. I hardly know what I write. I have just heard from Robert, in a letter heart-breaking from affection, that he has resigned his preferment. I cannot but know what will follow next, and what *that* will be, and what it may lead to, God only knows. I tremble.'

It appears that Archdeacon Wilberforce wrote to Mr. Gladstone by the same post as he wrote to the Bishop; for on September 4 Mr. Gladstone thus writes to the Bishop:—

. . . . He seemed to me to have had committed to him by God a work of immeasurable moment, the restoration of dogma, and of the very life and heart of dogma, at its *most* vital point. It may be, and would appear to be, let me say without flattery to which I am not given, that you are to show in the service of the Church ecclesiastically how bricks can be made without straw, how the utmost possible results, whether sufficient or not, may be realised in the most embarrassed position and out of the most hopeless materials: and he was, one may almost say, the Church's other hand, for the work of doctrine.

The diary of the day mentions his ride back to Lavington from Chichester, meeting 'Randall [1] and the boys on the down.' To Mr. Randall he said, 'I suppose you have heard that my brother Robert has determined to go over to Rome?' Mr. Randall, describing that meeting, says he 'never saw on the face of any man such a look of anguish and desolation as that with which those words were spoken.'

In the course of the ride just mentioned he said to the Rector, 'I shall not preach to-morrow.' The next day was Sunday. It was his usual custom to preach in the little village church, close to his own house, but he thought he should not be able to preach with the heavy cloud brooding over him. The next morning, however, he said, 'I will try to preach after all. I have been lying awake the whole night thinking over my poor brother Robert.' The Bishop describes that night thus:

[1] The Rev. R. W. Randall, Rector of Lavington.

'Rose after sleepless night, worn like a hunted hare.' The sermon showed 'the visions of his head upon his bed,' 'visions' indeed they were—visions of the Cross such as he often had, and which gave him such power to speak to hearts that had been wounded as his own had been.

His sermons in that church were amongst his very best. He used to pour out his heart there as if it were a relief to him to talk out what had passed within him. The memories of that church and of the house near it, of the graves that clustered round it, and of the voices that had spoken in it, seemed to bring out all the man that was in him, and to possess him with a stronger sense than ever of the loving dealings of God with the soul. So it was then. One of those who heard that sermon said that he never could forget it, nor the insight that it gave into the sorrows of the heart of the preacher. The text was, 'They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.' The Bishop drew a picture of the sharpness of the suffering caused by crucifixion. He said that this was often increased, in the case of those who were bound and not nailed to the cross, by the long and lingering character of the death, as life slowly ebbed away. Such men died by inches; one limb after another perhaps lost sensation, and so in prolonged agonies they passed away from this world, till they were wholly gone from it. And so he said, God often calls us to die by slow degrees to all things which we are in danger of loving instead of Himself. We have, it may be, to die to home, to friends, the most dear and loved ones, and to give them up for our Blessed Lord's sake, till we are dead to all but Him, and have passed in hope and affection beyond all that makes this world dear, to live in God.

It was a sermon which told how the lesson of the night had been learned, and from Whom. It showed that the power of the Bishop's preaching lay in the very reality the possession of which was too often denied him; and that, if he so largely comforted others, it was 'with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted by God.' And so the two brothers parted.

How little was the character of the parting foreseen. The

fall of the one who was so holy, so gentle, who seemed so simply and so singly to devote his talents to the service of God, must remain among the mysteries that it is not for man to attempt to solve. At least one reason for the steadfast perseverance of the other in his noble work for our own Church may be found in his unwavering conviction that the Presence of God was with her, and that in serving her he was serving the Lord to whom she belongs. It is singular that, in the next year, when the same brother Robert gave the Bishop an introduction to the Bishop of Amiens to be used in a tour through France, he wrote to the French Bishop in some such terms as these, 'You will find that you have much in common with him, but it will be of no use to try and convert him, for he is persuaded that he has in the Church of England all that the Catholic Church could offer him.'

The Bishop of Oxford to Archdeacon Wilberforce.

Lavington, Sept. 12, 1854.

My beloved Brother,—I know not how to write about the terrible announcement of your last letter: it seems to strike me to the earth, and I am debating whether contemporaneously with the announcement of your fall, I ought not to resign my bishopric, in order that, without the reproach of remaining in the English Communion for the sake of my preferments, I may testify with what little strength is given me for the rest of my life against the cursed abominations of the Papacy.[1] All seems dark as yet before me, without taking this step. The increased clearness of my own declarations against Rome which must be forced on me, may seem insincere. But, my beloved Brother, is this frightful dream which now for years has kept me from rest, really inevitable? Have you weighed all the consequences of such an act? Have you thought how many zealous young hearts you will make cold in Christ's service, probably for their whole ministry? How many infidels you will create? How great an 'offence' you will make to come? *Can* it be needful for your salvation, and can anything less justify such a step? That you should quit a Communion in which, after weighing every part of the controversy, such men as Andrewes,

[1] *Diary. September* 15.—A very affectionate and friendly letter from the Bishop of London earnestly protesting against my retiring on account of Robert's step.

and Cosin, and Hooker, and Bramhall, were content to minister and to die! My beloved Brother, I as a bystander seem to myself to see the whole case with a clearness which the cloud of personal interest denies to you. I see that originally J. Newman obtained a great power over your mind; that since, through your great humility, Manning, by his great subtlety of intellect, and Henry by his unceasing repetition of argument, have overmastered your own far superior understanding; whilst your late unhappy Archbishop has been all along exhibiting to you the Church of England as few but himself could exhibit it; and that thus you have been brought into a state of mind in which you have fallen under *the* temptation to which your logical habit peculiarly exposes you, of requiring an ἀκρίβεια[1] in the system under which you live which is not granted to any branch of the Church at this time. Now, my beloved Brother, if my solution only *may* be the true one, ought you not to wait till what you have to urge has been thoroughly weighed by such men as Keble, Gladstone, and you have weighed their answers. You mention those who are grasping for you; but you did not tell me that Manning was at Burton Agnes trying to land his prey. My dear dear Brother, I beseech you, before the step is taken, weigh all this well. Delay must in such a matter be safe: precipitation *must* be dangerous. I am ever your almost broken-hearted Brother,

S. Oxon.

The Rev. R. I. Wilberforce to the Bishop of Oxford.

Burton Agnes, Sept. 14, 1854.

My beloved Brother,—I am overpowered by your letter just received; what a miserable creature am I to cause so much grief to those who are as dear to me as myself. If you would but be angry with me I could bear it; but it is a bitter thing to be rending the heart of those who are so affectionate as you. What I do, ought not and will not really excite suspicion against you, for it has always been well known how different have been our views on many subjects. I am not going to take any immediate step; but my book on Church Authority leads to the necessity of submission to the successor of St. Peter.

As to Manning's coming here, he had written to offer to meet me or see me before he knew of the steps which I had taken. I did not tell him of it till I had received the Archbishop's answer. I resigned legally the Archdeaconry last Saturday. I don't expect

[1] I.e. Literal exactness.

to resign my living for some weeks. And thus I feel ready to wish that I might lie down and die, if it were God's will and I was in a state of Salvation. I have daily prayed for the last four years that I might be taken away rather than come to this. Your most loving and deeply grieved brother, R. I. Wilberforce.

The letter referred to in the note on page 163 is as follows:—

The Bishop of London to the Bishop of Oxford.

Sept 14, 1854.

My dear Lord,—I have no hesitation in dissuading you from taking the step which you have been contemplating. You would be *at first* suspected of doing so from an inclination to follow the example which your brother has so unhappily set, and afterwards, when your sincerity was no longer doubtful, many persons would say that you had, without sufficient necessity, deserted an important post of duty, which would have given you sufficient opportunities of protesting against the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome with greater weight and a more extensive influence. Moreover, and I say it with perfect sincerity, the Church cannot afford to lose you, as one of its rulers and its ablest defender in Parliament. It is a hard trial for you, but you must bear it διὰ δυσφημίας καὶ εὐφημίας,[1] and in the end the εὐφημία will prevail. Believe me, my dear Lord, with the truest sympathy and affection, yours most sincerely, C. J. London.

October 7.—No one can say what the loss is to me; and though my dear brother is just going to Gladstone—and next to myself he has the greatest influence over him—yet I fear that nothing will long prevent his taking that further step which is the proper accomplishment of what he has already done.

October 15.—Read a great deal of my dear Robert's book. Quite *unconvincing* to me—overstated greatly in the earlier part, and establishing I think, that nowhere is the full unity and intention of the Church preserved. Oh, that such speculations, aided by the practical evils he has seen in the Diocese of York, should have lost us such a man!

October 18.—I am overwhelmed with sorrow at my dear brother's book. It makes me hopeless about his future, from its glaring intellectual faults, so unlike his former books, showing how com-

[1] Through evil report and good report.

plete is his bewilderment. He is *the* one brother who is as my own soul, and we shall soon be parted, perhaps opposed, for two weary lives.

November 2.—Letter from dear Robert announcing his final accomplishment of fall at Paris.

Bishop Wilberforce's love towards, and his appreciation of Archdeacon Wilberforce is manifest through all the foregoing, and these extracts from letters from the Archdeacon show how entirely the Archdeacon reciprocated the Bishop's feelings.

No one can say how much of my love is anchored on you, my beloved brother.

If any thing will tend to carry the Church of England safely through her present difficulties, it will be the example God enables you to give of a Bishop showing how such an office may be worked among us.

The Diary excerpts for this year are.—

Jan. 7, 1854.—Cuddesdon. My dear brother the Archdeacon came, all affection as ever. But an air of sadness about him, and, I feel too, about me at our meeting, from fear of the possibility of a future how painful separation, which may our good God avert for Christ's sake.

February 22.—To Gloucester, where strangely affected by the arrest of two pickpockets. The *great arrest*, and the great sentence wrought.

March 4.—To Hurley, where a very nice set of young people in the beautifully restored church. Everything just as I should wish. How wonderfully different from early confirmations 8 years back. To Bracknell. All well here too D. G.

March 8.—Received the heavy news of the death of my dear brother and close friend, Edward Denison of Salisbury. What a blow to the Church! What a loss to me!

March 15.—To London. Zoological Council, then to Convocation Committee at London House; on the whole did business in spite of Dean Elliott. Interview with Arthur Gordon. Blunt refuses.[1] Settled that best on the whole to let Bishop of Salisbury's letter have its weight,[2] and push for Hamilton. A. G. told me he

[1] Bishopric of Salisbury.

[2] Bishop Denison a few hours before his death wrote to Lord Aberdeen urging that Canon Hamilton might succeed him.

would try and get the canonry for Trench ; he also said that Lord Aberdeen thought of offering me Durham.

Easter Sunday.—To Graffham Church ; afternoon, walked with all the boys over the hill and buried the bottle.

For many years the Bishop's favourite Sunday afternoon walk was up the hill, under which both Lavington and Graffham lie, through a wood on the top, in the centre of which, the highest point on his property, the Bishop had erected a lofty wooden structure, known as the 'Gazebo,' originally eighty feet high, but reduced in later years to forty. The Bishop used to ascend this, glasses in hand, to enjoy the vastness of the view on a fine clear afternoon. Beachy Head, forty-two miles distant to the eastward ; Reigate Chalk Pit, thirty-five miles to the north ; to the south and east, Spithead, with the whole Isle of Wight from Dunnose to the Needles, were clearly visible. The view over, the Bishop and those who were with him were accustomed to go a short distance further on to the open down. There, on a fine day, the 'Christian Year' for the Sunday was read ; then from the Bishop's pocket a bottle would be produced (*i.e.* if the old one was broken), then a card ; the names of those present written on it, a cork put in, and the bottle buried under a small cairn of stones. If it escaped till the next visit another card was put in ; if not, a new bottle replaced the old one. This particular bottle, the only one in which *all* his son's names were written, survived a long time. It was unbroken in the summer of 1876.

May 4.—A long interview with the Prince, a very interesting conversation with him about Lord Aberdeen. He said, 'Lord Aberdeen is the most entirely virtuous man I know. He has *all* the virtues I think. He is very courageous, he is perfectly honest, he is entirely true, he is munificent in his kindness, he is most forgiving, entirely putting out of his mind the memory of great wrongs, and he is most humble even to meekness in his estimate of himself. All that can be said against him is that he is wanting in imagination, and rather does not like it.'

May 14, *Sunday.*—To Lambeth for the consecration of Bishop Hamilton : an excellent sermon preached by his chaplain Drury.

What he said of Bishop Denison moved me to many tears. He had laid hands on me, as I was now doing on his successor in that place. My own deficiencies pressed on me with an overwhelming weight.

May 20.—Up early and to Church, then letters. Breakfast at Mahon's—G. Grey, Macaulay, Duke of Argyll, Lady Craven, Van de Weyer. Macaulay in high spirits and great force. Got on rather new topics. Dutch words, writings, and annals. Courier and his merits, &c. Van de Weyer told about the poor Frenchman after the Revolution. 'Where do you dwell?' 'Rue St. ——.' 'Il n'y a pas de Saint.' 'Rue de ——' 'Il n'y a pas de De.' 'Rue No. 6.' Walked home with Macaulay, trying to get him more on religion—'God' and causality. . . . In the evening to Lord Rosse's, where the Prince.

May 22.—Breakfast Van de Weyer's. Macaulay, Milnes, Milman. Conversation chiefly literary. Macaulay's great preference for Sophocles as well as Æschylus over Euripides. Euripides would stand higher, had we only seven of his. He, with me, far prefers the Bacchæ to any other of Euripides. Then to Geographical Society, where spoke.

May 23.—Breakfast party for Fosbery: Lord Lansdowne, Macaulay, Milnes, Van de Weyer, Dufferin, &c. Lord Lansdowne's parliamentary recollections. 'Lord . . . . quoted Greek once in House of Commons; and when, long after, he moved the adjournment, Sheridan said, "I suppose till the Greek Kalends." Fox very seldom quoted Latin—often Dryden.'

May 27.—Stafford House to hear Cöln singers—most marvellously beautiful. . . . Carlyle's lamenting indignation over Cöln singers, only tolerating 'Rule Britannia.'

June 24.—Breakfast with old Inglis. Sir G. Grey explaining some New Zealand ballads, as to which Macaulay kindled. Their highly imaginative language. A chief is a canoe. 'My canoe was the swiftest on the water! Alas, it is dashed to pieces, and its fragments lie on the deck of the man of war,' *i.e.* the chief has been taken prisoner in man of war.

June 25.—Up at 5.30 to get sermon ready for afternoon, having more or less all the week been thinking of it, 'Give an account of thy stewardship.' I have found this decidedly useful to me this week and will try it again. But it is very hard in the hurry of London to write. Preached it with a good deal of interest to a very full congregation.

July 18.—After breakfast to one or two Convocation Committees, where all the discussion as temperate, loving, and considerate as one would desire and pray that it might be. Sat till 6.15. Then to House and afterwards dined with Monckton Milnes, a curious party—Duke of Newcastle, Lord John Russell, Sickles the American Secretary, John Bright, Dr. Twiss. Many M.P.'s, I between John Bright and Wilson Patten, much amicable talking and a little sparring. Bright said that Cobden was getting quite High Church, as he thought there was most reality in it. Then assaulting the superior honesty of English Governments. Lord John defending. 'They were altogether right and you were entirely wrong.' Discussion about Secretary of State opening letters. Done often to intercept forgery. Most rarely on political grounds. Had been done, Lord John was not quite sure whether by himself or by Lord Normanby, when the Monmouth riots were expected—some Chartists giving information, 'as they always do,' that the letters if intercepted would show all the plot. Lord John justified it 'to prevent bloodshed.' John Bright: 'The danger is a minister thinks there is *public* danger, when there is only danger to his Government. I cannot help quarrelling with him in the House of Commons. I once asked Sir Robert Inglis—Now may I put an odd question to you, but a plain one? He assented: it was after one of his Church and State speeches. I said, "Do you really believe what you have said?" He put his hand on his heart and said in his softest and most moving manner, "Upon my conscience I do." I have very much altered my views about the Church Establishment since I came into Parliament: I think Dissenters ought not to attack it. I said at first, whenever it begins to act as if it had life it will go to pieces. Now I think the living party in it, as it works itself out, will see of themselves that the State is a hindrance to them.' About the opening of letters Wilson Patten said the Duke of Wellington said, 'Have the French pretended that they do not open letters?' 'Yes.' 'Then I will prove to you that they always do. At the time when Guizot pretended that they never did, we had proof that they opened all letters.' The Duke of Newcastle: 'Sir James Graham really opened Mazzini's letters on information which led to the belief that a great act of violence and bloodshed might be prevented by it. The American Government opens most freely all letters.'

July 19.—After breakfast, and seeing clergy, &c., to the Committee of Convocation. Discussed with much brotherly love and

care the various details of report, and finally agreed on it. Went with the Bishop of London to Meeting at the Mansion House for S. P. G. The Lord Mayor spoke exceedingly well for a Lord Mayor; the Archbishop of Canterbury like himself, good, gentle, loving and weak; the Bishop of London good stuff—never, except perhaps once, rising into oratory; the Bishop of New Zealand [Selwyn] so as to disappoint me, but some good after; the Bishop of Grahamstown (Armstrong) said a few moving words from his warm loving heart—may God be with him; I spoke and kindled a little in speaking, having begun with great difficulty.

July 20.—To Convocation; all passed most amicably. The Archbishop's opposition appears to be very greatly modified, but his extreme gentleness makes it difficult to be sure of his inner feelings; the Bishop of Winchester still opposing on the merest obstructive principles. The Bishop of Lincoln *fearing* the unpopularity. Then down to Chalfont Park, where kindly received by all.

July 21.—A beautiful morning, wrote with Archdeacon Bickersteth, then after breakfast to Church. The Park very beautiful this lovely morning; fat, black trout hanging in the clear chalk stream under the bridge arch. Rabbits abounding. The trees very fine. The service interesting. The Church a marvellous instance of Street's cleverness. After a rather speedy luncheon, to the House of Lords to attend the Convocation debate: the Bishop of London moved for reports well; Lord Shaftesbury sat opposite, but would not show fight: so after a difficulty from Lord Ellenborough being overruled, the matter passed. Lord Harrowby came to me—said he *could* not rise when there was *no* opposition.

In August the Bishop was at Tenby, in South Wales.

August 6, *Sunday.*—The Bishop of St. David's preached a characteristic sermon, suggestive, thoughtful. A good deal of talk with him after about prospect of religion in Wales, he very hopeless. Williams at Aberystwith and a Mr. Raikes in Brecknockshire have tried the High Church way and it has failed. The very low quite fails. Dissenters out-preach them. The moderate best, where they follow it is for the man, not for the system of Church.

August 18.—Up early: walked down to the shore under St. David's Head and mounted the Cairn Hill—a grand view of the sea—rocks, island of Ramsay, intermediate Sound. Two ravens whirling and soaring over the Cairn—longed to throw my strong

impressions as to this place into verse. A long talk with the Dean: he says the Clergy are proud of their Bishop's reputation for scholarship and ability, but do not like him—no prejudice against his opinions, but that he is so cold and reserved—will institute his best men without speaking one word as to their parishes, &c.

August 19.—Mr. Thirlwall drove us to the station. Nothing could exceed the brotherly kindness of the Bishop of St. David's throughout. I seem to understand him now thoroughly, and highly value him. I am sorry heartily that in early debates in the House of Lords I attacked him somewhat sharply, thinking him a latitudinarian. I see now that he is *very* liberal in his opinions of others, but sound himself,—of a very fair and even merciful mind, a high sense of honour, and a broad generalising view of each subject which is brought before him, not a man of practical gifts.

August 26.—Superb weather. On by rail to Godalming, drove to Northchapel, where met the horses, and rode with my boys by Petworth Park and the Commons to beloved Lavington, which was in all its still beauty this fine evening. How many mercies surround me. Visited *her* grave, and knelt on it long for Herbert and all her children.

December 5 (*Steyning*).—Walked with Trower, amidst pouring rain, by Chanctonbury Ring. Old Mr. Goring planted it as a schoolboy, carrying up water in bottles in his pocket—quite successful—the trees not separately large but close together, hence its success. Much talk with Trower. He told me about Manning discussing with him his prospects of being made a Bishop! and saying, 'unless some crisis comes and they require me to quiet it, no chance.' When Manning was shaken, Trower, showing him how ambition had been his danger, reminded him of this.

December 19.—Cuddesdon Ordination. A good, but not a brilliant set of young men this time. Determined on trying—further, after a long *vivâ voce* from Trench who found that he could 'drag some knowledge of Scripture out of the back depths of his mind.'

CHAPTER IX.

(1855.)

The restoration of Convocation, for which Bishop Wilberforce laboured so incessantly, made in this year visible progress. He himself said, 'I feel as if the stone we had so hardly rolled up the hill, were beginning to roll over.' It had been the custom for a 'Queen's Letter' on behalf of each of the four great Church Societies to be read in every Church; this 'Letter' was usually issued at the beginning of each year by the Home Secretary, but this year Lord Palmerston, who filled the office, without consulting the Cabinet refused to issue it. Upon this refusal, the Archbishop sought an interview with Lord Aberdeen, and declared that if the refusal were persisted in, he would, in the House of Lords, move an Address to the Queen. Bishop Wilberforce had agreed with Lord Aberdeen that the subject of Convocation should not be raised by Lord Aberdeen with the Archbishop. It was, therefore, the more remarkable when the conversation as to the 'Letter' had come to an end, that the Archbishop should have 'expressed his hope' to Lord Aberdeen, that there would be 'no objection to a prolonged session of Convocation, as it was very essential that business should be transacted by Convocation *which could not properly be considered by any other body.*' After a certain amount of *fencing* on Lord Aberdeen's part, he said 'that though he would not bind himself by any positive promise, he should be very unwilling to incur the responsibility of refusing a permission which the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose moderation every

one knew, and who was not generally supposed to be over-fond of Convocation, had declared to be required by the interests of the Church of England.' But in order to guard himself against the hostile attacks of those whom Lord Aberdeen knew to be strongly opposed to Convocation, it was thought necessary to obtain a letter from the Archbishop to Lord Aberdeen, expressing the Archbishop's wish for a continued session of Convocation beyond the one day of meeting; to effect this the services of the Bishop of London were enlisted, and he was successful in obtaining from the Archbishop the desired letter.

On January 22, the Dean of Ely (Peacock), Prolocutor of the Lower House, at the request of Bishop Wilberforce and Bishop Blomfield, wrote to Lord Aberdeen requesting two or three days for discussion, urging as his reason that in one day the subjects could not be debated decorously, and further assuring the Prime Minister that a large majority of the House would support him in excluding topics of a personal or obnoxious nature. The immediate subjects for discussion were, the Report of the Committee of Privileges, the Reform of Convocation Report, and the Church Rate Report.

January 20.—Letter from Arthur Gordon saying that Gladstone was at first quite alarmed by the idea of permanent sitting of Convocation, yet at last thinking it too great an opportunity to lose, even with the chance of Lord John turning it against the Government. Gladstone's sadness about the Crimean army, 'A matter for weeping all day and praying all night.'

January 29.—To House of Lords. Saw Arthur Gordon, and heard that the Government would be beaten. For Church matters how dark a prospect! The only Government which could or was minded to be fair to the Church overthrown, because six miles of road not made from Balaclava to Sebastopol.[1]

January 31.—To Grillion's to dine, where Cardwell, Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, H. Drummond, Lord Elcho. Very interesting evening, but less sparkle than usual. Public events cast a certain gloom over us. Gladstone now and then absent. H. Drummond

[1] Lord Aberdeen's Government was beaten in the House of Commons, by a majority of 157, on a motion by Mr. Roebuck for a Committee of Inquiry into the sufferings of the Army in the Crimea.

saying that Lord John must come in. 'That Sir Robert Peel had pressed on him in 1846 not to oppose Lord John if he wished to have the Queen on the throne, meaning that his factiousness would lead him any lengths. Gladstone made light of that danger. Peel was possessed, he said, with a notion of the dangers which would attend a Protectionist Government, expecting public outbreaks,' &c. To-day understood that Lord Derby had accepted office, and seen Palmerston as to a coalition. A most touching letter from Arthur Gordon on the difference made in his position by his father's retirement.

February 1.—After breakfast to Gladstone. Walked down with Evelyn Denison, who loud upon Lord John. 'That little man is now wrapped up in the contemplation of the wise and noble act he has performed, and thinking the universal condemnation he receives, the murmur of that wave of popular sympathy whose crest is to carry him to the pinnacle of power.' He gave an account of the head of Peto's navvies, on reaching Balaclava, and finding the miserable state of everything, refusing to land them until some provision had been made. He could get no orders given at Balaclava, and therefore pressed on to headquarters. Saw Airey—Lord Raglan absolutely refusing to see him. Airey: 'What do you require?' 'I can manage and set my men at work if you will order me a fatigue party for two hours.' 'I can do no such thing; I have to look after soldiers, not navvies.' At Gladstone's; his tone noble. As to Church rates, we agreed entirely in view. The Government plan was to be 'For providing for the maintenance of the fabric and public worship in parishes where a Church rate was refused,' and to be based on Butler's plan. As to public events, he thought it best that Lord Derby should come in, and they give him an independent support. 'But would not that end, as before, in irritation and further separation?' 'No; things are in a very different state. Lord Derby is no longer hampered by his anti-Free Trade professions. Graham would take quite a different line from what he did before. Then there is no chance of their reviving their old financial measures, and it was Disraeli's wretched plan of finance which compelled me to oppose them. Why, his scheme about the income tax would have convulsed the country: I would have opposed my own father if he had proposed such a measure.'[1] We

[1] Lord Derby's Government was beaten on the Budget on Dec. 16—the motion voted on was the house-tax resolution. Mr. Disraeli proposed to increase

agreed in lamenting Lord Aberdeen's loss for Church measures. 'The best Minister possible for the Church, and yet it was for joining that Minister that Oxford gave me sixteen days' contest for my seat.' He told me of the falsehoods universal as to the so much better state of the French; Canrobert saying, 'If only my men were in such good tents as yours, instead of having only their miserable tents, and being down in the mud. I sent for tents like yours, and they sent six hundred, and forgot all the poles.' Then, as to horses' nosebags wearing out, and our horses dying from eating dirt with their corn—far more of the French had died from the same cause. 'Could we properly have revealed all this, how different had been the feeling in the country.'

The diary of February 6 has this record of the Convocation sitting:—

To Convocation with the Bishop of London. A friendly discussion all day with many useful results. The Bishop of Winchester and the Archbishop taking full part in all doings, as being much interested in its success.

No note of triumph here; much had been done, but more remained to be done; still, the prolongation of the sitting at the request of the Archbishop was a marked advance towards the fulfilment of the Bishop's work; that he felt this to the full is shown by his own words:—

I do feel grateful to Him, in whose hands are the hearts of all. It is a matter of deep thankfulness to see what I have so long striven for accomplished, or in the way to be accomplished.

The resignation of the ministry was announced on February 1; this enabled the Bishop to obtain Lord Aberdeen's services to redress an injustice, which whilst he was the 'dispenser of honour and place' was manifestly impossible. Ever since the Hampden episode the Bishop knew that his influence at Court had declined, and he had reason to believe that attempts had been made to injure his character with her Majesty, so as to make her distrust him. Bishop Wilberforce valued his influence at Court, not from the idea that from it he should derive any

the tax on inhabited houses, shops, public-houses and farm-houses from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* in the pound, and to extend this tax to all houses worth an annual rent of 10*l.* or upwards.

personal advantage, but from the fact that such influence gave him unrivalled opportunities of usefulness which were not otherwise within his reach. Apart from this, the thought that her Majesty entertained an entirely wrong estimate of his character caused him, as he said, 'a continual grief.' In a letter written at the time, he says:—'If that honest heart of our Queen could ever believe that I would die rather than breathe a dishonest thought, I should be a happier man.' Bishop Wilberforce believed that if Lord Aberdeen would, in the course of conversation, mention his own opinion of him, the wrong impression which up to the present had prevailed might be counteracted. In order to fully realise the influence which Lord Aberdeen was capable of exercising upon her Majesty's mind, it must be remembered that Lord Aberdeen's age and experience, together with the high opinion entertained of him both by the Queen and the Prince Consort, made it possible for him to speak openly on this subject. In compliance therefore with the Bishop's desire Lord Aberdeen did as he was requested, and the Diary contains full accounts of the conversations which Lord Aberdeen had with the Queen and the Prince Consort, in February and October of this year. From these accounts it can be gathered that the adverse influence to the Bishop came, not from the Queen, but from the Prince Consort, who on one occasion closed the conversation with Lord Aberdeen by saying, 'He (the Bishop) does everything for some object. He has a motive for all his conduct.' To which Lord Aberdeen answered, 'Yes, Sir, but when a bad motive?' This remark of the Prince's seems to have arisen from an entirely mistaken impression on his part. First, that the Bishop had been very anxious to be appointed tutor to the Prince of Wales, which was an utterly unfounded opinion, as in his letter to Mr. Gordon the Bishop says:—'I did not think myself fit for it; I thought it would be drawing me from what I was in many respects fit for; and yet that it was a thing which, if offered, could not be refused; and it was therefore the *bête noire* of my expectations.'[1] Secondly, from a

[1] See *ante*, p. 94.

misapprehension of the Bishop's remarks in a long and friendly conversation which he held with the Prince about a sermon preached while Rector of Alverstoke, on 'the devils going into the herd of swine.' In that conversation the Prince did not define the views which the Bishop subsequently knew him to entertain, nor did he meet the arguments which the Bishop had advanced in his sermon by a direct assertion of his disbelief in spirits of evil; but merely raised argumentative objections which the Bishop combated. Bishop Wilberforce's saying that: 'it was far best for us to believe in a devil who suggested evil to us; for that otherwise we were driven to make every man his own devil,' did not as the Bishop thought at the time 'touch him,' but on the contrary rankled in his mind as a modification of views to suit those of the Prince, whereas, so far from being a 'modification,' it was an attempt to overcome the *objections* the Prince Consort had raised to the arguments used by the Bishop in the sermon in question.

Lord Aberdeen's own comment on this matter was, 'Not all the Queens and Princes in Europe could make me believe that the Bishop of Oxford is a worldly-minded or selfish man.' This loyal friend lost no opportunity of serving the Bishop; Mr. Gordon writes a little later:—

Lord Aberdeen was at Balmoral the other day, and thought it would please you if he put in a word for Trench, and accordingly he told the Prince that he thought he had an equitable claim for a Bishopric. The Prince said that he was to be the new Dean of Westminster.

The Diary of January 20, quoted above, contains . . . . 'Among others Baron Alderson to dinner. Muirhead said that there were 27 epigrams at Holkham on the "Two Woodcocks."' In 1857, Mr. Muirhead published a volume of epigrams on Chantrey's 'Woodcocks,' 179 in number. Bishop Wilberforce's contribution was:—

Life in Death, a mystic lot,
Dealt thou to the winged band:—
Death,—from thine unerring shot.
Life,—from thine undying hand.

In the volume of epigrams presented to the Bishop by the author appear these lines in pencil :—

> Poor birds ! hard fate, ye surely twice are dead,
> First slain by sculptor's, then by poet's lead.

February 7.—Off to Windsor, to Chapter (of the Garter), and saw the Queen afterwards. She was cheerful and *very* affable. Went after Chapter to Clewer. Long conversation with Mrs. Monsell. Things quiet in House ; but Miss —— very unsettled in mind. Fear that she will ultimately Romanise. Dear —— is acted on by these women far too much, and kept from heartily and with a strong English tone putting down the sentimentalism which leads to Rome. Dear fellow ! he is good, and gentle, and loving beyond praise. But I am always trying to keep him from that perilous neighbourhood. In the evening a large party. I had a talk with Lord Aberdeen about Palmerston's Church preferment. 'Suppose Montagu Villiers *must* be a Bishop. But Palmerston will beware of Shaftesbury, for fear of Gladstone, &c.' Lord Aberdeen natural, simple, good, and honest as ever. A longish talk on politics with good Stockmar, Lord Aberdeen's honesty, Lord Palmerston's ambition. He agreed with me that Lord Palmerston was a great take-in, but that it was necessary that bubbles should burst. He would have much preferred seeing Gladstone and Herbert join with Lord Derby. On the Continent it is constitutional liberty which is reproached by our failure at Sebastopol. They say, 'If England with all her strength cannot make head against the Autocrat, who could that has a constitutional Government, &c. ?' As to the Royal Family, he said, 'The Prince of Wales is the strongest of all. He can bear great fatigue. He takes most after his father's family. The Princess Royal is a thorough Brunswick. She is very clever indeed, has great imagination and varied powers; her picture of "The New Year" full of ability, &c. Prince Albert is not a strong man ; a little would throw him down. The Duke of Kent was the ablest of that family. The Duke of Cambridge and King William the Fourth the kindest but the most stupid.'

February 13.—To Cathedral Commission ; worked hard till six, getting a great deal done. Walked with Lord Aberdeen to Argyll House. Much talk. 'One does not like to be thrown out of window ; but perhaps it is as well as it is. John Russell can make a peace with applause for which they would cut my head off.' Palmerston about Convocation—'He will do whatever is popular.

He has no feelings of his own on the subject.' Met ——, a curious specimen of earnest Evangelical Protestant men, very narrow and earnest, ready to burn a Tractarian or spend himself in preaching the Gospel to the poor. A Lawyer in the Temple—a Bishop of Exeter on that side. [He] thought ill of Convocation, because the Bishop of Exeter supported it.

March 7.—A great deal of talk with Gladstone about his seat. He disposed to relinquish it and on noble grounds—that the University would get a better representative if they had a free choice; than if merely brought in by the Bigotry party in opposition to him. Gladstone had distinctly asked Palmerston before he joined whether he would oppose Roebuck's Committee, and joined on the distinct answer that he would. Gladstone expects that the thing which must floor them is the ordinary business of the Session. Already he understands there are discomforts from incompetency for business, he expects they will make a very short session and dissolve in order to escape questions of legislation.

The following conversation took place at Broughton Castle, where the Bishop was staying, he being at the time on a Confirmation tour. After recording the work of the day, the diary goes on as follows:—

March 17.—. . . . Much interesting conversation. Count Strzlecki said: 'The Bishop of Exeter having been with the late Archbishop (Howley) and denounced him, without producing any effect, at last, when leaving him, said: "Well, my dear Lord, I shall go home and pray for your Grace." Then at last the Archbishop was moved, and, turning ashy pale, said: "No, don't do *that*, I pray you; that is unfair; anything but that."' Lord Overstone's high opinion of Gladstone: 'He has some faults; he is too apt to meddle, and his bonds, &c., were a mistake; but he has put the finance of the country on a firm footing by his income and succession tax. No one but he could have done it. I am not sure that Pitt could have done it; but no one else could. He is a man for whom I could feel an enthusiasm. I could serve under him, and really warm in defending him. A great mistake to suppose that by *any* legislation you can throw on posterity a portion of your burden. The money *must* be raised from the present capital of the country. The real question is, on what classes of the country you will throw the burden—on the rich, whose capital is in hand, or on

the poor, on labour and industry and work, where it is longer being paid. It seems to me that no one except Gladstone clearly sees this. I hope he will not throw himself away by acting under Lord Derby.'

March 11.—Palmer told me that when Cecil brought in by Lord Exeter he specially covenanted to be left at liberty on two subjects, the Church and the education question. . . . 'Disraeli hates Gladstone and the Peelites. Lord Derby said to his people that had Gladstone joined his Government he should have insisted on Disraeli being Chancellor of the Exchequer.' . . . Lord Robert Cecil said: 'I and many more only voted for the committee to turn out a Government of whom I disapproved. I had no idea the committee would go on. Lord Derby insisted on it and wished it to continue to sit.'

March 19.—Breakfast Lord Overstone and Count Strzlecki. Told story of Sidney Smith at breakfast, wholly unable to get into conversation (Macaulay talking), said: 'You know how they make a whistle with their fingers in their mouths,' and then putting his in, made a whistle shrill and overpowering, so as to produce for the moment perfect silence. But in vain—Macaulay resumed.

April 8, *Easter Sunday.*—To Chapel Royal. I preached with interest. Gladstone, amongst others, to whom went afterwards and had a talk. He for a temporary absence from every-day House of Commons work, to let parties *re*form. Noble as ever. His 'sympathies with Conservatives, his opinions with Liberals.' No good to the Church to come from Parliament; it must be developed from within. He would not go on in politics to the end on any consideration. Never could regret having formed part of Lord Aberdeen's Administration. No other man *could* and *would* have done so much for the Church. Lord Derby less hostile to the Church than Peel.

A diary entry shows what Lord Aberdeen's intentions were towards the Bishop, had he had the opportunity.

April 14.—Talk to-night with Arthur Gordon. Lord Aberdeen had fully purposed to offer me Durham, with succession here (Oxford) to Randall, and view to York. He (Lord Aberdeen) said: 'Why did he go and get made a Bishop? He ought to have been Chancellor in our Cabinet.'

On April 16 the Emperor and Empress of the French

arrived at Dover on a visit to the Queen. They were received at Dover by Prince Albert, and arrived at Windsor the same evening. On the 18th the Emperor was installed as Knight of the Garter. The following is the account of the ceremony as taken from the diary. The Bishop, as will be remembered, was Chancellor of the Order.

April 18.—After breakfast and early letters off to Oxford whence by train to Windsor. Chapter of the Garter for the Emperor of the French. The Emperor looking exulting and exceedingly pleased. A very full Chapter. The Duke of Buckingham coming unsummoned, and not asked to remain to the dinner. After the Chapter the Emperor sent for me, that I might be presented, and talked awhile. He said, 'This is a remarkable event in my life.' The Emperor rather mean-looking, small, and a tendency to embonpoint; a remarkable way, as it were, of swimming up a room with an uncertain gait; a small grey eye, looking cunning, but with an aspect of softness about it too. The Empress, a peculiar face from the arched eyebrows, blonde complexion; an air of sadness about her, but a person whose countenance at once interests you. The Banquet magnificent; I between Baroness —— and Miss ——, who lively and pleasant; she told me the Queen was very nervous on their arrival, waited a long time; at last heard of their reaching the station. The Queen went down and received them at the carriage door. As soon as the Empress saw her she stood up in the carriage; the Emperor jumped out, and the Queen saluted him; the Empress and he were apparently very nervous. The Empress fearful of the Queen not liking her; the Queen soon put her at her ease. At night the Queen spoke to me: 'All went off very well, I think: I was afraid of making some mistake. You would not let me have in writing what I was to say to him. Then we put the riband on wrong! But I think it all went off well, on the whole.' The Baroness who sat near me was most wonderfully got up as a work of art; the mixture of sulphur yellow with violet in colour, &c., very fine.

May 6.—Walking home from Chapel Royal spoke to Henley about his excellent speech on education. He explained the pain he felt in opposing Pakington, but thought the greatness of the occasion required it from him. Good and conscientious. His speech is said to have turned 30 votes—a great instance of the true eloquence of being possessed with a great idea.

May 19.—. . . . To the Drawing Room. The Queen's speech *very* short, and no mention for the first time of any interest in the Church. . . . Back almost immediately with the Bishop of Winchester, who took me and the Bishop of London to Lord Derby. We discussed the Church Rate Bill. He *very* quick and able. Would have made a first-rate man if he had had more knowledge and had not been so much injured by racing, &c. On the whole, he was favourable to the Bill, and suggested important alterations. . . . To the Queen's birthday dinner at the Archbishop of York's. Whately very loud and queer. He said that the Irish people believed that a man on a piebald horse could do anything. It was like their belief in their priests. His story of the residuary legatee, applying to have the Masses supplied at wholesale price ; and when this was refused getting them 'done' at a cheap rate in Portugal.

May 24.—The Peace debate came on in Commons. I heard Disraeli, Gladstone, and Lord John. Gladstone very fine and noble, but House unsympathising. Disraeli very heavy save when in personalities against Lord John. Montalembert's admiration of Gladstone great. . . . Montalembert spoke much of the deterioration of Victor Hugo : he attributed in great measure the Napoleonism of France to Béranger's poems.

May 25.—Lord Aberdeen sent message that he hoped I would speak (in House), which I did chiefly in defence of Gladstone, attacked by Malmesbury, and also in favour of peace. Nervous, I know not why. Derby mischievously warlike.

June 7.—To House of Commons to hear Bright. Able, but venomous. Warlike on peace.

July 23.—Walked home with Trench, who grand on England's future destiny and the need of resisting Russia, as the great conquering empire of darkness.

August 4.—To Lavington. This dear peaceful Home in all its beauty and peace. What an utterly unsatisfactory session have we closed. All our best public men undef obloquy. Power in the worst hands. The House of Commons utterly disorganised. The Lords stultified.

August 7.—Walked over the hill with Lord Aberdeen. A great deal of talk with him. His wonderful forgiveness of Lord John. Fully feeling all his misconduct, but seeing good things in him. He said : 'My εὐθανασία would have been to have made a just peace and been turned out for it—but not by Roebuck, or rather Lord John. We ought not to have resisted Roebuck's motion ; we

ought to have consented, and moved that the enquiry should be by the whole House. Lord John was all for war; he cares for nothing but his office, and sees they could make no peace which would not turn them out of office. Gladstone intends to be Prime Minister. He has great qualifications, but some serious defects. The chief, that when he has convinced himself, perhaps by abstract reasoning, of some view, he thinks every one else ought at once to see it as he does, and can make no allowance for difference of opinion. Gladstone must thoroughly recover his popularity. This unpopularity is merely temporary. He is supreme in the House of Commons. The Queen had quite got over her feeling against him, and liked him much. Just now we are all in disfavour at Court. The Queen going to Paris will stir up for a little while the martial ardour of France, but the French are getting weary of the war and will soon show it. The Queen, that is, the Prince, is decidedly warlike at present; that is, he thinks we must have a success before we stop.'

In the afternoon the party at the house drove and rode to Cowdray Park, Midhurst and West Lavington, visited Mr. Cobden at his country house of Dunsford and persuaded him to come to Lavington that night to dine and sleep. The diary goes on:—

Cobden strong in his pro-Russian convictions. Lord Aberdeen said, 'three-fourths of Gladstone's speech in the last debate quite admirable.' Sir James Graham had told him that he thought nothing finer had ever been delivered in our best days. Great cordiality now between Sir James Graham and Gladstone—not quite between the latter and the Duke of Newcastle. Lord Aberdeen went on to say, 'I have told Gladstone that when he is Prime Minister I will have a seat in his Cabinet if he desires it, without an office. I wonder whether Lord Harrowby knows that when I formed my Government I was very anxious to have him as President of the Council; but Lord John would not hear of it.'

October 13.—Talk with Captain Peel, he very communicative; gave a wonderful account of the Inkermann and June 18 days. He was at Inkermann in the 2 Gun Battery all the time of the assault. The Russian advance how multitudinous. They were cowed by the giant forms of the Guards looming larger still in their bearskins and the mist, and would not close, but fired till all their ammunition was spent, and then threw stones. As to the

Redan on June 18, Captain Lushington wrote to him, 'Do you volunteer.' The answer: 'Of course I do.' When the flag waved for the men to leave the trenches and charge, Peel jumped out with only a naked sword, and set off at a quick pace, 450 yards of open space before them. Lord Raglan had originally been outwitted by the French, and allowed them to have charge of the two *salients* from which an attack was possible. Whilst from our position we were ploughed by the Russian cannon on each side. He only joined in the attack not to desert the French. Cannon balls were sweeping and whistling as thick as hail; when Peel had run a few paces he turned round, not *one* man was out of the trenches. So he ran back, and standing on the bank cheered them on; then they all sallied, and he ran with them, and when near the Redan three of the six men carrying the scaling-ladder having been killed, he laid hold and ran with them. Just then he was shot through the arm by a Minie ball: 'first sensation, enormous noise, which the whole army must hear, then, lightening thought, not the heart or I should not reason about it; then faint feeling, kept looking at Redan till carried off by aide-de-camp midshipman.' . . . Always nervous *before* action. All are; officers should not BOB. Count Strzlecki told us an extraordinary story of seeing Russian priest come in. All kneeling on one knee, kissing his hand and seeking his benediction. This done, his robes taken off, and the Colonel turned to him, 'You rascal, you have been drunk again, eh? Now you shall catch it.' So two soldiers pinioned him, and administered at once sixty-four blows. Then robed him again, and again kissed hands, &c. Sidney Herbert related how, when the Emperor went at one feast to kiss the officiating priest's hand, and he, terrified, rather drew it back, the Emperor said, 'Imbécile, ce n'est pas *toi*.' Strzlecki also told us of Whately: he (S.) present when old Lord Bessborough was Lord-Lieutenant (Ireland, 1846), and very well got up. Whately, at a council, shuffled about his legs till he got one foot into Lord Bessborough's coat-pocket.• Lord B., feeling for something, was astonished, and gave a start. The Archbishop struggled to remove his foot, and the conjoint effect of struggle and start was to tear in two the coat from the collar to the skirt.

October 27.—Walk with Milnes. Political and war talk, &c. Palmerston, 'What can be done for a people who have no heels to their shoes?'

November 17.—To Tuileries, where a small party. Much talk with Empress, who charming—some with Emperor, who cordial.

December 7.—Mrs. Wyse's excellent ghost story: her father, Sir M. Seymour, commanding the Channel Fleet, put specially in charge of young Saunders, his two elder brothers having been killed. The lad complained, 'When you take other prizes you send away the other midshipmen but give me no chance.' Sir M. said, 'You shall have the next.' He took a large cutter and, having searched it, he chose twelve of his best men, put them on board, and sent them off with dispatches and a letter for Lady Seymour, then residing near Devonport. This on the evening of November 5. Six weeks after, Sir M., in the 'Amethyst,' came home. On the night of the 5th Lady Seymour was woke by a loud knocking at the door. She got up and looked out of the window and saw young Saunders standing dripping wet below. She rang up her maid and sent her to let him in, but no one was there. She told this to Lady Knighton next day. When Sir M. came home, almost his first question was about young Saunders, and she told him what had occurred. Nothing was heard of the prize till near the end of the war, when Sir M. took it again, and one sailor confessed that twelve of them had been concealed in casks, and rose the same night, the 5th, overpowered the crew, and made every one of them walk the plank.

On November 7 the Bishop went abroad with his eldest son Herbert, who had returned home ill from the Baltic. He had grave apprehensions already as to his health. As shown by entries in the diary; October 4, 'Herbert came home coughing. His cough goes through my heart.' On the 6th Dr. Acland made a thorough examination, and reported that the disease (enlargement of the heart) had increased. It was for change, as well as to be alone with the son, of whom, owing to his profession, the Navy, the Bishop had seen so little, that this trip was taken. On the 11th they were at St. Ouen, and on entering the Cathedral they found an abbé—Abbé de Blé—catechising the junior class in the Lady Chapel. The Bishop sat down to listen, and, as he says he found it instructive, his account of it is given:—

The Abbé was perfectly familiar, making them laugh freely and then gathering them up into seriousness, and so keeping the attention of their young minds through a good hour. *Q.* 'What is God?'

'A Spirit.' 'Can you see a spirit?' 'Have you a spirit—what is it?' 'My soul.' 'Come now, Mademoiselle B.: you are a *savant*, did you ever see your soul?' 'No.' 'What, never?' 'Are you sure?' &c. 'Then why, if God is a Spirit, and cannot be seen, is He painted as a very old man with hair so white and so white a beard?' No answer. 'It is a representation, my children, to teach you, not that God has a form like an old man, but that He has perfectly all that old men are supposed to have. An old man has lived long. God has lived for ever. An old man has wisdom, judgment. God is allwise. The Judge, *voyons*. God is perfection. Now, what is perfection?' A pause; and then a girl said, 'When a thing is *bien fait*.' With both hands up and an air of wonder, the Priest, '*Bien fait, bien fait.* Can any one say better?' Another girl: 'Perfection is a quality of goodness.' 'Yes, that is better. Perfection is a quality of goodness which cannot be better. So now we say: God is perfectly wise; *i.e.* He knows everything. Does He? Does He know French, Spanish, Latin, English? Yes, God knows all, but does He know quite all?' One girl: 'Yes, everything.' The Priest: 'All, everything, you say, but not what you think? You are set to do some lesson or to learn some task; it is hard and tiresome; but you say nothing, only you think in your minds, Ah, this is tiresome! Your mamma does not know that. Do you mean to tell me God knows that?' 'Yes, He does.' 'Oh, but that is impossible?' 'No, He does.' 'Are you quite sure?' 'Yes, He does.' 'Then He is the Creator of all. What is to create?' An answer given which I could not catch, which set all the girls laughing, in which he joined. Then another said, 'To make a thing to be.' The Priest: 'Yes; but does every one who makes a thing to be, create—does the painter?' Then a description of making the picture to be, and an explanation why that was not creating. Then the same of statuary. Then he deduced that creating was making to be out of nothing. 'Now,' he said, 'when I was young I used to like to see the conjurers, and they could bring things out of nothing. They could bring a pigeon out of a bottle: flowers, ay, and a rabbit out of a hat where none was.' (Great laughter among the children at this.) 'Were they creators?' This then explained, and so the further definition reached that creating was the making a thing to be, out of nothing, by the mere exercise of the will, illustrated by, 'If one of you children could stretch out your hand and say, I *will* that it be full of money, or full of bon-bons—because to you bon-bons are better than money

(great laughter); and then, because you willed it, it was so, that would be creating.' At the end of the catechising they all knelt down and repeated with him a prayer. I joined him as they broke up, and beginning by expressing a hope that the presence of a stranger had not disturbed his young charge, soon got into conversation: about the Church, &c. He said soon, 'Is Monsieur Catholique?' I said, 'Yes, truly and really Catholique; though perhaps Monsieur would not be able to call him so, for I am of the old Catholic Church in England from the beginning—in doctrine, in faith, in succession.' Then a brief friendly argument ensued, 'We had left the Pope?' 'No, he had wrongfully cast *us* out; we had only cast off false doctrine.' But we had left St. Peter. 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock.' *I*: 'Not to Peter as a person.' He granted it. 'As an Apostle, yes.' 'Then we, who hold to the Chair of the Apostles, hold to Peter.' 'But why not unite?' I told him I would give anything for union if we could have it without uniting in error. 'What errors?' I said, 'To name one only, the Adoration of the Virgin.' 'But Monsieur does not believe that *I* adore the Virgin! I do but ask her to pray for me.' 'I do not say *you* adore her, but I say that the mass of your people do.' 'Ah! but have you not errors amongst your people at home, yet you do not charge them on yourself?' 'Abundance, doubtless, and I am not blind to them. But your language causes them.' 'What language, for instance?' 'Use a mother's rights, command your Son.' 'Oh! but that is only an oratorical expression.' We parted friendly, he being compelled to go to Vespers.

I walked down the vast Church almost in darkness, save the light from the Lady Chapel, whence the voices of the young women singing their hymns in French were borne solemnly and sweetly down. Home to Inn—a fall on the rough stones—and dined in my room with dear Herbert.

On the 13th the Bishop went to Paris, staying, however, at his brother William's house at St. Germain's. He expected to have met his other brother Robert, but found he had left Paris for Italy. The following entries describe the close of the Exhibition and conversations with Mignet the historian and M. Thiers. It is noticeable how the Bishop and M. Thiers agreed in their estimation of the Emperor's speech.

November 15.—To Paris early with Herbert and to the close of the Exhibition. The Emperor's speech perfectly distinct—very

aggressive—not a little so in direct language, and made more so by the accent of vigour with which different and the most warlike parts were delivered. Much talk with the Abbé Codant; on Missions. In instructed places mainly the sermon is trusted to. In ignorant parts processions, expositions of the Sacrament, &c. The Abbé said, devotion spreading in the towns and amongst the more educated, but not so amongst the country people. There remains the effect of the old Revolution, and though some old districts are full of devout people, yet, as a rule, the country people are the irreligious. He said the Church was most thankful for the Emperor, as staying evil. But no trust in him. His bad past life—his still employing workmen on Sundays, &c. His power could not last. All accepted, none trusted him. He seemed to think the old French hatred to England was really unabated, dating from the English invasions of France, Joan of Arc, &c., and he could scarcely believe that the English feeling against France was at all *really* abated.

November 16.—To Paris. To Hôtel Cluny. Prosper Mérimée, Mons. Guizot. He said that the Emperor very moderate on all things internal. Will go so far as ever your country wishes in the war. All accept him. Dined afterwards with Thiers, meeting Mignet, Cousin, &c. Much talk with Mignet, who sat next me at dinner. He, viewing the religious question as manifestly apart from it, acknowledged the great increase of devotion specially amongst the men; attributed the evident liberality of the French to the influence of Voltaire, &c.; saw risings of intolerance amongst the religious of France. Bishop of Orleans elected a member of the Institute for his maintenance of the Classical Education side of the argument amongst his brethren. Spoke much of the day of reckoning which would come upon the French clergy when the Emperor fell. They had used democratic language, spoken of the Cross of Christ as the tree of liberty, so in 1848 cared for and preserved. But how would it be in the next outbreak? All their present support of the destroyer of liberty would be then remembered. Then he said that there was no public opinion in France. It requires debates, newspaper discussions, &c., to create a public opinion. Now these are gone, there can be with us no public opinion. He spoke strongly of the Emperor's wastefulness and improvidence. This is the rock ahead. France very rich, but such a course as his must bring poverty. The very reverse of his uncle, who was most careful as to money. Then this man had such a set of *coquins* round him. Much talk of his

Exhibition speech. Most impudent and aggressive. Thiers adds, 'and in very bad taste, making such a company the depositary of his political statements.'

Herbert William Wilberforce was born June 29, 1833, and after a short time at Eton, went into the Royal Navy when he was twelve; at twenty-one he was lieutenant, and in 1854 joined the 'Trafalgar,' 120 guns, one of the Black Sea Fleet which took part in the bombardment of Sebastopol.

Of the many letters which the Bishop wrote to this 'his best beloved son,' one especially ought to be mentioned; it was written just after Herbert had been gazetted lieutenant:—

. . . . Every man's best education is that which he gives himself. Now, when you were a boy, I tried as hard as any man could to give you a good education. All that depended on natural good sense and tact (two quite inestimable possessions), and on the affections, we got well on with. But we did not so much prosper with literature; you had not a natural turn for it, and I could not make you industrious enough to overcome the first difficulties which stood in your way. This, then, you have still to do; and I want you *really* to set yourself to this, now that you are rising in your profession. . . . I want you (1) to read every day some really useful book—the History of England you should know thoroughly. (2) I want you to practise yourself in writing. Write anything, but take pains to write it well. Write an account of the history you have just read; write an account of what you do and hear on shipboard; write *descriptions* of *scenery*, of any *birds*, *men*, or *things* you see; of anything which goes on. This you will find *most* valuable—only give yourself trouble in doing it. Force yourself to take the trouble of overcoming difficulties: do not be satisfied till you have got a real and full description of what you have seen well down on paper. If you will send me any such writing I will remark on it, correct it, and send it back to you; and in a very little time all will come easy to you. Now do try this, my beloved Herbert. Then the second thing I want to say is this: Rise up to your new position. Put away the narrowness of the midshipmen's mess. Do not allow yourself to *think* of your Captain as being your enemy, &c.; but throw yourself into the spirit of your noble profession. Remember how everything now depends on yourself. As a midshipman you were thought of as a boy. Tempers, passions,

and any other faults were *punished*—your leave stopped, &c. ; and then they passed away. It will not be so now. *Now* you stand alone in the great life-struggle. I can help you far less than before. You must help yourself. Watch your temper: pray against giving way to it ; you will find a great help against it in the self-education I have spoken of before. As your mind opens, and takes greater interest in other things, you will be less tempted to irritation by those round you. I have only two things more to say—First, make the men under you love you, and they will serve you well ; show them that you care about *them*, about their *feelings*, and they will soon serve you for love : there is a man's heart at the bottom in the worst of them. Secondly, remember God's Eye, Christ's Cross, and the free Pardon for sin which it has brought for you ; and that God's Holy Spirit *will* help you against all temptations if you will pray. May God Almighty bless you.

In April 1855 the 'Trafalgar' arrived in England, and the Bishop writes: 'Welcome home, my beloved son, from the cholera and the bullets of the Russians. May I truly thank God for having spared you.' Herbert remained, however, but a few days in England, being appointed to the 'Hawke,' Captain Ommaney, in which ship he went to the Baltic. The 'Hawke' was employed on coasting service, necessitating continual boat work. Although pressed by his captain to spare himself, Lieutenant Wilberforce was constantly out with the boats, and the exposure told on a frame already weakened by the fatigues of the Crimea. On his return to England in October 1855, the Bishop found him 'thin, and coughing a great deal.'

In January 1856 his state caused grave alarm, and on the 5th Dr. Acland came over from Oxford, sleeping in the Bishop's own room, as the house was full, in order to observe Herbert more closely ; the next day he told the Bishop that the case, though very alarming, was not hopeless; many equally bad had recovered. The disease, however, made rapid progress; and on the 18th Dr. Acland reported him much worse. On the 26th the diary is: 'I very, very low; great strife with myself to keep from bursting into tears at dinner; felt as if food would choke me.'

The Bishop thus writes to his friend Mr. Cavendish :—

Cuddesdon, Feb. 6, 1856.

My dear Cavendish,—I *must* send one line in answer to your most kind note. I was longing to hear of you and thank you heartily for writing. Herbert has the most lively recollection of you, and I gave him your message. He is *very* ill. I have indeed hardly a hope left, and it is an almost disabling blow: but I trust that our gracious Lord will strengthen me to bear it without dishonouring Him. The change wrought in my dear boy's mind is wonderful. His tenderness and piety are come as the crown of the manful and courageous uprightness by which he has been always distinguished. But it *is* a bitter grief. Pray for us. I am ever, my dear Cavendish, your very affectionate, S. Oxon.

On February 11 the Bishop and Mrs. Sargent went with Herbert to Torquay, not indeed hoping that the change would do good—they knew that recovery was hopeless—but because of Herbert's great and longing desire for one more sight of the sea he so loved. On the 14th, work long arranged for in the diocese compelled the unwilling father to leave him. The diary record is :—

Up early and found dearest Herbert looking on the sea from his bed and enjoying it. I walked on the rocks where I had walked of old with my beloved wife, and saw the same sea swelling into the same caves as when we used to watch it in 1826–27. How true the unsympathy as well as the sympathy of nature. Herbert down to breakfast and rather comfortable. I off at eleven by express, writing hard all the way to Didcot at sermon for the University.

For the next few days the Bishop was confirming and preaching in the diocese, though he was 'longing to be at Torquay with my boy.'

He thus writes to Mr. Gordon :—

I am this week getting through a fortnight's confirmations, in order to be able to get next week, if not too late, at Torquay. I cannot say to you what being *away* just now is; but I thought I had no right, with such uncertainty, to put off confirmations. The putting off so deranges whole parishes, and tells most on the best managed, where all is most pointedly brought to a conclusion in time.

On the 25th an urgent letter summoned him to Torquay, when he at once saw the great progress the disease had made even in those few days. The next night the Bishop sat up with him who was so rapidly passing away. The love the father bore the son was fully returned. On the night he came Herbert said to him 'It is like an apparition of goodness to see you appear.' He begged the Bishop not to mourn for him, but said, 'I have suffered nothing, but it is so hard to part from one so beloved.' On the 28th, just after the Bishop had left him for the night, he was re-summoned; and in a few minutes all was over. The father closed the eyes of the son, saying, 'How often I have prayed that he might have closed mine.' The next morning he writes to Dr. Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury:—

I had no idea his end was so near. But as I sat beside him and held his hand I saw that he failed; and as I was kneeling by him and saying the commendatory prayer, he really ceased to breathe, and that so gently and gradually that when it was we know not. It was indeed a sore trial of faith to yield him up, and a bitter bitter pain. May God have mercy.

On Saturday, March 1, the mourning party left Torquay for Lavington, arriving there at 1 a.m. on Sunday morning. There Herbert was buried close to his mother, the space between the graves being only enough to receive the Bishop himself, who now rests in that peaceful churchyard with his loved ones. The diary of Sunday has this brief record: 'The funeral of my beloved son, after morning church. I cold at the time, overwhelmed after. Walked over the hill as usual.'

Out of the many beautiful letters of condolence two are selected. The first is from the Rev. H. E. Manning, the second from Mr. Gladstone.

78 South Audley Street, March 1, 1856.

My dear Bishop,—It would violate the affection of nearly five and twenty years, and the sacred memory of many common sorrows, if we were to be silent to each other at this moment. You know me too well not to know that you have been and are both in my heart and in my prayers; and that the dear boy, whom our Heavenly

Father has taken, was and is most fervently so. I believe few are more intimately united to your thoughts at this moment than I am; and I am sure that few love you with a more true love: 'not in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth.' My heart is with you at Lavington in all its sorrows; and I pray that all the gifts of solace needed for so great an affliction as the mourning for a first-born son may descend upon you from the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord. Believe me, always your affectionate brother,

H. E. Manning.

March 2, 1856.

My dear Bishop of Oxford,—We learned the sad news through your letter to Mrs. Herbert; and I cannot avoid writing a line to assure you that we are sharers in your grief. You are called to great powers and great duties, but certainly also to great trials and sorrows. I remember perceiving from a sermon you preached at the Consecration of a Church near Belvoir how deep was the old wound in your heart: none then knew how often and in how many ways it would be reopened. But an office such as that you bear, and in the times in which you bear it, may well require, to raise any man to the height of its work and its power, an unbounded discipline. It is difficult to express anything of sympathy and to refer to the fountain of help without seeming to teach: therefore let my words be few: and as through the Grace of God your strength has been equal to your day, so may it yet be and even more abundantly. We shall, perhaps, hear of you when you come to town: no long repose, I know, can be permitted you. Do not think of answering this, which I have written on my wife's part and my own. Ever affectionately yours, W. E. Gladstone.

The Bishop's power of resuming his wonted occupations at the call of duty is remarkably illustrated by the following letter written by Archdeacon Randall to Mr. Trench. It bears witness to the rapidity and sincerity with which he could pass from one state of feeling to another, throwing his whole heart into successive phases of emotion which in more sluggish natures would have been incompatible with each other. The Bishop had to resume his work of Confirmation which had been interrupted. He left Lavington on March 5. The day

this letter was written the diary, after recording the day's work and the improvements or otherwise in the parishes, concludes with 'Very weary at night, a sad heart so increases fatigue.'

Binfield, March 10, 1856.

My dear Trench,—If I had not been prepared for something wonderful by what you told me at Cuddesdon about the Bishop's conduct under a still more bitter bereavement, I should have been perfectly amazed at his self-command and self-possession under his present loss. Herbert's funeral, as you are probably aware, took place at Lavington on Sunday the 2nd. The Bishop spent the two following days there, and sat up talking with the Bishop of Salisbury till two o'clock on Thursday morning. At 9.15 on that morning I joined him at the Euston Square station, and proceeded with him to Cheddington, where he preached at the reopening of the restored church, and held a confirmation; and afterwards another confirmation at Wing: returning to Cheddington to dine and sleep. I am quite sure that no stranger could have guessed that anything particular had happened to him; though we who knew him could see that his face was drawn and wan. At one passage in his sermon, Bickersteth and I, who were sitting together, looked at each other, feeling that he spoke in reference to the history of the last few days; but *his* voice never faltered. Bickersteth and Lloyd were the only persons invited to meet him at dinner, so that he was quite among his intimates; but his conversation was as flowing, and almost as animated, as usual. In the carriage he talked over with me, with great minuteness, the Draft Report of the Committee of Lower House of Convocation on Clergy Discipline Act; and read me a sermon (an admirable one on the Atonement) which he had prepared to preach at Oxford on the 2nd, and had now consented, at the Vice-Chancellor's request, to preach on the 9th (yesterday). In consequence of this request he had to alter several of his confirmations. The details of the arrangements were complicated; but he carried them all in his head as distinctly as if he had nothing else to think of. I left him on Friday evening; and Lloyd came into attendance on him, and is with him now. I am to join him again next Saturday at Eton. The order of his proceedings on the intermediate days has been so shifted about, first in consequence of his journey to Torquay, and then again on account of this sermon at Oxford, that I really cannot tell you where he will be on any day between this and Saturday. But on Saturday he will be quite sure,

humanly speaking, to confirm in the afternoon at Eton, and there a letter will reach him. These details will make you fear, as I do, that all this must be a heavy wear and tear upon the inward man. But what an astonishing creature he is! What is he made of? What is he made *for*? Surely there must yet be some great purpose for him to fulfil. Yours ever most truly, JAMES RANDALL.

A letter of the Bishop's to Mr. Gordon, written in May, shows how unselfishly he could conceal his own feelings even from one who, like Mr. Gordon, entertained a filial affection for him. The Bishop wrote saying how he regretted that Mr. Gordon's visit to Cuddesdon had not been as agreeable as usual. Mr. Gordon replied that what had grieved him during his visit was the troubled look on the Bishop's face, which he said never left it. The Bishop's letter in reply says:—

I feared I had been selfishly demonstrative, which is quite a possibility, but the real cause was a very heavy heart. The great sorrow which has overshadowed my life pressed on me, and brought it so close to me that I was greatly out of spirits. But I am very sorry to have saddened your short holiday with the outskirts of my grief. There was scarcely a moment when, if I had given way, I should not have burst into tears.

1.

Voice of the Holy Dead!
Our thirsty senses listen, till thy note,
Which sounds of earth too long have banished,
Around us float,
Stealing upon the Watcher's ear
Like music near,
In this deep hush of darkness and of fear.

2.

Feet of the Holy Dead!
Sure in night's stillness we shall hear your fall,
As those who march around with measured tread
The crumbling wall,
Which erst shut in the holy seed,
In time of need,
With the battlements of Faith and Hope and Saintly deed.

3.

Bands of the Holy Dead!
Our straining eyes would mark your shadowy forms,
Now that the summer leaves are withered,
And winter storms
Are gathering round us, glide
At eventide,
To take your friendly station at our side.

4.

Souls of the Holy Dead!
Though fancy whispers thus to musing hearts,
We would not call ye back, whence ye are fled,
To take your parts
In the old battle-strife; or break
With our heart-ache—
The Rest which ye have won and in Christ's presence take.

5.

Ye float above our way,
Like some bright cloud bred of calm evening's air,
And bathed in sunbeams; in that golden ray
Your witness to our God ye bear—
Ye bid us freely trust, nor seek,
Though faint and weak,
For other help than His, whose strength is with the meek.

S. Oxon.

CHAPTER X.

(1856—1857.)

March 20.—To Windsor Castle. The Confirmation of Princess Royal interesting—she devout, composed, earnest; youngest sister much affected—the Queen and Prince also. The Queen spoke most kindly to me after: all very kind. On to London—large Confirmation at St. James's: felt constrained, and very unlike my own. Then to London House. Met Dr. Todd, who spoke hopefully of Bishop. Saw him, very low,—very affecting state,—spoke of himself as dying. I certain to succeed him, and no one to whom he could more happily entrust his Diocese, &c. About himself, his keen sight of past sins; no hope but simply in Christ's sacrifice for him. A great struggle between conscience and faith. 'Pray for me.' A most affecting sight in one so good. How awful to all the vision of sin in the light of God's countenance.

March 23.—Very low all day, blessed Easter day as it was. But felt so bitterly my desolateness: my darling Emily gone—or all would be too gladsome for earth. My Herbert!—Robert and Henry worse than gone. Beloved Mrs. Sargent 76; Ella married. The three boys, will they be taken as they grow up? God's will be done.

Writing to Mr. Trench the Bishop says:—

You ask with your wonted love after myself. I have returned to hard work, and, thank God, have much comfort in it. My nights are my worst time, when the full power over the will is relaxed by sleep, and when waking up from sleep, and when starting from dreams, and when lying awake and still at night. The main struggle in my own mind as to submission to God's will is as to my other children. Instead of holding them looser and more at His call, I am conscious of holding them tighter, as a man might hold on an

undergarment when the rough wind has torn off the upper. Pray for me, dearest friend, that I may really submit to God's love and not to His power.

March 24.—Breakfast with Gladstone, high-minded as ever. Then to Consecration of Bishop of Kingston. Sermon by Boone. Clever—not moving. 'A Bishop to make moderate men zealous, and zealous men moderate.'

The Bishop looked at things differently. Writing of Mr. Lowder's mission at the London Docks :—

. . . . I quite long to go and cast myself into that mission. . . . It must depend on the men in high places at any one moment whether the work prospers or not. It is, I mean, not the Church of England, but the men who are on their trial. The Church has enough life, but evils may bring the wrong man to the top ; if only now we had a Bishop of London who would go and spend a day or two in Wapping and gain the full trust of those zealous men, what might we not DO? The SYSTEM suffers.

April 9.—To Sydenham re-opening : a pleasant gathering. All the extreme low (Church), but they were pleased at my coming evidently, and friendly.

April 13.—A good deal of talk with Lord Aberdeen. Sidney Herbert's *bon-mot*. 'Lord John drops his Resolutions as if they were his colleagues.' Lord Aberdeen expecting to see Gladstone soon at the head.

April 30.—Breakfasted with R. Liddell.[1] Then Confirmation. Some thirty Westerton blackguards, as I went in, shouting, 'No popery, no milk-and-water bishops.' *N.B.* The dear Bishop of London's reproach. I spoke to them, and they abashed. A nice Confirmation. A few hooted as I walked away to Mrs. Sargent's.

May 17, *Cuddesdon*.—All day almost seeing the young men severally. Had to send away poor —— for gross ignorance of Scripture. Having said it was only that Trefich and Randall[2] had examined him about names, I asked him if he remembered whether the sins of the Jews brought any signal judgments from God on them?

'Before our Lord's coming?'

'Yes, as recorded in the Old Testament.'

[1] The Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell, late Incumbent of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

[2] Examining chaplains.

'Oh yes, the ten tribes were destroyed.'
'Tell me the circumstances.'
'By Og, King of Basan.'
'Well, and as to the two?'
'What do you mean? Judah?'
'Yes, Judah was one of them.'
'Oh, they remained at Jerusalem till our Lord was born.'
'Do you remember what Haggai prophesied about?'
'No.'

A Cuddesdon ordination story told by the Bishop was :—

Mr. —— left. Absolutely ignorant of Scripture. Trench saw him sitting idle, said 'You had better get on.' He replied, 'Is it answers to these questions that you want? then they involve some of the highest points of Doctrine,[1] and I do not like to commit my answers to paper. I wish to see his Lordship.' Trench assured him that in time he would see me. But he said, 'I must see his Lordship at once, I can't write the answers, they might be used against me.' On this Trench brought him in. I asked him to tell me about the interview between David and Nathan. He: 'David was a great man, a great king was David, and what should Nathan say to David?' 'Yes, but what *did* Nathan say to David?' 'Sure then, Nathan spoke to David as he ought, he knew that David was a great king and he had to speak to him.' After a pause. 'What a solemn sight, the great king sitting with his robes on and the poor prophet standing before the king, what should he say, he might have been waiting for the king to speak first.' I endeavoured in vain to get anything out of him, he only repeated the same over again. I asked him, 'What examination had you before you were ordained deacon?' 'I went to Bishop —— [naming an Irish Bishop] and he said, "Mr. ——, do you believe in the Ten Commandments and the Athanasian Creed," and I said, "Sure I believe every word of them."' I then asked Trench to take the poor fellow out so as to avoid going through the men. On their way they had to pass the dining-room, where luncheon was ready; Trench asked him to have some. He said, 'What? eat after being rejected by the Bishop.' After a little pressing, however, he sat down and, Trench said, ate as he had never seen any one eat. In evening Archdeacon Clerke came out. He said, 'You must have had a very odd man here to-day,

[1] The paper in question was the ordinary Scripture history paper always set first on the first day.

for as I was coming out of Oxford I saw a small crowd, and overheard an altercation with a cabman: "Pay you for driving me to Cuddesdon to be rejected by the Bishop!"'

June 4.—Talk with Gladstone and to National Society meeting. Thence to Zoological. Then letters; saw Mrs. Sargent, and to dine with Lord Mayor. Sat between Lady Waldegrave and Miss Eden. Perhaps being exceedingly depressed, with my beloved Herbert ever before me, and my fears for my boys, I was unwatchful and seemed too gay. Oh! what a masquerade it is, God give me grace.

Writing to a friend eight years after the Bishop mentions this feeling of sadness concealed under the outward form of gaiety, 'Often when I seem the gayest I am indeed the most utterly sad. Often it seems as if I lived from day to day doubting if I could bear the burden with all its special aggravations.'

June 14.—Up early, and to the funeral of the Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Monk); very much affected there. It seemed a funeral for Herbert; his dear face in that last night ever before me—his voice—his cough—he cometh up and is cut down like a flower. Many tears relieved me somewhat; came home and found a delightful letter from dear ——; my heart overflowed with thankfulness to God. Rode with A. Gordon to Zoological, and walked round them. Dined at Duke of Argyll's; Lord Ellesmere, Lord Aberdeen, and Arthur Gordon the whole party. Lord Ellesmere —of Lady Morley's *bons mots*—of Lady Jersey going out in mourning; one said, 'she looked so grand, it was like night.' 'Like *minuit passé*, my dear.' The other of a woman who was put into a bath of spirits of wine. 'Dear, what a spirited woman.'

June 15.—Up early, and at work about sermons. Preached, morning, at Curzon Chapel, on children of Israel desiring a king; afternoon at St. James's on 'the sandy foundation.' Very much tired. Great fears about the Bishopric of Gloucester. Dean Elliott pressed on Palmerston. Alas! alas! This would be an evil infliction. To dine with Lord Aberdeen; Sir H. Holland, self-invited, came and spoiled my *tête-à-tête* with Lord A. Lord Aberdeen as always, all kind to *me*, but seeming out of sorts to-night. Dear Arthur walked home with me. Lord Aberdeen, driving home last night said to him, 'I am heartily glad to be out of office, but I should like to have made the Bishop of Oxford, Archbishop of York.'

June 16.—Letters, &c. Then off: dear Mrs. Sargent going with me to the station for Lavington. Met R. Randall at Godalming; a charming drive to Lavington in his carriage. Stayed there alone two hours, visited my two great graves. An unspeakable sadness oppressed me; yet an interest inconceivable in that dear place, and a love for the warbler which had built and hatched out four young ones just over my blessed wife's grave.

August 10.—Thought over my course since my own consecration, with a view to carrying out far more perfectly, I trust, my vows at consecration; fairly attentive, and, as always, moved. Bishop of Winchester, Chichester, and myself, with Archbishop, the consecrators. Baring,[1] I thought, cold and distant to all overtures of kindness.

September 12, *Hagley.*—Milnes (Lord Houghton) heard late King of Hanover tell; when he was here he asked Prince Albert to go and call on Duke of Wellington. [Prince Albert said]: 'Yes, I will order the carriage.' King of Hanover: 'No, the day is fine, let us walk.' Prince Albert: 'I never walk in the streets.' King of Hanover: 'Oh! why not? I have always made a practice of walking in them, and I have been almost, I may say, quite as unpopular as you.' The King's wrath against Peel, 'A young fellow may change his opinions; but for such an old rascal to do it!'

September 25.—Much talk with Massingberd (Chancellor). His Bishop's advice to one of his clergy: 'Avoid ritual and you may preach what *doctrine* you please.'

September 27, *Netherby.*—After luncheon I walked with Sir James Graham. Much talk about Denison—about men and things. 'Cardwell very tired of waiting—gave up much: the bar—great position offered by Lord Palmerston, but very tired of his position—afraid of losing his Oxford seat. A great misfortune if he parts from Gladstone and Herbert—I think a mistake for his own future. Herbert has risen—risen very much. House of Commons very aristocratic—likes a man of family—and he has come fairly down into the arena—no man more fairly—and risen much. This country wants a government: dangerous times ahead.' Sir James Graham's very high estimate of Gladstone: 'In the highest sense of the word *Liberal*—of the greatest power—very much the first man in the House of Commons: detested by the aristocracy for his succession duty—the most truly conservative measure passed in my recollec-

[1] Dr. Baring, the new Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

tion. Just reading de Tocqueville, and when I read his statement that unequal taxation was the most effective of all the causes of the Revolution, I thought at once of Gladstone and the succession duty. He must rise to the lead in such a Government as ours, even in spite of all that hatred to him. Lord Melbourne said to the Queen, "Madam, you will not like Peel, but you will like Aberdeen: he is a gentleman." He has great tenderness for the sex—a most entirely good man—very affectionate and true—yielded doubtingly to Gladstone as to the competitive admission to offices. The present mixed mode of nomination and competition most mischievous—debauching from its wide extension of apparent patronage. Far better to have either responsible nomination or absolute competition than the present mixed form. Sidney Herbert has risen more than any man this session. He attracts. He may, as Lord Pembroke, be the head of the Government, if it was for any cause judged more prudent to have the head in the House of Lords. The Duke of Newcastle counts on being—he never could be: Herbert in the House of Lords would beat him every way; he has far more power, and he is attractive. I think we did wrong in not resigning at the breaking-out of the war. Aberdeen was all for resigning. Gladstone was disposed to join him—the rest all against it, especially the Duke of Newcastle. He was led away by the notion that he was going to be a great War Minister. He once asked me to let him have a set of papers, because they would complete what would hereafter be a matter of great interest, "the history of my war ministry." Aberdeen was right: I am wise by the wisdom of *après coup*: he saw it all along, but he yielded to his party—to the Queen—to us. I felt strongly the dishonourable unfairness of the Russians. They presumed on Aberdeen's being premier—they thought he would not go to war. I felt indignant at this. But I was wrong. Gladstone must rise: he is young, he is far the ablest man in the House of Commons, and in it, in the long run, the ablest man must lead. Many of us have been injured fatally, probably irreparably, by the war. The Government will quarrel with Naples if the Emperor does not hold them back. It is against his interest. There cannot be a revolution in Naples without its spreading to Rome and threatening the Pope's sovereign power, and the Roman interest is, in France, the Emperor's stronghold. But Palmerston is evidently determined to play that game—to send ships to Naples, nominally to protect British interests, really to stir up a revolution. This we cannot do without quarrel-

ling with Austria, with whom we have just got over the coldness and aversion bred by Palmerston's refusing them aid in their extremity, unless they would give up Venice as well as Milan. They look forward on this point to be able to hamper Gladstone—either he must support them after his pamphlet about Naples, or he must oppose them ; and then they can attack him for change of view, and damage his character ; or he must approve in general and disapprove of details. He disapproves of separating the diocese of London. It should be like the Chancellorship, a great post of authority. He is a wonderful man. Well, we have very freely exchanged opinions.'

Referring to this visit Sir James Graham thus writes to Lord Aberdeen :—

October 3, 1856.

If I could envy you any good thing, it would be the society of the Bishop of Oxford : he passed a couple of days here ; and I enjoyed the charm of his conversation and the benefit of his preaching. He is cast into the shade for the moment : but it is a light which would illuminate even the 'Dismal Swamp.' . . .

October 11, *Haddo.*—After breakfast at nine, letters. Then a walk with Lord Aberdeen. 'Sir James Graham an affectionate man. He is doubted because he is so demonstrative. Always provokes some one when he speaks. Gladstone never does ; he has more complete command of himself than Graham. Palmerston has only one object to keep in office. He is naturally liberal, and would do good if it was as likely to keep him in office : he does not object to good, but to losing office. But no prospect of turning him out. He is very much elated. Has had a great blow in Spain, but cares nothing, because he sees that he can keep in office. The Queen has not altered at all in her real feelings to him. She behaves perfectly well and truly to him. It has always been her great virtue ; but she does not like him a bit better than she did, nor the Prince either. This dreadful business at Naples, how will it end? and Gladstone's letter has so committed him.'

October 14.—Up between 6 and 7 ; wrote, &c., and then quiet till breakfast. After breakfast walked with Arthur Gordon, and down on rocks near breakers. Then walked with Lord Aberdeen. 'The King (George IV.) was as selfish as any one could be. But all royal people are. They all believe that the world was made for them. The King could do kind things ; he was always very kind

to me. Lord Liverpool is greatly underrated; true, his qualities were rather moral than intellectual, yet in difficult times he kept for years a Government together, and brought the country gloriously through a terrible war. But he was strictly fair, just, careful, painstaking, and honest. It was Stanley (Derby) and Sir James Graham who in 1834 prevented Peel forming his Government. Derby said he would not join a Government with Lyndhurst in it, and objected to the Duke. Doubtful whether, if they had joined, Peel could have maintained his position. When Sir R. Peel stated in the Cabinet his Corn Law resolutions, only three agreed—Aberdeen, Graham, and S. Herbert. Gladstone had then left the Cabinet, or of course he would have agreed also. I told Clarendon, when he vehemently pressed Villiers on me for a Bishopric, that I could not conscientiously recommend him for one. He behaved well, for he said, "If it is a matter of conscience, I press it no more." I told Lord John, and he said, "I think you are quite right: I never would have made him a Bishop." The Queen is very uneasy about the state of things. . . .'

October 15.—After breakfast, out along the shore with Arthur. The sea, grand, over one ledge, where we looked straight down on it, the finest I ever saw. After luncheon rode with Arthur Gordon to Haddo. Dean Wilson dined: some talk with him about the Scotch Church, &c. Lord Aberdeen said 'Lord Liverpool was the most fair man in debate—Lord Holland the unfairest: said he always put his adversary's arguments better than he put them himself. Lord Liverpool always wanted to get rid of any persons who came to him. One of his friends once said, "I wonder what Liverpool is doing now?" "Trying," answered another, "to get rid of whoever is with him." He used to be terribly put out by Lord Bathurst—a clever man, but always joking—Lord Liverpool could not bear it, and used to fly into a furious passion with him. To-night the formation of Narvaez' Government.' I asked what does it mean? 'It means entire subserviency to the French—hostility to England and to all liberal government. It is a bitter pill for Palmerston, but he must swallow it. I suppose it will lead to a sort of tacit compromise. The Emperor to do what he likes in Spain, and to act with us as Palmerston chooses at Naples.'

October 18, *Gordon Castle.*—Early breakfast with Duke of Richmond and off. Many letters in train. A. Gordon joined us at Inverurie. On to Dunblane, and in a carriage with a horse what wouldn't go, to Keir. The place most beautiful, and air of

boundless wealth, directed by admirable taste, everywhere. Mrs. Norton, who was at Keir, told me that she wrote to ask the Duke of Wellington to allow her to dedicate to him some verses on some military men. He sent a most kind refusal. 'My dear Mrs. Norton, &c.—Very sorry to be obliged to refuse, but had made a rule to have nothing dedicated to him, and had kept it in every instance, though he had been Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and *in other situations much exposed to authors.*'

November 4, *Clifton.*—Off after breakfast to Tamworth. To Chester late, and on to Hawarden. At Broughton met W. E. Gladstone and Glynne, and walked back to Hawarden with them. Much talk with Gladstone. He *very* strong against Palmerston and on the mischief of the present Peelite position. 'It would be a great gain if I and Sidney Herbert and Graham could be taken out of the House, and let them shake up the bag and make new combinations. If Lord Derby and Lord Aberdeen understood one another all would be easy. Palmerston has never been a successful Minister: great love of power, and even stronger a principle of false shame—cares not how much dirt he eats, but it must be gilded dirt. Palmerston is strong in the House of Commons, but he does not understand the House of Commons.' Manifestly Gladstone leans to a Conservative alliance. The Conservative the best chance for the Church.

November 5.—Morning at church with W. E. Gladstone and Sir S. Glynne. Then after breakfast wrote letters. After luncheon long walk, *tête-à-tête* with Gladstone, to the new coal-mines opening on Glynne's property, along the Dee and by the Queen's Ferry home. ——'s saying about the Archbishop, 'the only difference between a quaker and him, that the quaker quaked for nothing, and he for 15,000*l.* a year.' At night Sir Baldwin Leighton, Lady, and two daughters. The eldest very pleasing and pretty: sang sweetly.

December 4.—With Mr. Tower, ætat. 82: vigorous and hale as ever. Told me that he met my dear father at Maria Countess of Waldegrave's, in the first flush of honeymoon happiness, and that he held the pall with Lord Derby at his funeral in St. Peter's, Westminster. How life passes with some and lingers with others.

March 11, 1857.—To Literary Fund; spoke against Dickens and Forster. Large majority.

The incident referred to in the above entry affords a

remarkable illustration of the Bishop's great power of gathering arguments from an adversary's speech and turning those arguments back upon the speaker. At the annual meeting of this Society, Mr. Charles Dickens made a long and carefully prepared speech against the management. His statement was full of minute details of an alleged misapplication of the funds by assuming the existence of a House Fund, and by expending the money intended for literary men and their families on the rent of chambers and the salary of a secretary. Some members present were taken by surprise by these charges, and the meeting, influenced by Mr. Dickens, was going against the committee, when the Bishop, who was an active member of the council, appeared, in time, however, only to hear part of the charges. He got up, and taking Mr. Dickens's facts, turned them so as to show that, instead of misapplying the funds of the Society, the committee had only done their duty; that the expenditure complained of had been remunerative, because it had produced great returns in the shape of a still larger increase of income; that whether remunerative or not, it was clearly not a ground for a vote of censure on the committee, because it was one which had been sanctioned by the members generally, and pursuing the argument he entirely demolished Mr. Dickens. The Bishop's views were supported by such an overwhelming majority (69 to 11) that the hostile proposals for changing the management were never again renewed.

March 16.—Stanford: where received with Wordsworth's wonted Christian and scholarly courtesy: always to me a delightful sight. A holy man.

April 5.—Up in good time. Whilst praying for a special blessing on the Diocese a sudden thought darted in of trying by personal appeal to G—— to heal the sad strife in this parish. Went up after breakfast. Met him on the road. A long struggle ending with his consenting to my bringing up P—— after Church. A very nice congregational service. The Church beautiful. Then to P——'s, where D.G. all seemed to go well; shook hands and all talked for some time. Then on to ——. The Church of which has come out well—a very thronged and interesting service. After on the tower,

a view of Hind Head. I always look from these distances at Lavington as if my Emily were there and I could find her if I went.

May 10.—Lord Aberdeen said: 'I take some credit to myself for having prevented the applications to Parliament about the Prince's rank. The Queen had a notion that if the rank was given him by Act of Parliament, it would make matters easier with Foreign Powers. I convinced her it would not—so now the title of the Prince Consort is to be given to him by Order in Council.'

The Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Bill, which had failed to pass into law during the past session, was again brought forward. It will be remembered that the Bishop had succeeded in introducing an amendment prohibiting the intermarriage of the guilty parties. In March, the Bishop wrote to Lord Derby asking his advice on the course he ought to pursue. Lord Derby replied putting forth the grounds on which he himself should support the second reading, and at the same time saying that although he could not give the advice asked for, yet should the Bishop seek to re-introduce the clause which was inserted on his proposal last year, prohibiting the intermarriage of the guilty parties, he, Lord Derby, should vote with him. The Bill raised a question on which the Episcopal Bench were far from unanimous.

The following is a report of a private meeting of the Bishops which was held in May:—

Discussed sporadically the law of marriage. The Archbishop said he had no doubt that it was contrary to the law of God to allow of the re-marriage of divorced persons. It was allowable to dissolve the marriage, but not to re-marry. The Bishops of London (Dr. Tait), Carlisle (Dr. Villiers), and Ripon (Dr. Bickersteth), rather in favour of the Bill. The Bishop of Winchester silent. The Bishop of Salisbury strong against the Bill. The Bishop of Carlisle saying that he retains his liberty to support.

On May 19 the Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords, the Bishop of London supporting it. The next day the Bishop writes in his diary:—

Sad, the debate of last night. The division of the Bishops, and especially the Bishop of London's tone, pained me deeply. What is to be the end of it but that of a house divided against itself.

In Committee on the Bill the Bishop again proposed the amendment already referred to as having been carried last year, and again inserted it in the Bill, the Archbishop supporting and voting for it. He also carried an amendment providing that it should be lawful to impose a fine or imprisonment upon either of the guilty parties, as though such parties had been guilty of a misdemeanour at common law. On the third reading, however, both these amendments were struck out.

The House of Commons made some amendments to the Bill, after Clause 53—which gave liberty to the divorced parties to marry again—had been amended by adding words which exempted a clergyman from the necessity of performing the marriage service over persons only free to marry by virtue of that clause; a proviso was added to the effect, that any clergyman claiming such exemption should allow the ceremony to be performed in his church by any minister of the Church of England willing to officiate. The Bishop, in moving the rejection of this, said: This clause would not meet the wishes or the feelings of the clergy, as the effect of it would be that adulterers were to be enabled to hire any clergyman of the diocese to do that for them which the incumbent of the parish refused to do. He implored their lordships to strike out the immunity to the clergy altogether and leave them to act as their consciences would make them act, rather than give effect to a measure which would only introduce confusion and mischief. He asked them to leave the marriage of divorced parties to be performed merely as a civil contract, which they had declared to be as honourable as a marriage in Church. They would observe that the clause did not affect the Bishop. And he avowed before their lordships that if he knew of one of these hired interlopers coming in the way he was here permitted to do, to enter a church in his diocese, he would meet him at the door with an inhibition and suspend him from his office.

The clause as amended was carried by a majority of five.

In the diocese of Oxford, however, the Bishop never had to put his threat into execution. In the speech quoted he expressed the wishes and minds of his clergy. Once, and once

only, did he inhibit a clergyman for acting in such a case. Years afterwards, when he was Bishop of Winchester, a curate in his diocese performed a marriage in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, as the law allowed him. The instant the Bishop heard of it he revoked the curate's licence and inhibited him from performing Divine Service in the diocese over which he then presided.

July 25, *Lavington.*—Cobden, much talk at breakfast and last night. 'India a cause really of poverty to us: waste of life and revenue—no gain—we could undersell all in her market,' and whether ours or not, Cobden omitting all sight that she must be somebody's, and might be our deadly enemy. Then to Dangstein, the ferns &c., very fine. Lord Aberdeen when alone at night estimating character: 'We are not worse than those before us. The Duke perfectly honest, but a good deal of thought of himself; leaving statements to explain his position far more than Peel did. Lord Liverpool most honest; not so sure of Perceval, he had been a lawyer. Pitt, a being of a superior order—perfectly patriotic.' [Lord Aberdeen] tried to defend both Pam and Lord J. Russell from all charges of direct or intentional fraud; but not very easy. 'Palmerston has no other object but to stay in.'

July 27, *Lavington.*—Placed tombstones for my two blessed ones in our churchyard. Reading Dufferin's book and writing letters in the rail to Chevening. C. Sumner and Macaulay there. Macaulay praised Miss Austen's novels, depreciates C. Brontë—will be utterly forgotten. C. Sumner expects that the abolitionists will carry the next presidential election: and the great patronage of the White House will change the whole tone. The whole power of patronage infinitely greater in United States than here: every *sub.* going out. C. S. does not see how the evil of slavery will be swept away, but feels confident that it will.

August 11.—After breakfast with Bishop of London. Then with Liddell to Mrs. Sargent's and on to Bishop Blomfield's funeral. Many clergy; but he had been dead in fact so long that, except his own family, few in poignant grief. Then off with Mrs. Sargent for Brighton. She bore the journey pretty well.

August 18.—With Egerton V. Harcourt. Monckton Milnes came: as always, pleasant. We discussed Sidney Smith. When Douglas Smith died, Sidney wrote to Egerton Harcourt, 'Never

marry: you will live, as I have, to see cut off, &c.' Ah, surely unchristian! I hope so, as I can say over my most beloved Herbert's grave—in whose bedroom of five years ago I have just looked at Basil[1] asleep. Sidney said to Milnes, 'It was good for *me* that Douglas died. It would have been a great danger to have had all my old ambition for myself kindled again for a son.'

August 19.—Freshwater with Basil. Going over all my old scenes: my heart very full. Stayed ¾ of an hour at Brighstone. How dreary to me life. If only my children safe, how welcome, how longed for Death in Christ.

October 5.—Came in and found Basil again very feverish. In an agony I called on the Lord. Oh, spare me if it be possible this blow also. He seemed in His great mercy to hear me. For Basil was better.

October 13, *Hawarden.*—To early church. Long talk with Gladstone after breakfast; then letters and talk with Lord Lyttelton; then a walk with Gladstone—much talk. His noble 'I greatly felt being turned out of office, I saw great things to do. I longed to do them. I am losing the best years of my life out of my natural service, yet I have never ceased to rejoice that I am not in office with Palmerston, when I have seen the tricks, the shufflings, the frauds he daily has recourse to as to his business. I rejoice not to sit on the Treasury bench with him.' His future views, dark. Much talk on Divorce question, &c.

November 12.—News that 64 officers were killed or wounded on the 14th. Many letters. Rode after 2, with Mr. Arbuthnot and Charteris to Highclere, and so ends a pleasant visit—with deep anxieties about my Reginald, and many comforts. All agree that good done yesterday at Newbury. God be praised. Here three years ago in great anxiety for Herbert before Sebastopol, and he is at rest and I trembling for the next. *Miserere mei.*

Nov. 14.—Tired: up earlyish. In Cathedral at 10. Just before calling the names of the clergy a note from Trench, saying he had seen one that morning from his son at the Deanery, saying that Reginald unhurt. My heart overflowed with thankfulness to God, and the Eucharist was indeed a service of Thanksgiving. Two letters from him met me coming out of Cathedral, and such nice ones. He was in the thickest fight and D. G. unhurt.[2] Oh, how good has God been—I do desire to praise Him in my life—a good deal exhausted by all.

[1] Now Canon Wilberforce.

[2] The siege and assault of Delhi.

The following is an extract from a letter to this son in India, describing Lavington in its autumn glory :—

'I have been worked very hard lately at a Visitation and giving a charge to my clergy, and I have come to dear Sussex for a week's rest. Lavington yesterday was lovely. The oaks, many of the beeches and the spruce, all red and yellow with autumn colours. The ground bright red on the Hill side with fallen leaves and the autumn sun blazing out on them. I put fresh flowers on our graves and prayed for all of you.'

November 17.—After breakfast off for Oxford, where till 4 : heard Dr. Livingstone lecture. Then to Reading, dined at Fosbery's (the Vicar of St. Giles). Thence to meeting, which at first a mob, but got interested and quiet, very large attendance and considered successful. Home and bed.

The entry the next day gives an instance of the Bishop's untiring activity. He began by going round St. Giles's parish with the Vicar to adjust the boundaries and see where it could be divided ; this was before breakfast. After which he saw a number of the clergy, whom he had not met at dinner the previous evening. Then to London, where he attended at the Zoological Council and at the Board of the University Life Assurance, of which he was a Director. Then off to Sussex, to Mr. Campion's, at Danny near Hurstpierpoint; the entry for the day closing with—'a charming party, such family love and chastened Church of England goodness.' The 'entering book,' the book in which all letters written were entered, gives a total for the day of thirty-six, which must have been for the most part written in the train.

December 31, *Lavington.*—The boys shot with Mr. Denman, and I and they dined there [at Burton]. Old Father Christmas, and 'proverbs' with questioning. And so passes the old year. What mercies have I received in it? Dear Reginald preserved, Basil restored and better than he has ever been yet. Ernest,[1] too, well. Analysing the days of this year I find that I have spent

In going about my diocese	90
At Cuddesdon	85
London (Work of Session, &c.) . . .	81
Church work out of diocese	28
Outing	21
Lavington	60—365

[1] Now Bishop of Newcastle.

Amongst the blessings of the year God has prospered my attempt to found the Spiritual Aid Society. Oh may He accept it. He has helped me to get through my Visitation not without success, and enabled me to stand, I think, well in my diocese, of His great goodness. He has restored dearest Mrs. Sargent to us. He has, I trust, confirmed Henry Pye [1] in his allegiance to the Church of England. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.

[1] Son-in-law.

CHAPTER XI.

(1858—1859.)

In the January number of the 'Quarterly Review' for 1858 an article appeared headed 'Church Extension,' in which the writer directed public attention to Cuddesdon College. This College had been opened in June 1854, and consequently had been in existence some three years and a half. At first the Bishop contemplated building the College in the grounds of the Palace, but, owing to representations that the College should be diocesan and not dependent on the goodwill of the Bishop of the day, this scheme was abandoned, and a site was procured outside the Palace grounds. The object of founding this Theological College, now known as the 'Wilberforce Theological College,' was, not to enable men who had failed to obtain a University degree to qualify themselves for taking Holy Orders, but to give to those who had passed through their University career, time, before entering upon the ministry, for devotion, for learning parochial work, for the especial study of theology. For the better attainment of these ends, aids were to be given for daily prayer, opportunities for private seclusion, constant access to the Bishop and to the Principal of the College. This new departure in clerical training was not altogether palatable to some of the leading laymen of the diocese, among them the late Lord Overstone, from whom the Bishop had asked for assistance. Lord Overstone, in reply, wrote a long, very long letter, setting out his various objections to the scheme, and concluded by saying, 'If you are not convinced by my arguments, take the enclosed cheque and use it for your College; but if you are,

then apply it to something else.' The cheque was for a large sum. Writing to his brother, Archdeacon Wilberforce, as to the opening of the College in 1854, the Bishop says :—

My beloved Brother,—The opening of my College went off excellently. Indeed I do not see how it could have been better. We were 8 Bishops at the early Communion : 250 clergymen in surplice, and some out : 400*l.* collected. All the Bishops spoke, *sub dio*, to the assembled people, and well and heartily. We now want pupils, and all will, please God, go well. The Bishops were most manifestly impressed greatly, with the spirit and harmony of *the diocese.* May God be praised ! To you I may say that I felt so utterly prostrated with a sense of unworthiness to bring such a scheme to good success, that instead of elation, I know not when I have felt so depressed.

The day of the opening of Cuddesdon College was annually commemorated, and frequent mention of these festivals occur in the Bishop's diary. On these occasions it was his habit to gather together as many leading laymen and Churchmen as he could, including any Colonial or American Bishops who might be in England. After the commemoration service the company were used to assemble in a large tent pitched in the Palace grounds, for luncheon. It was at one of these luncheons that Mr. Gladstone proposed the Bishop's health, in his absence—the Bishop had been unexpectedly summoned to London—in terms which, as he said, he should not have dared to use in his presence. The pith of his speech was that in his diocese, where he was best known, there he was best loved, and there it was already felt that 'the name of Samuel Wilberforce was one of those which gave lustre to that of England.' Another of these festivals is thus chronicled by the Rev. Dr. Macmurray, Rector of Niagara, who was the Bishop's guest in 1864 : 'Attended Divine service in the parish church at 8 A.M. ; at the second service at 11 the Rev. J. Keble preached. . . . The service being ended, all repaired to the lawn, where was an immense tent, in which the Bishop's guests . . . . were to dine. About 250 sat down : and after partaking of the good things which were provided in great profusion, his Lordship proposed

several toasts, and among others the Colonial Church, coupling with it the name of the Bishop of Toronto, which produced deafening cheers from one end of the tent to the other.' In 1865 the Archbishop of York was present, and in the two speeches which he made he said that his mind had undergone a great change with regard to the usefulness of Cuddesdon College. He had at one time, with other members of the University, doubted the prudence of founding such an institution; that feeling, however, had long passed away both from his mind, and also, he believed, from that of Oxford. Cuddesdon was now established beyond all cavil as a real working place, and as a true handmaid to the University. The second speech referred not only to the Bishop's working power, but to his ubiquity. He said that—

Every man who left his impress on the age was many-sided. This was eminently a characteristic of their Bishop. See him now, and you would say he shone most as a genial and ready host; but follow him to his work to-morrow—that is, if you will take the chance of having to get up at half-past five and to travel a hundred miles by rail—and you would say that he had given his whole attention to pulpit eloquence. Ask some friend to write you word of his afternoon's occupations—for you will despair of being able to follow him fast enough yourself—and you will hear that he is presiding with the utmost tact and success over some difficult meeting or troublesome committee. No wonder the newspapers tell us every now and then that his health is failing, and that he is ordered off to the south of France for a year! But we may comfort ourselves with the thought that there is an easier remedy: he is now doing the work of six men; he has but to sink down awhile to the work of two, and that will be as good as rest to him.

Also, at one of the annual festivals of Cuddesdon College, the then Bishop of London (Tait) said he was like the Athenians of old, who were accused of never resting themselves and never allowing others to rest.

The article in the 'Quarterly Review' referred to at the beginning of this chapter was misinterpreted by one of those busybodies to be found everywhere, from whose attentions the diocese of Oxford was not exempt. One of these thought the

'Quarterly Review' asserted that Roman Catholic doctrines were favoured at the College, whereas the writer in the 'Quarterly' had only alluded to questions of ritual, and on the strength of this misinterpreted 'Quarterly' article, this person addressed a circular letter to the clergy and laity of the diocese, to the effect that the customs and teaching of the College were of a Romanising tendency. On August 25, the Rev. A. Pott, the first Principal of the College, resigned in consequence of ill-health, and his resignation was subsequently followed by that of the Vice-Principal, the Rev. H. P. Liddon, now Canon of St. Paul's. These resignations, coming so quickly as they did after the attack on the College, were at once cited as proof of the truth of the charges which had been made; it was however a very different question to one of mere forms and ceremonies which caused Mr. Liddon to sever his connection with Cuddesdon College. For some time past the Principal had known that on the question of Eucharistic doctrine there had been a difference between himself and the Vice-Principal. Bishop Wilberforce also was conscious that, as he himself expressed it, 'Our theological standing-place is not identical.' He thought that on the doctrine of the Eucharist they 'would use different language,' and further, that as regarded Confession and its expedient limits, 'we should also differ.' The Bishop, therefore, wished, in finding a new Principal, to find one who would represent his standing-point, so that the character and colour of the College might be altered to what he, the Bishop, conceived to be the exact line of Church of England life. In this view Mr. Liddon concurred. The first man to whom the Bishop offered the Principalship was the Rev. J. W. Burgon, of St. Mary's, Oxford, late Dean of Chichester. Mr. Burgon declined the appointment. Next the Bishop offered the post to the Rev. H. H. Swinny, a man who practically came up to the Bishop's theological standing-point. He is thus described by the Bishop:—

I believe him to be a thoroughly earnest, devoted Church of England Christian, sound on the Sacraments and very likely to influence young men. I do not believe that he differs doctrinally with Liddon, any more than I do myself; yet he is a man of a diffe-

rent stamp, different ways; whose incidental influence would tend to prevent idiosyncrasy of manner &c. being acquired by our men; whilst he would thoroughly work with Liddon in stamping on their hearts a sense of God's perpetual presence and of the blessedness of working for Him.

Bishop Wilberforce wanted the College to 'turn out the Established English clergyman, with a more awakened heart, quickened self-devotion, and better furnished theology.' What he dreaded was the type becoming 'more that of a reformed Seminary Priest,' for he believed 'that a resemblance to that type would spoil the men's usefulness and ruin the College.'

Our men are too *peculiar*—some, at least, of our best men. I shall never consider that we have succeeded until a Cuddesdon man can be known from a non-Cuddesdon man only by his loving more, working more, and praying more. I consider it a heavy affliction that they should wear neckcloths of peculiar construction, coats of peculiar cut, whiskers of peculiar dimensions—that they should walk with a peculiar step, carry their heads at a peculiar angle to the body, and read in a peculiar tone. I consider all this as a heavy affliction. First because it implies to me a want of vigour, virility, and self-expressing vitality of the religious life in the young men. It shows that they come out too much cut out by a machine and not enough indued with living influences. Secondly, because it greatly limits their usefulness and ours by the natural prejudice which it excites. Then there are things in the actual life I wish changed. The tendency to crowd the walls with pictures of the Mater Dolorosa, &c., their chimney-pieces with crosses, their studies with saints, all offend me, and all do incalculable injury to the College in the eye of chance visitors. The habit of some of our men of kneeling in a sort of rapt prayer on the steps of the communion table, when they cannot be *alone* there; when visitors are coming in and going out and talking around them: such prayers should be 'in the closet' with the 'door shut'—and setting apart their grave dangers, as I apprehend them to be to the young men, they really force on visitors the feeling of the strict resemblance to what they see in Belgium, &c., and never in Church of England churches.

On November 25 the diary records:—

Letter from Swinny—willing. In extreme anxiety as to appointment. O God guide the right for Thy mercy's sake,

In January 1859 Mr. Liddon writes to the Bishop, saying: 'I am in a most difficult position.' This statement referred to the Bishop having said that he relied upon him as Vice-Principal not to teach those who came under his influence any doctrine as to the effects of consecration in the Communion Office, in advance of the teaching of the Bishop and the Principal. To this the Bishop replied :—

Your last letter puts me into a difficulty. I believed that you did already consider yourself under a restraint as to teaching in the College anything beyond what I and the Principal teach as to the Holy Eucharist. If, as I understand this letter, you consider yourself under no such restraint, I must ask you to define what you do teach as *extra usum sacramenti*. It is, of course, impossible to work the College for God's glory on a system of really discordant teaching between us.

Mr. Liddon replied in a long letter, setting forth what his belief was on this question, and referring the Bishop to a review of the Rev. J. Keble's work on Eucharistical Adoration, which Mr. Liddon had recently contributed to the 'Christian Remembrancer.' The Bishop before he replied had a conversation with Mr. Butler on this subject, specially as regarded Mr. Liddon. Mr. Butler differed from the Bishop's view, and pleaded for toleration. To use his own words, 'All I ask for in my own case, and that of others who feel with me, is perfect equality of position for our doctrinal platform.'

The rest of the letter sufficiently explains itself, as well as the subsequent one in reply to Mr. Butler.[1]

The Bishop of Oxford to the Rev. W. J. Butler.

Cuddesdon Palace, Wheatley, Jan. 22nd, 1859.

My dear Butler,—I was about to write to you when your letter came. . . . I meant 'tolerate' precisely in the sense you claim for it. I meant that you were to feel that *I* was as much 'tolerated' as *I* to feel that you were. I accept *in toto* your claim. It has always been my own view of the Church's intention and of my duty. I have never failed to see that *the* imputation which with my peculiar temperament pierces deepest and stings most, was inevitably fixed

[1] Mr. Liddon was curate at Wantage under Mr. Butler, now Dean of Lincoln, before his appointment to Cuddesdon.

on me by my acting honestly on that line: being NO party man, but throwing myself *entirely* into the work (*e.g.*) of you and of Fremantle, as both *true* sons of the Church of England and so exposing myself to the charge of temporizing, &c. &c. &c. But I took and take that as my bearing Christ's Cross. I see *too* whence *our* misunderstanding, so to speak, came. I was speaking *really* not of you in your *comparatively* independent position, but of Liddon. . . . *You* at Wantage have as much right to teach your *shade* of the common teaching and be considered a loyal son of the Church, as I have mine here, and I with no compromise can *as Bishop* wholly support and maintain you—maintaining my own proper claims to *my own* views. . . .

But when I come to the College here the case is different. *I* am judged of in my secret intention for the diocese by the *exact* shade imparted here to the men sent out. If then I preach, act, write in the diocese my own exact view, more Sacerdotal than the class you allude to as Ecclesiastical, but less Sacerdotal, *e.g.* as to confession, some doctrinal points, and some consequent Ritualism than the most Sacerdotal, and then if from Cuddesdon go out as the *best* men—men of the *most* Sacerdotal type, it cannot, it seems to me, but happen that I am counted for a deceiver, professing one thing in my own words and conduct to the diocese and then sending out from my own training College men of a different shade as my best men. . . .

Then applying all this to Liddon. I feel that it is true that *he* would make his best man one thing and *I* should make him another on this very point, and this would certainly touch practical matters. Now I do *not* think the abstract doctrinal difference between us (*e.g.* on Eucharistic adoration) THE point. It seems to me that between all who hold the objective presence, with its consequences, there can be no fundamental difference here. *I* could quarrel with no man who honestly denied Transubstantiation, as to Eucharistic adoration. It is not therefore exactly Liddon's doctrinal views taken alone, as to which I feel the importance of the difference. It is as much or more a *moral question.* I am *sure* he is *entirely* honest. In exact proportion to the fulness of my conviction that he is *honest*, and it is entire, rises the conviction that in this matter he is not, so to speak, trustworthy, *i.e.* that there is in him a strength of will—an ardour—a restlessness—a dominant imagination which makes him unable to give to the young men any tone save exactly his own tone.

Under this conviction I have, from my hearing of this diversity

of ritual, been drifting with a really heart-tearing pain to the conviction that I *must* accept *his* tendered resignation to act myself with honesty to the diocese. I have said nothing of this yet to him. I purposely say it first to you, to hear what you *can* say on the other side. I know all I lose for the College, for the diocese, more than all for myself, in losing his presence here, but I begin to see it must be, and if it MUST be, I think that THIS *is* the time for it. Now no reason need be given but that after full deliberation the coming of the new Principal necessitated a new Vice-Principal, and Liddon's active work here may terminate with no jar and he come amongst us as one of us hereafter and at all times. Even as I write this I so recoil from the conclusion that I can hardly bear to send it to you, and yet it *is* my feeling and not my reason which recoils. . . .

In a subsequent letter to Mr. Butler, the Bishop, in answer to an observation made by Mr. Butler that by his action in this matter he would be 'acknowledging and precipitating the difference between the two schools of High Churchmen,' pointed out that the so-called two schools were the 'spiritual and the ecclesiastical,' of which he belonged to the former, and that though 'doctrinally Liddon might hold all he holds and work happily with me . . . . the difference may be only in the last *tinge*, which is really the only difference between us. The *apparent* insincerity of my sending out those *with* it is my master difficulty on that side ; the loss of one I love and *admire*, as I do Liddon, on the other.' Bishop Wilberforce hoped that his influence with Mr. Liddon would have been sufficient to have kept down this 'tinting,' and that in a few years it would have 'mellowed out.' But, as he said, he came to the 'opposite view with a torn heart.' Mr. Liddon resigned the Vice-Principalship on February 5, 1859, remaining however, according to the Bishop's desire, to the following Easter. If it were necessary to supplement in any way the expressions of affection of the Bishop towards Mr. Liddon in the letters given above, it would be easy, as letters to friends and passages in the Diary abound with them. In fact, the Bishop deeply felt parting with one whom he had learnt to love for his own sake, and whom he appreciated more and more as he witnessed the development of those great powers which are now so universally recognised,

What was known at the time as the 'Boyne Hill Case' arose in this wise. The Rector of Boyne Hill, near Maidenhead, was the Rev. W. Gresley. The parish had been formed out of the parishes of Maidenhead and Bray, and a church built and partly endowed by a lady. She nominated Mr. Gresley to the Bishop as the first incumbent. That Mr. Gresley held advanced views on the subject of Confession was well known to Bishop Wilberforce, for in 1854 Mr. Gresley, then an incumbent in the diocese of Chichester, and whose reputation as an author had been long known, published a book called 'The Ordinance of Confession.' When this book was published the Bishop of Chichester threatened the writer with an inhibition, which was only averted by Mr. Gresley's taking Bishop Wilberforce's advice that he should withdraw from the book certain passages which were overstated and which were liable to be misunderstood. Mr. Gresley was assisted in his ministrations at Boyne Hill by a curate, the Rev. R. Temple West. In the neighbourhood resided an Evangelical clergyman, the Rev. John Shaw. Mr. Shaw was one of the many people who believe everything they hear, especially when it happens to coincide with their own peculiar views. He heard a great many stories against Mr. West, and took them so entirely for gospel that he did not even trouble himself to inquire of Mr. Gresley whether there was any truth in them or not. Mr. Shaw sent his complaints to Bishop Wilberforce, who, as was his invariable custom, sent them to the Rector of the parish for explanation. Mr. Gresley was easily able to satisfy Bishop Wilberforce that the complaints made against Mr. West were untrue. The Bishop, therefore, defended Mr. West against Mr. Shaw's attacks. Mr. Shaw's next proceeding was to send the correspondence between himself and Bishop Wilberforce to the 'Times.' That journal was as credulous as Mr. Shaw had shown himself to be, and led off an attack on Bishop Wilberforce on the bare statement of a woman of notoriously bad life, ignoring the absolute contradiction of her statements made by two clergymen of the Church of England, and passing over in silence the fact that Bishop Wilberforce had promised to

issue a commission under the Clergy Discipline Act to inquire whether there were any *primâ facie* grounds for proceeding against Mr. West. The wrath of the 'Times' was the more accentuated because Bishop Wilberforce, who had satisfied himself of the groundlessness of the charges made against Mr. West, had defended him against his false accuser. Mr. Gladstone expressed his sympathy with the Bishop in the storm of abuse that was showered upon him by the press—for in those days the 'Times' was the acknowledged leader of the English press—by saying: 'The storm must blow over. You have been called into the front, and will add yet one more to the long list of your services to the Church.' How deeply the Bishop's sensitive heart felt the injustice of the abuse lavished upon him is shown in this letter to the son, whose endeavour it has been to 'make' his 'just dealing as clear as the noon-day':—

[Sept. 1, 1858.

My dearest Reginald,— —— has told you all the gossip and small talk of the day, so I must not repeat it. The main thing which is occupying me just now is a storm of abuse and insult and contumely which is being heaped upon me about private confession. A charge has been brought against a curate in my diocese of putting improper questions. I inquired into it and found that the woman was one of bad character and the charge *really* untrue. But I offered the accusers a commission of inquiry. Meanwhile 'The Times' took it up as if I had stifled all inquiry and represented me as shuffling because I maintained the true Church of England doctrine against the popular cry. Upon this 'Punch,' and all the infidel and Low Church papers, have set on me with full venom. But I keep my heart, thank God, steady by appealing to Him Who said, 'Blessed are ye when men shall say all manner of evil of you falsely for my name' sake.' For it is because, God helping me, I will stick to His Truth as the Church of England has received it, that all this is come upon me. And in His good time, in this world or in the world to come, He can and will make my just dealing as clear as the noonday. It is very painful to one of my natural temper, who longs for sympathy, to be so abused and suspected; but God can out of the pain bring good. God ever bless you, my dearest son. I am constantly thinking of you and praying for you, and I tell you all this because I wish you to under-

stand the truth when you see the abuse of me when it gets out to India. But if they have called the Master of the House Beelzebub, it is no great wonder if they abuse as they do His followers. Another week and I shall be 53 years old ; quite an old fellow, but with a warm loving heart, to which I wish, my dear one, that I could clasp you. I am your loving Father, S. Oxon.

Writing to Mr. Gordon on September 3, the Bishop says : 'You will have seen the "Times'" abuse which trying to be just about West has brought on me, and you, who will have done what few will, read the correspondence, will have seen how utterly they falsified everything I said.' A few days after this, Mr. Gordon, after describing the party, &c., at Haddo, and expressing a hope that the Bishop would soon come and pay Lord Aberdeen a visit, says : 'I will not dwell on your present annoyances, but you will be glad to hear that Sir James Graham quite appreciates the justice of your conduct in the Boyne Hill case, and defends your cause in all quarters. I had hardly expected this, and am pleased in proportion.' He also alluded to M. Guizot's visit to Lord Aberdeen, and says : 'Guizot *père* spoke with great admiration of your preaching, which he said was the only good preaching he had heard in England.'

Bishop Wilberforce was determined that in this case nothing should be kept back or suppressed, and he therefore signed the 'requisition' which was drawn up by the Rev. John Shaw, although Mr. Gresley requested him not to sign it, as it had been presented to him, because he feared that the question would be raised whether Mr. West's conduct would not come under the head of non-Anglican doctrine. The commissioners were the chancellor of the diocese, two clergymen, and two laymen, and on September 25 they delivered their judgment, entirely exculpating Mr. West from all the charges which had been made against him. The Bishop's answer to the commissioners acknowledging the receipt of their report is given to show that his views on the subject of confession were identical with those expressed in 1850.

Lavington, Sept. 30, 1858.

Gentlemen,—I have received the report of your Commission of Inquiry into the charges brought against Mr. West, and heartily

accept as my own the decision at which, after a full examination of the matter, you have arrived.

In thus formally adopting your decision, I wish, for the sake of my diocese at large, to add a few words on the general subject of Confession.

As I have already stated in writing to Mr. Shaw, I hold it to be a part of the wisdom and tenderness of the Church of England that she provides for any parishioner who in sickness shall 'feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter,' being 'moved to make special confession of his sins,' and that she also provides for those who before Holy Communion 'cannot quiet their own consciences' being invited to 'open their grief to the Minister of God's Word.'

In making this special and limited provision for troubled souls, I hold that the Church of England discountenances any attempt on the part of her clergy to introduce a system of habitual confession, or, in order to carry out such a system, to require men and women to submit themselves to the questioning and examination of the priest. Such a system of inquiry into the secrets of hearts must in my judgment lead to innumerable evils. God forbid that our clergy should administer, or that our wives and daughters should be subjected to it. I am sure that any attempt to introduce it would throw grievous difficulties in the way of that free ministerial intercourse with our people, which for their sakes and for the efficiency of our ministry it is all-important to maintain open and unsuspected. I am, &c. S. Oxon.

The Bishop received many congratulatory letters, among others one from Dr. Hook, who at the outset had been prejudiced against Mr. West and against the Bishop for defending him, and had on September 14 written to the Bishop, saying, 'I have no desire to side with a party which persecuted me through life, but I will side with any party sooner than have the Church of England Romanised.' Now, Dr. Hook writes, 'Permit me once more to tender my allegiance to you as my leader.' Another letter was from a Wesleyan Methodist, who says, 'I cannot refrain from expressing the pleasure with which I have read a letter from your Lordship . . . . concerning confession of sin. I do pray that the clear views entertained by your Lordship on these points will more extensively prevail

amongst the clergy and laity of the established Church.' The Diary notes meeting the Rev. A. P. Cust (present Dean of York), and his saying, 'Well, it is worth being abused to have such warm friends as you have.' A letter from Sir Robert Phillimore says, 'How wonderful his capacity seems to have been for attaching and keeping FRIENDS.'

A month after the Commissioners' judgment in the Boyne Hill case the Bishop went to Bradford to speak at a meeting on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The Vicar of Leeds (Dr. Hook) was also announced as one of the speakers. On October 19 Dr. Hook wrote to the Bishop saying, 'Placards are posted at Bradford calling upon the people to attend the meeting by thousands and put down the Bishop of Oxford and the Vicar of Leeds and Confession;' he also said, 'We shall have no support in Bradford, where Church feeling is defunct.' The meeting created great interest, and the town was much excited in consequence of an impression that the Bishop of Oxford's appearance would give rise to a disturbance. This impression was due to placards which had been issued in the early part of the week, and in which the Right Rev. Prelate was accused, not in any smooth or polished diction, of Tractarian tendencies, and his sincerity in reference to the Boyne Hill inquiry was called in question. One of the placards was: 'Men and women of Bradford! come in your thousands to St. George's Hall and in a voice of thunder resist the Tractarian Confessionals.'

Long before the time fixed for the meeting the hall was crowded to overflowing, at least 4,000 persons were present, and hundreds were turned away from the doors unable to gain admission. The Bishop, who, on rising to speak, was greeted with hisses and cheers, succeeded in gaining silence by an appeal to the meeting as brother Yorkshiremen. Having got a hearing, he kept it by the charm of his voice, and for some time spoke amid hushed attention; then he made his great appeal, an appeal that was responded to by a thunder of cheers, and turned the angry crowd into an orderly and enthusiastic meeting. He said, 'But, sir, I say further, that that which is

the Englishman's birthright and boon, that which you Yorkshiremen, or rather the fathers of you Yorkshiremen, helped my glorious father to earn—I say that that gift of liberty is bound up in the charter of God's everlasting gospel.' When the Bishop sat down the hisses which had greeted him on rising were replaced by general cheering.

The 'Times' leading article of the next day paid the Bishop the following tribute in its opening sentences: 'There is no human quality that English people honour more than pluck, whether in a soldier, statesman, foxhunter or bishop, and it was acting on this that the Bishop of Oxford went straight from the Boyne Hill inquiry to meet a Yorkshire mob.' A letter from one of the senior clergy of the diocese is here given, not only as representing what many of these men felt towards and said to their Bishop on this subject, but as admirably showing the real state of the case as it appeared to men whose judgments were unbiassed, and as exposing the fallacies upon which this mountain of misrepresentation had been raised.

October 27, 1858.

My dear Lord,—As you have entered on the subject of your present troubles, suffer me to relieve my mind (which I should not otherwise presume to do) by giving you some of my thoughts on the subject. My grief and indignation at all that has been said and written against you are extreme. I could not conceive that such a mountain of calumny and misrepresentation could rise so high or stand so long *without any foundation whatever*. It began by the public taking up the false notion that Mr. West's offence consisted in enforcing confession, and consequently that your refusal of an open trial arose from your having a latent predilection for that practice. Considering how unfortunately Mr. West was connected with Mr. Gresley, and considering Mr. Gresley's injudicious conduct, this idea, though erroneous, was not unnatural. I feared that it would be so and I ventured to tell you that you would not satisfy people by your letter to Mr. Shaw, but would draw on yourself the charge of stifling the plot. But the provoking thing is, that now it has been proved in open Court, what *you* saw clearly from the first, that Mr. West's case had nothing whatever to do with confession to a Priest, they still cling, in face of daylight, to

an error which they had embraced in the darkness of their ignorance, and argue upon premises which have been disproved, as if they were true. Another thing strikes me forcibly. No Bishop has been before his laity of all ranks as you have, but *not one word of accusation* can even your enemies extort from any expression in any charge or sermon, or any gesture or practice of *yours* in your almost daily ministration of Church services before them. It all rests on the alleged wrong practice or foolish words and conduct of others, with whom you are assumed to sympathise; and when you say, in the plainest words, that you do not agree with them, you are disbelieved, *not* because such words are at variance with anything *you have ever done or said*, but because they disagree with the opinion which they have chosen to form of you.

Such is the foundation of the late article in 'The Times' about Bradford. They dress up, as it were, a lay figure of a Prelate loving auricular Confession and highly Tractarian, and call it *you*, and then wonder that you do or say anything inconsistent with this imaginary character. Every one who *really knows* you has heard you continually express admiration of all those, whether Puritan, Quaker, Evangelical or others, who have realised some one great truth of the Gospel and acted on it. Let me give you one more of my thoughts. I have often thought that from your great abilities, your unwearied usefulness, your kindness of heart and courtesy of manners, your danger would be being too much idolised by all who knew you; it has pleased God to withdraw that trial and to substitute the one which I should have the least anticipated for you, namely detraction and unpopularity. But there are many whose love and respect for you are not to be so easily shaken. I have known you for many years in public and private, in your serious and in your gayer moods, and I can declare that I never heard from you a word, or witnessed an action, inconsistent with your professions, or unbecoming a Christian Prelate.

In the preface to Volume I. of the large edition of Bishop Wilberforce's life, the talented author of that preface and that volume, the late Canon Ashwell, said: 'By the end of 1860 Bishop Wilberforce was undisputed master of his diocese; of his chief opponents some had been conciliated, others removed by time or circumstances, while others withdrew from further strife.' Canon Ashwell ought to have said in the year 1859,

instead of the end of 1860, as it was in this year that the opposition which the Bishop had encountered from within the diocese was finally overcome, and thus he had the time to become, as he did become, during the last fourteen years of his life, the representative man of the English Episcopate and in a great measure the representative man of the English Church. Early in the year 1859, the publication of an anonymous pamphlet, attacking Bishop Wilberforce's administration of his diocese and reviving old and unfounded accusations, elicited such an expression of sympathy from the whole diocese as to make it clear to all men that the opposition to Bishop Wilberforce was confined to a very small and utterly insignificant minority. First must be mentioned an address of confidence sent by the Rev. Dr. Wilson and signed by over five hundred of the clergy of the diocese. Dr. Wilson was one of the oldest of the Oxford clergy; in fact, he had ministered under six successive Bishops of Oxford, and was a man who, alike from his name, his age, and his freedom from party spirit, gave a weight to the address which no other clergyman in the diocese could have given. Next came an address signed by over four thousand laymen residing at or near Reading; this was the more significant from the fact that at one time the town of Reading was the centre of opposition. Another ebullition of sympathy was in the Theatre at Oxford on May 17, when one of the speakers, on referring to the agitation against the Bishop, was interrupted for fully five minutes by the prolonged applause which greeted his remarks, an applause that was reiterated when, at the close of the proceedings, the Bishop rose to respond to the vote of thanks which had been moved to him as chairman of the meeting; then the whole meeting rose and cheered so vociferously that a considerable time elapsed before order was sufficiently restored to enable the Bishop to pronounce the blessing. Alluding to this remarkable manifestation of feeling, a manifestation the more remarkable from the fact that the majority of the meeting was composed of clergy, the diary says: 'Meeting in Theatre for African missions. Very good, and special cordiality shown to me.' The pamphlet, which

thus brought conviction to the minds of the clergy and the laity of the Oxford diocese of Bishop Wilberforce's consistency of purpose through good report and evil report, was entitled 'Facts and Documents showing the alarming state of the Oxford Diocese.' It was replied to, or, more properly speaking, it was supplemented, by a letter to the 'Guardian' called 'Position of the Bishop of the Diocese based upon some fresh Facts and Documents.' As this letter is evidence of Bishop Wilberforce's activity and power of work it is given :—

Two documents have fallen into my hands, one through the indiscretion of the Bishop's Registrar, the other through the carelessness of a North Bucks vicar. From these I gather a few fresh 'facts,' attending to illustrate the 'position of the Bishop of the diocese.' Yet really of such a very erratic individual it would be difficult to define the 'position.' He has none. The locus of such a body does not seem to have been the same for three hours together, for the last week, unless when his Lordship was a-bed ; if indeed he goes to bed, of which I have my doubts. From the documents referred to, I gather that on Sunday week the Bishop held a confirmation at Stony Stratford at 11, another at Calverton at 3, preaching at New Wolverton at 6.30. On Monday he confirmed at Beachhampton at 11, at Shenley at 3, and preached at Stony Stratford. On Tuesday and Wednesday he confirmed at Haversham, Hanslope, North Crawley, and Newport Pagnell, preaching in the evenings at Hanslope and Newport. Thursday he confirmed at Weston Underwood and Sherrington, preaching in the evening at Olney. Friday, confirmed at Great Wolston and North Wolverton, preaching at 7.30 at Buckingham. Saturday and Sunday appear to have been idle days, but from a private document I gather that from 11 to 12 his lordship being at Buckingham presided over a conference of his clergy, from 12 to 3.30 over a considerable synod of clergy and laity, from 3.30 to 6.30 he held a confirmation in the parish church, and from 6.30 till 7.30 delivered his Ordination Charge. Next morning from 10.30 till 3 he was engaged with his Ordination, at 4 he was at Lillingston Dayrell to confirm the children of two villages. Where shall we look on or off the Episcopal Bench for the like amount of ministerial exertion? For the Bishop's confirmation addresses are not mere mechanical performances. Those earnest addresses, those

stirring appeals call for and imply prolonged efforts of thought and attention. He has been, in a manner, performing three full services daily, for the last eight days! What amount of anxious correspondence, public and private, interviews with candidates for ordination, and all the rest of a Bishop's incidental duties, must not have been superadded to this.

The revulsion of feeling in respect of Bishop Wilberforce from distrust and dislike to loyalty and admiration was not confined to the limits of the Oxford diocese. The ovation accorded to him in the Sheldonian Theatre in Oxford was supplemented by one in the Senate House at Cambridge, where, on November 1, he, in company with Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Grey (the Governor of the Cape), and Mr. Walpole, received the honorary degree of LL.D. When the Public Orator introduced the Bishop's name, the audience, about 2,500 in number, cheered so long and so lustily that it was minutes before he could proceed. The Public Orator said, 'Chief among those present we have Samuel Wilberforce . . . . taking up as it were, by right of inheritance from his father, the pleading the cause of those who were in the slavery of ignorance.' Writing to his son in India the Bishop says:—

> It would have delighted your loving heart to hear how they cheered your father, showing how little the thinking and educated people care for the abuse people will get who do their duty. . . . I tell you this, God knows, not from any vanity about it, but because I am sure it will give you pleasure in your far-off banishment.

One more instance is recorded. During the height of the wave of obloquy occasioned by the Boyne Hill controversy, an indignation meeting was held at Brighton, at which strong expressions were used against the Bishop. On October 1, 1860, Bishop Wilberforce spoke at a meeting at Brighton, thus described by one who was present:—

> On Sunday night the Secretary of the S. P. G. was very unhappy, dreading the mob on the following morning. Our meeting was to be held at noon in the Town Hall. I tried to persuade my friend that it was not necessary to send for extra policemen to keep order. What happened? Long before twelve o'clock the Town

Hall was crammed to suffocation. The whole street leading to it was crowded with respectable people, hurraying and waving their handkerchiefs as the Bishop passed, and when he entered the room there was quite an ovation. He spoke with great energy, and the result was a collection of 250*l.*

To extract at any length from the Bishop's copying books would encumber this volume; suffice it to say that they contain numerous pastoral letters of reproof, counsel, and sympathy. These extracts will serve to give an idea of this mass of correspondence :—

You have not been used in Bucks to any Episcopal interference. You were the languid extremity of an overgrown diocese; and you acted as Presbyterian chiefs doing without a Bishop. Consequently every exercise of my office which in any way thwarts your independence seems to you needless and hostile.

Again :—

The exercise of any control is odious to those who have been used to none; and what can be so easy in the present day as to meet every exercise of the Bishop's oversight, though the mildest, with the cry that he is 'persecuting opinion?'

Again :—

The duty of censuring others is to me perhaps the heaviest part of the burden of the Episcopate, and this weight is greatly increased when the discharge of my duty endangers the loss of those whose friendship I highly value.

Again :—

I can assure you that I have neither desire nor design, nor ever had either, to exclude the 'Evangelical' clergy from my diocese; so far from it, I would incomparably rather see it filled with 'Evangelical' clergy really in earnest themselves in loving our Lord Jesus Christ and in winning souls to Him than in the hand of high and dry worldly-minded pastors of the most orthodox views. With all that is positive in the views of my Evangelical brethren I not only sympathise, but trust that I know their favourite truths as the life of my own soul. I only long to show them what they seem to me to leave out, namely, that full dispensation of the Spirit into which God's great mercy has brought us; and the true holding of which seems to me to give the only consistent ground for the full and free maintaining of Evangelical truth.

Again :—

Earnestly as I wish that one so devoted to the work of Christ as you are, did not hold what I deem to be extreme views and sanction matters of ritual which appear to me highly inexpedient, yet so long as they are within what I believe to be the generous latitude of thought and act allowed by the Church of England, I hold it to be my duty so far as I can to defend you in the exercise of your right of private judgment, even where it differs from mine.

With regard to this question of private judgment the Bishop writes of 'the inextinguishable duty' rather than 'the unlimited right.'

If the Bishop's office be of God, if the Ordination promise and institution mean anything, then such passages of God's Word as Heb. xiii. 17; Rom. xvi. 19; 1 Pet. ii. 13, 14, must apply to the connection between a Bishop and his clergy, and if so a clergyman must *sin* who opposes the Bishop publicly in the administration of his Diocese on any matter which is not so vital as to suspend for the time by a direct appeal from his conscience to God all lower obligations.

Many letters are of an entirely different type; witness the following extracts :—

Never think that you weary me with questions as to anything which can strengthen your hands or lighten your heart. . . .

I saw in your face to-day that you were not yet strong. Pray be careful. There may be evil days ahead and great work to be done by such as you. Already indeed your work is great. I trust that you are not overworking and under-feeding yourself this Lent. May God's blessing be upon you and your labours.

Again :—

Such earthly love as yours is a true reflection of His love Who hath loved us, and it is a great solace in a heavy time.

The following extract from a letter of Mr. Gordon shows how truly the Bishop's affection was reciprocated :—

Also came ——. He spoke about you with a warmth that did one's heart good, and was enough to make me love him forthwith. 'I pray for him night and morning,' quoth he, 'and would give every drop of blood in my body for him at any time.'

To another the Bishop writes :—

Your worn and anxious face as you sat before me in the Church quite haunts me. I suppose that you too, as I so often have, have great ebbings of spirit and great prostrations from close fitting troubles. Well, they are God's ministers to *us*, calling us not to rest in our outside work but to get inward. Inward to His Presence : close to the Cross under the Pressure and Moulding of the pierced hands. I have been praying for you that to-day may be a day of refreshing to you from the presence of the Lord.

CHAPTER XII.

(1858–1860.)

Oct. 8, *Brougham.*—Long talk with Lord Brougham in his room. Of Cornewall Lewis: 'he has the real love of truth which belongs to an historian. Now my friend Macaulay wants his facts for his writing. I think they can't make C. L. into a leader.' 'But cannot he speak as well as Althorp?' 'Oh, but he is very unlike Althorp—Althorp had such personal weight—and at the Reform Bill his readiness was wonderful; no objection could ever be raised without his having at once answers ready from every part of the Bill which bore on it. It was like touching a note of music, when every other note answers. I said we must have Jack Althorp in the Lords, for who else can fight the Reform Bill through all difficulties? But he would not hear of it. I have heard Pitt frequently. He was *very* great: not so persuasive as Fox. You never so much lost sight of the great artist. But wonderful—a power of endless speech—too much so with the same grandeur on every subject perhaps. One of the finest I ever heard was on the attack on Lord St. Vincent's administration of the Navy. Lord —— had said "we feel safe during this administration," and Sir W. Curtis had said "whilst the Navy is in the hands it now is the city is at rest and we can sleep soundly in our beds." We expected to hear more of all this, and when Pitt came forward, he said, "Confidence, sir, in some minds strikes its roots so deep that nothing can shake it. I have no doubt that if our great enemy had possession of Plymouth, if his ships commanded Portsmouth harbour, if they already held the mouth of the Thames, that some men would still feel quite safe if the navy were administered by the noble Lord, and that worthy Aldermen might even sleep more soundly than ever." Pitt was very great in sarcasm. Sheridan's best speech, I believe, was that

in which he attacked Pitt in 1805 for upsetting the Doctor.[1] Pitt's invective at Tierney when he joined the Doctor, "though I have not found him so formidable in defending, as I remember him in assailing, the noble Lord." I do not think very highly of Lord Derby as a speaker. You speak a great deal better than he does —though Derby is very good as a debater.' Lord Brougham very strong on the evil of the present dominance of the newspapers. Full of most careful preparation of himself for the coming Liverpool meeting—working on when we broke up at past 11 at night. 'I read your letter in "The Times" and thought it admirable; not one syllable to be changed; not one word too much or too little' (so said Pollock on Wednesday).

Oct. 13.—Much talk with Persigny and Sir James [Graham]. Persigny very strong for English alliance. The Emperor wishing to get rid of universal suffrage and to give liberty of debate, &c.; but 'how can he in the face of Legitimatists and Orleanists? he would lose the masses, his strength, and not gain the others. But *temps, temps, temps!* let these parties be dissolved by finding the security and peaceful possession of their own which the Empire secures, and the Emperor can and will give liberty.'

Oct. 14.—Off at 4.30 for Carlisle and by railroad to Haddo. Read a good deal and meditated. Newspapers again assailing,[2] insinuating that I had changed my ground. How sore is my spirit under these attacks on my honesty. Found peace at last looking to God. He allows it. To me it is His will. His Blessed Will. Most kindly received at Haddo by Lord Aberdeen.

Oct. 15. *Haddo.*—The day very wet. Walked for an hour and a half with Arthur in rain late in the afternoon. Wrote many letters. Walked in corridor with Lord Aberdeen. Much talk with him. More silent than two years ago, otherwise little altered. He repeated Lord Holland's declaration, of Lord Liverpool being the fairest debater, put, if possible, better than he had done his adversary's arguments. A man of a very fair mind. 'The Duke took strong likes and dislikes. I proposed once sending Haddington somewhere. "He—he is one of our greatest enemies!" He took likings to scamps, Brummel, &c. In all my intercourse with her, the Queen never but once was really sharp—when I had made the Bishop of Salisbury. She acquiesced at once, but wrote to me afterwards as if I had taken her in to make an extreme man.'

[1] Lord Sidmouth.

[2] As to the Boyne Hill case.

'Was it the Prince's influence?' 'Yes, in part, only in part. . . . John Russell couldn't wait even for me, and now these years have passed he must be very sharp-set. He said of the present Government about the Reform, What can we look for from the Jockey and the Jew? Argyll would rather see reform in John Russell's hands than Graham's. There is more regard, he says, to bunkum in Graham. Ellice said of Graham, the greatest of administrators, but he never makes a speech without making an enemy. People think the Queen altered in her dislike for Palmerston. Not a bit. She dislikes him as much as ever.'

Oct. 16.—Day again wet. I suffering a good deal from rheumatism and depression of spirits. Walked twice with Lord Aberdeen, he talked a good deal, reckoned that he had planted about 14 millions of trees in his time. Nothing when he came to it at Haddo but the limes and a few Scotch firs.—The climate evidently very unpropitious—yet P. Cephalonica grows well. 'Lord Liverpool was a very timid man: never sufficiently regarded—he carried the country through the most formidable war in which it was ever engaged. No use in having your general if Liverpool had not raised taxes. Castlereagh was a very bold man—not very scrupulous—I do not mean a positively dishonest man in anything, but, having great purposes, would not stick at the means of carrying them out.—George IV. was certainly a Sybarite, but his faults were exaggerated—he was *to the full* as true a man as his father.—He would embrace you—kiss you—seized on the Duke and kissed him. —He certainly could be the most polished of gentlemen: or the exact opposite. They said he was always partial to me, and when I was sent to him he asked, "What —— thing have I got to yield to now, that they have sent *you* to break it to me?" In 1828:—George IV. was indolent, but he always read important papers. Especially foreign affairs—he would not wade through long-winded colonial papers. But *that* is always the case—the foreign affairs are what interests them—they concern the family of Princes.—The English people care very little for foreign affairs and so much the better for us.—The Duke was at times in great alarm about invasion—but not so much because he thought that steamers, &c., had changed the character of warfare, but because we were unprepared. He wanted more men—more militia—more ships—harbours of refuge, as we call them: *i.e.* harbours of aggression and expensive fortifications.' 'Will Gladstone ever rise to the first place?' 'Yes—I have no doubt he will. But gradually, after an interval.

He must turn the hatred of many into affection first, and he *will* turn it if he has the opportunity given him. Gladstone has some faults to overcome. He is too obstinate—if a man could be too honest, I should say he is too honest. He does not enough think of what other men think. Does not enough, as his brother says, look out of the window.' 'Whom is he to head?' 'Oh! it is impossible to say! Time must show and new combinations. I told John Russell that what I wished to see was, him in the House of Lords at the head of the Government and Gladstone leading the Commons. J. Russell received it in silence but did not seem to me to reject it. He could *trust* Gladstone in such a post, which he could hardly any other man.—I think *most highly* of James Stephen. He is a very first-rate man and the most unpopular man in Europe. I do not quite know why. Perhaps something in his treatment of inferiors was the cause. I was never in that relation to him. I stood in the relation of an admiring Master. His Papers on the laws of the Colonies were admirable digests.'

Oct. 17.—I asked Lord Aberdeen: 'Do you believe a story Brougham told me, that the Duke meant, if the equestrian statue were taken down, to resign his commission, &c., and said "I fear I cannot the Peerage."' 'I do not believe that but it *might* be true. He felt wonderfully strongly about its being an indignity. Brougham won upon him by flattering him. I believe that I was accessory to the beginning of it. The Duke hated him. But I told him that Brougham had said of his despatches, "They will be read when we are forgotten." The Duke said, with the greatest simplicity, "By ——, so they will. *I* cannot think how the —— I came to write them."'

Oct. 21 (*Edinburgh*?).—Up, worn and harassed in body and mind—quieted as to last by daily service. To Durham and lunched at the Deanery—then to afternoon church and on by rail to Bishop Auckland Castle, where received most kindly. Dear Bishop Longley, surrounded by his family and happy in them.

October 23.—After breakfast to see the Lowmoor works. Very interesting. The accuracy needed in all. The beating out of the dross under the great hammer. How many strokes it takes to beat it out? Oh my heart does it not? Oh that it were beaten out. Poor . . . and his wife, their children dying of scarlet fever, seemed to me to be that beaten mass. May God give them the blessing and the comfort.

December 22.—To Lord Aberdeen's. He well, better I thought

than at Haddo. We talked politics; Lord Derby once said to Lord Clarendon, 'I cannot find the reformer, where is he?'

December 25.—Up betimes preparing sermon. On the Incarnation as a fact in time, the fulfilment of an idea eternally in the mind of God. Much interested in it. Tried, and I think not quite unsuccessfully, to make it clear to my uneducated audience.

And the next day, Sunday, the entry is, 'Carried on yesterday's sermon. Incarnation reaching on into eternity.'

December 31, *Lavington.*—Wrote all the morning with Archdeacon Randall. In the afternoon to service at Graffham. And so passes 1858, with its many mercies, and not a few sadnesses.

January 29, 1859.—With Lord John Russell *tête-à-tête* to Wellington College—he entertaining. 'At my Reform Bill, four prepared it, I, Lord Durham, Duncannon, and Althorp. Althorp had to explain it to Stanley; I to C. Wynn. I began and Wynn asked me all sorts of questions about Wales. I could not answer—he resigned—Lord Althorp sent for me over—I went—found Stanley going to do the same. Well, Althorp did not understand it, so I went through it, and he said, "It is a very large measure," and I feared, "but you are right."'

February 19.—Up—and office—and saw people. Then breakfast Grillion's. Saw Lord Aberdeen. Conversation. 'Gladstone I fear has injured himself. These seventeen resolutions are fanciful.[1] He will come back and battle it out, and speak as well as ever, but the effect will not be the same. It will be something like Brougham, who speaks as well as possible, but no one listens. I am very uneasy about it. Things look more like war every day. The Emperor cares nothing for public opinion in France. He has gone too far to get back. Cavour is at the bottom of it all. I hear that Lord John and Palmerston too have come together. They agree about Italy on Minto's plan. So there will be mischief there. The chances are all against Derby keeping in.'

April 9, *Prestwood.*—A very nice Confirmation: deeply moved thereat. All most kind, and Evett getting quietly a large influence. How changed from the desert I first visited here.

July 5.—To hear Lord Lyndhurst in House of Lords—grave and powerful on defence of nation. Government desperately alarming the country, and irritating France. How hard to hold any

[1] The Resolutions which Mr. Gladstone as High Commissioner submitted to the Ionian Parliament.

balance. I believe our danger from unpreparedness to be extreme. Yet we may precipitate it.

July 7.—Breakfast Gladstone, Comte de Paris, Strzlecki. Much talk about French. I maintained the Emperor meant only so far to humble Austria as to make her his ally in his ulterior objects, which were really directed against us. This Gladstone would not allow.

July 30.—Twickenham, where 'the World.' Much depressed by it. Such a sense of hollowness—untruth—mutual jealousies skimmed over by politeness. Walked round with Henleys, &c.; [there is] something reviving in his sterling rough honesty. But I craving after more communion with Christ. Many at dinner. I next to Mrs. Sidney Herbert, who is always pleasing. After dinner all went on to the D'Aumale's, but I finding that it was really a ball did not go.

January 9, 1860.—To Macaulay's funeral. Grand service; deeply impressive. The world's greatness and littleness. How nothing abides—but how he used those wonderful faculties. His purity, affection, and manifest increase of seriousness; attention to worship, &c.; *now* the things. D. Dundas movingly affectionate. Walked back with Lord Stanhope.

Writing the next day to Lord Aberdeen, the Bishop says: 'Yesterday's gathering in the Abbey was a very moving one; and not the least part of it to me was seeing gathered round that silent coffin so many who, at the Club, and at our Clubbish breakfasts, had been used to awaken those marvellous torrents of information.'

Convocation met on Tuesday, February 14, and sat until Saturday, the 18th. This was the longest session since its revival; and as the discussion of the 29th Canon in that Session led to the second great step in the revival of Convocation, it may be necessary to give some account of the part taken by the Bishop. Business was begun on the Tuesday, when the Bishop of Lincoln presented a petition for the repeal of the 29th Canon, which prohibited parents from becoming sponsors for their children. And he urged, as one of the reasons for the necessity of its repeal, that parents often took their children to be baptised by Wesleyan ministers, who require no sponsors. The debate

which followed turned on the point as to how far clergymen were bound to canonical, as apart from rubrical, obedience. Bishop Wilberforce, who summed up, having explained the difference, passed on to the broader question of the expediency of altering the Canons. He said:—

There remains the great inconvenience of a living active body, full of life in every pore, nerve, and fibre, as I thank God the Church of England is at this time; there remains the great question whether we can allow a body to go on with the Canons in the condition they now are. It is a grave matter of reproach to the Church of England, and if you feel with me you might with the utmost safety set about effecting a change. I have not the smallest doubt that if we were to meet together to consult under royal authority in the drawing up of a new code of Canons, that we should be able with the utmost readiness to draw up a practical set of Canons which would free the Church from the reproach to which I have alluded. I believe there is great evil done in the body physical in retaining a dead limb. If there be a dead part in the living body it is continually causing suffering, weakness, and sickness, and nature uses every effort to throw it off; it secretes, exudes, and exerts all its power to throw the dead matter off from itself, because the dead matter hinders in unseen ways the working of the body. And so it must be with the body spiritual. Our troubles, our difficulties, our want of unanimity in different parts, all may be traced to our having obsolete laws, which some people think are to be, some more, some less, enforced and observed; but which are in point of fact dead matter in the living body; and just in proportion to the increased life and action of the Church of England upon the masses of the heathen world generally, so in proportion the presence of this dead matter is felt and becomes a real injury. When the Church was asleep it mattered little, but she is now awake and really anxious to do her duty. . . . I believe, therefore, that the due and lawful alteration of our Canons and the obtaining of a set of living ones, would be one of the greatest boons that could be conferred upon the Church.

On Thursday, the 16th, the Bishop again introduced the subject by presenting a petition on behalf of the Bishop of Exeter; he then urged the Bishops to agree to an Address to the Crown. On the 17th, the Bishop of London having again

brought the subject forward, Bishop Wilberforce moved formally for an Address; the motion was seconded by the Bishop of St. David's, and carried unanimously after a short discussion. The following correspondence with Mr. Gladstone, who was at the time Chancellor of the Exchequer, illustrates the Bishop's attitude towards this question :—

Near Petworth, February 20, 1860.

My dear Gladstone,—Have you marked that both Houses of Convocation—the Upper with the Archbishop and three at least of Lord Palmerston's Bishops present, London, Gloucester, and Norwich—have *unanimously* addressed the Crown to grant us a licence to alter the 29th Canon? This is quite a new phase of things. 1. When we asked before, we were divided, and the Archbishop in a minority. 2. It was for an object doubtful in itself. 3. And very difficult to define as to the limits it might spread to. Here: 1. All agree. 2. The object is one as to which all are agreed, and as to which all clergy in large parishes *greatly* need immediate relief. 3. It is defined within the narrowest limits. Now 1. This is precisely the case which falls within the Royal pledge, the correlative of the clergy's submission, that the clergy shall from time to time have the Royal licence when they desire it. 2. Lord Palmerston is the minister above all others who on such a demand from the Archbishop, Bishop of London, &c., can safely grant it; and 3. It is only thus that he can resist Lord Ebury's really troublesome demands by legislation. I trust that *you* will see to the answer put into the Queen's mouth. *You* can estimate the injury it will be personally to you, if your political enemies can taunt us Churchmen with being no better off from having you in Palmerston's Ministry. If on the budget or anything else you have to dissolve soon, I feel convinced it would make *the* difference of a *contest* if not of your election whether your influence had been felt on these Church questions. I am, ever affectionately yours, S. Oxon.

February 23, 1860.

My dear Bishop of Oxford,—I was not aware of the proceeding in Convocation until I received your letter. I spoke to Lord Palmerston, and found he too knew nothing. But I begged to be heard upon it. At the same time I do not yet know what to say. For I have not been able to follow the proceedings, and am not aware of the intention. Any suggestion from you on a subject of

this kind will always have my ready attention, nor do I forget my duties to my constituents. But it is not the fear of a future contest or hope of avoiding one that sways me. Without having to complain, I am entirely weary and sick of the terms upon which I hold the seat, and upon which (evidently) alone it is possible for me to hold it; and I shall be glad when the day comes which may enable me to relieve my friends in the University from all the trouble I cause them.

February 24, 1860.

My dear Gladstone,—You did not quite understand one part of my letter. I did not mean that the prospect of a contest should influence you. I know you to be infinitely above such influence. I meant to suggest it as what would not occur to you, but which might most properly be suggested to Lord Palmerston and would be very likely to affect him. I quite understand your feeling about the seat, but I have a strong hope, if your influence is allowed to be seen in Church matters, that you will never have another contest. I may say that this is more than my hope, it is my full belief. Thank you for so kindly letting me lay before you anything on Church matters. I will try and state briefly as to this Convocation matter how things stand; in my judgment it is the very crisis of our usefulness. The reproach we labour under is doing nothing; you will remember pressing on me a year ago that we must go on to act, or become contemptible as mere talkers. Now the act for the submission of the clergy hinders our *acting* without the Queen's *licence*. Without it we can only 'confer.' We have once before applied, when Palmerston's Government was in office before, for a licence for a different matter. But the motion was carried by a narrow majority, the Archbishop, the Bishops of London and Winchester voting in the minority. No licence was sent us, and we were given to understand that it was withheld because it was not a general request. *Now* we have conferred long on this Canon, the 29th, which orders as to the two godfathers and one godmother, or *vice versâ* for females, that the natural parents should not act as such. We have had petitions from the clergy in all parts to alter this. It absolutely prevents the baptism of many children, drives many to Dissenters, and wounds many consciences. It can be altered only by Convocation repealing it and framing a new Canon for the Royal Assent. This is what we want to do. We have after full discussion and with the fully expressed consent of he Arch-

bishop, the Bishops of London, Lincoln, St. David's, Norwich, Gloucester, Llandaff, Chichester, &c., agreed *unanimously* to an Address to the Queen praying for her licence to make this Canon; which will then be submitted for her assent. That is all a Canon needs. There is no going to Parliament. The licence will be only for making this one Canon, so there can be under it no unknown evils. The Lower House of Convocation has unanimously agreed to our Address. Now to refuse this would be really unconstitutional in the highest degree. The clergy submitted to this limiting of their previous right to free discussions in the reign of Henry VIII. on the implied condition that they should receive this licence when they prayed for it. 'The King's Declaration,' Charles I.'s, reprinted and adopted by sovereign after sovereign, repeats the promise; the licence has never yet been refused when unanimously prayed for by the clergy. To refuse it now, would be to say either that we never should alter one of the present Canons of 1603, or that the attempt should be made to alter them in some illegal way. Now Lord Ebury and the Liberal party are all for our introducing these alterations, there would therefore be popularity in Lord Palmerston granting this Address; and there would be a great evil in such a prayer being for the first time refused. The Archbishop has the Address, and either has applied or will apply to the Home Secretary to know how her Majesty would wish it presented. If there is any point I have not made clear, will you write and ask? I am to be next week at a mission, at Castle Hill, Reading. I am ever, my dear Gladstone, affectionately yours, S. Oxon.

The diary entry which follows refers to the Royal Licence for the transaction of business :—

April 5.—Down to Windsor. Prince Alfred's Confirmation. Up to town with Ministers. Talk with Sir G. C. Lewis about Convocation. He for sending down the licence.

The assent of the Crown was signified in the House of Commons by the Home Secretary on May 25.

April 9.—With Lord Taunton. Story of the Irish member. 'Mr. Speaker, I come from a country where no one can speak the truth;'—(great laughter). 'I repate it: I come from,' &c.—(greater laughter). 'Oh, Sir! I persave. I should have said, I come from a country where no man *dare* spake the truth.' And thus he turned the House quite round with him.

April 28.—To Lavington. Planted *Pinus austriaca* on hill. To Burton Park to dinner—the Denmans'—who are the only people who are good without looking for any benefits from it. First nightingale on our common.

April 29 (Sunday).—Up early. Frost of two degrees last night. Walked half-way to Petworth, saw first swallows near the Coulter-shaw Mill, heard first cuckoo in woods at Burton Park. Preached at Petworth on 'whose own the sheep are not,' then to Burton and in the afternoon to Duncton, where preached on 'quicken me for Thy name's sake.' To Lavington, and back to Burton to dinner.

May 8.—To Oxford for Diocesan meetings. Then laid first stone of St. Giles'. Up and to House with J. Goring; debate on Ebury's address. He spoke *miserably*. Archbishop of Canterbury well. Bishop of London fluently, but not eloquently. I spoke—they all said best I had ever spoken. Very full. Dear good Bishop of Chichester most kind.

May 12.—Off by train for London. At Reading saw that York is offered to Longley. A good appointment.

May 20 (Sunday).—Up in good time and prepared sermon on 'All are yours.' Preached at St. James's, great crowd; collected 176*l*. Then back to my rooms and finished (Darwin review).[1] Walked across the Park with Gladstone, he rather subdued; he said, 'If the next twenty years alter as much the position of those who govern England, &c.'

August 22 (Isle of Wight).—Colonel Harcourt drove me to Ryde, and on to ——. Stood on seashore for hours watching the surf as I did when I was a boy, and thought I should meet Emily round every corner. My soul full of 1841; Oh what a deluge of sorrow was in that wave. My own, my lost one, my soul! Dearest one! I could have wept tears of blood. I could not help calling out aloud to her to come to me.

How fresh and enduring was the Bishop's recollection of his great sorrow, and how it enabled him to minister the truest consolation to others, will appear from the subjoined letters:—

February, 1861.[2]

My dear ——,—I have just seen in the cold dry paper the news of your great loss. My whole heart bleeds for you. I know what a clouding over it is of a life. What an unlooked for—what

[1] For the *Quarterly Review*.

[2] Written to a lady on hearing of the death of her husband.

an irreparable loss. I know it *all*. I have been through it all. I never had but one bright gay vision before my own eyes from the time I was 16—the fulfilment of my hope was my daily prayer for 7 years. It was granted me. And it was brighter than even Hope had painted it. And it was taken away again. So that I *can* feel for you. And yet I say, 'Fear not, neither be dismayed.' It is thus that the God of Love perfects His chosen ones—Sometimes, because as in my case, there is so much dross to burn out. Sometimes, as I believe it is in yours, because He sees they are capable of being lifted up so high—He puts them into the very hottest furnace heat, but ever more with such, if they will seek it, is the presence of the fourth form, 'like unto the Son of God,' and no hair of their head is hurt, nor does the smell of fire pass upon them.

My dear friend, there is a tenderness, a compassion, a sympathy in Christ for laden bleeding hearts like yours, which no love of man or even woman can even faintly represent—And if you will trust it and lean on it and call for it, you shall know it, and in that light, even the desolate wilderness of life, into which your breaking heart is taking you, shall blossom as the rose. After all, life is very short and Eternity our true being,—where reunion shall be eternal. And you may think of him as safe—no more risk—no more rough winds —no more pain—Safe for ever, and for ever *yours*. Believe me that I will do my best to pray for you—that He who only can, may be your sufficient Comforter—I am ever yours very affectionately,

S. Oxon.

The next letter was to the same person, and was in answer to some questions as to the communication permitted with those who had departed from this world, and also how far earthly relationships would be recognised in the Heavenly State.

March 17, 1861.

My dear——,—When can I better answer your letter than on this day, on which, 20 years ago, I laid in our green Churchyard at Lavington, with a broken heart, the beautiful form of the desire of my eyes? Yes, that lonesomeness is the great trial—Still, in the long wakeful nights—I have been unable to help praying with all my might to see in vision, or in some permitted way, but one sight of that countenance and hear one sound of that voice, which to me would make life again populous.

I will try to answer your questions; there is as to the first only

one caution to give, it is, and is meant to be, a new incentive to us, to grow fit for Heaven and for the companionship of the Saints and of our sainted ones—only we must never indulge it in separation from the thoughts of the King of Saints—our own Lord and Redeemer and the Redeemer of our dear ones too. When we thus associate the two together, the earthly love becomes the trellice, up which the Heavenly love creeps and the two are blended and the amaranthine clusters clothe the earthly framework.

As to your second question, I cannot doubt that there will be in the future world, some glorified and exalted counterpart of every earthly relation, for nothing which is real dies in God's world but to experience a better resurrection. When God has knit together two in one, when the great mystery of Christian marriage has united two into one, in all the fulness of its Christian meaning, when there has been union in prayer and aspirations and worship and service, I do not doubt for one moment that there will be a golden counterpart of all this in that world, and in whatever way it may be accomplished and under whatever names designated, that there shall be *there*, a special unity between those who have been below so one in Christ. This seems clear to me, from Our Lord's promise to Martha of Bethany, 'Thy brother shall rise again.' It was not Lazarus who should rise, but '*her* brother.' And Our Lord could not mock the expectation which He raised—and yet—this He would have done, if he was not to rise again as *her* brother. This implies an answer to your next question. No doubt the personal identity will be preserved, and the resurrection body of the risen Saint will be his own body glorified and not the body of another.

There is more difficulty in answering your next question, as to the disembodied spirit, because so little is revealed; the purposes of this concealment seem to be evident. It is to help us to hold our beloved ones through Christ, with whom they are in Paradise; I think it is left quite free to us to believe, that *they* see us, that they are so possessed with *seeing* that Christ is upholding us, that they can be at peace, even in our trials and our dangers, through seeing the strength of that golden chain of love which binds us to Him. I often and often believe in their presence, oversight, and real (though suspended as far as perception goes) ministry of love for us, but I do not think we can say we *know* anything on this subject; we may let our mind range on freely here, only, *in the Lord* we are surest of drawing near to them, when we draw nearest to Him—specially

at Holy Communion, it always seems to me, we are very close together, for that brings Him, with His Saints, so nigh to us.

I have no doubt that Heaven will be all that we can conceive of a most beautiful Earth and as infinitely more, as God's power of providing for our happiness is greater than our conception of what would make for our happiness. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, what God has provided for those that love Him.' I have no doubt that every talent used here for His glory, will have its ten talent gift added There. Doubtless the time does not seem so long to THEM. How can it? when they are with Christ, but *the* secret is: not to look on, not to think *how* long—do not trust yourself to do it. Rest in the Lord—and be doing good. Take any useful employment for others, that presents itself naturally to you. Believe in—and try to realise—the love of Christ: when 'Jesus wept' it was as much for you and me, as for those present mourners. He heard the long sob, which should last on till the last enemy should be destroyed. He loves you—feels for you—weeps with you—lets you rest your aching heart on Him—and this will, little by little, minister to you an unspeakable comfort, and, what you will value more, it will turn your grief into a Heavenward ladder up which you will mount to Him. I pray daily for you, and am yours affectionately,

S. Oxon.

From June 27 to July 3 the British Association was at Oxford: it is much to be regretted that the reports of the debates are of the most meagre description. From those which exist, it is to be gathered that the Bishop on two occasions took part in the discussions. First in the Geographical Section, when, after the reading of some of Dr. Livingstone's recent letters, Mr. Craufurd, the President of the Ethnological Society, argued against the scheme of extending commerce and Christianity in Central Africa, on the ground of the great difficulties that had to be overcome and of the incapacity of the natives to receive such benefits. The Bishop spoke against these inferences, and, when supporting an opposite view, carried his audience by the force of argument. Secondly, in the Zoology and Botany Section, where a discussion took place on the soundness or unsoundness of the Darwinian theory. The Bishop, who, as a diary entry shows,[1] had just

[1] P. 244.

reviewed Mr. Darwin's work 'On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection,' made a long and eloquent speech condemning Mr. Darwin's theory as unphilosophical and as founded on fancy, and he denied that any one instance had been produced by Mr. Darwin which showed that the alleged change from one species to another had ever taken place. In the course of this speech, which made a great impression, the Bishop said, that whatever certain people might believe, he would not look at the monkeys in the Zoological as connected with his ancestors, a remark which drew from Professor Huxley, who attended the meeting as the champion of Darwinianism, the retort, 'If I had to choose between being descended from an ape, or from a man who would use his great powers of rhetoric to crush an argument, I should prefer the former.'[1]

On December 14, the Bishop, who was returning from the West of England, where he had been engaged in advocating the claims of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and had been laid up with a severe cold affecting throat and chest thus writes to Mr. Gordon :—

December 14, 1860.

My dearest Arthur,—I am longing to hear from you. My attack has proved so severe that the physician here (Bath) has kept me a close prisoner, and not being able to go to Wilton, I have of course missed my letters, which have gone there. This morning I am sent home to Cuddesdon, done up with respirator, &c. I have just got 'The Times' and read its announcement.[2] Dearest Arthur, may God comfort you and order your steps. If ever the blessing of the first commandment with promise were sure to fall on any, it is on you—your long attendance and care, the watchfulness and affection and devotion of a life you have been permitted to render. I can well understand the blank of these inactive hours which must follow upon such a watching.

And he is at rest! That just, upright, chastened, courteous spirit; that clear perception and firm hold of truth; that compre-

[1] The words now quoted were supplied by one who was present at the meeting, and who wrote them down at the time. It will be observed that they differ from the words ascribed to Professor Huxley in vol. ii. *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, p. 451, which were given from the *memory* of one who was present.—ED.

[2] The death of Lord Aberdeen.

hensive, calm retrospect, ennobling all his conversation—I shall hear it no more. How does my mind now rest and delight itself on the words of humble self-distrusting faith, which he spoke to me when he did open his heart, and how grieved I am that I could not be with you in these last hours, which I have spent in feverish suffering. Well it is all ordered for us. Write to me when you can, my dearest Arthur, and ever believe me to be more than ever now your most affectionate S. Oxon.

Lord Aberdeen's funeral was fixed for Friday, December 21, and in accordance with one of his last wishes, 'that the Bishop should read the service,' the Bishop, though still suffering severely from illness, went from the midst of an Ordination examination to Stanmore, near Harrow, to perform the last service he could render to his friend. On the 19th, he writes to Mr. Gordon :—

If it please God I will be with you. My cold is still trying but better, and I trust now that every hour will mend it. I shall indeed rejoice to mingle my tears and my rejoicings (for both it must be when the haven has been won after such a life) with yours. I more and more *feel* what the loss is. The last link of such a chain holding us to Pitt and the old giants, and such an example of unselfish greatness of character. The greatness of power mingled with simplicity—*the* elements of all greatness.

The diary entry which follows, and the letter to Lord R. Cavendish, describe the funeral.

December 21.—Off at 8.15 in order to attend Lord Aberdeen's funeral. Very cold. A wonderfully striking sight. England's Premier—vanity of vanities !—Graham's tall kingly figure and bald head in the falling snow—Dear Arthur—Gladstone, with his face *speaking*—Newcastle—the light *within* the vault, a most impressive sight, engraven in my memory for ever.

The Bishop of Oxford to Lord R. Cavendish.

Cuddesdon, Jan. 2, 1861.

My dear Cavendish,—Many thanks for your very kind letter of the 14th, which I was prevented from answering sooner by a very unusual press of business. Now I must say to you, my very dear friend, how earnestly I desire for you every happiness in the new year. Lord Aberdeen's funeral was most *striking*. The vault was in

an old ivy-grown corner of the *old* church, now demolished, just under the old tower. The heavy tread of the bearers crushed the snow, the great flakes falling heavily through the whole service; the form, in particular, amongst the pall-bearers of Sir J. Graham, with his massive figure and large bald head, bare, with the snow falling on it. Gladstone's countenance. A. G.'s sorrow, the light *from within* the vault. A. Gordon has spent one evening here. He is just going to Egypt to his brother on family business, and this, happily for him, makes a present occupation of thought. I hope the Duke of Newcastle *will* give him a foreign governorship, as this is now more than ever desirable for him. I have got Reginald back invalided from India, very tolerably restored by the journey, D.G., and now we are all together except Ernest, who is on a visit to the Andersons, but whom we expect home next week. I am getting all right; dear Mrs. Sargent feels this cold weather. I fear we have no chance of a visit from you? I should so like it. I am, your very affectionate S. Oxon.

CHAPTER XIII.

(1861—1862.)

In the autumn of 1860, the now almost forgotten, but then notorious book, called 'Essays and Reviews,' was published. The outcry occasioned by it materially altered for a time the relations of the High and Low Church parties, and also modified the hostility with which the latter party had lately regarded the Bishop.[1] It seems almost needless to state that the extreme partisans underwent no change in their opinions. But nevertheless the Low Church party generally did turn to the Bishop as their champion against this newly-developed danger. The 'Quarterly Review' of January 1861 contained an article on 'Essays and Reviews,' which is now known to have been written by the Bishop; that article was so widely read that the number of the 'Quarterly' which contained it went through five editions. Before the 'Quarterly' appeared, an agitation had commenced against the book, which took the form of addresses to the Episcopate, inquiring what steps they as Bishops were going to take.

Both the Archbishops, and seventeen of the Bishops, met at Fulham on February 1 to consider the answer to these addresses, and on February 2 Bishop Wilberforce, at the entreaty of all the Bishops, drew up the answer, which they all adopted. A second meeting of the Bishops took place on March 13, when the question was raised as to whether the

[1] Writing in 1862, Dr. McNeile says: 'In our conflict with infidelity he (the Bishop) is our invaluable champion.'

Bishops collectively should prosecute the writers, or whether such prosecution should be left to individual Bishops. After discussion the latter course was adopted; several of the Bishops who had voted in the majority offered to share the legal expenses which would fall upon the Bishop of Salisbury. He, however, declined the proffered assistance. Bishop Wilberforce then proposed that the Bishops collectively should take synodical action against the book; this question having been put to the vote was carried, nine voting for, five against it.

The answer to the addresses was considered by a high authority, Vice-Chancellor Wood, afterwards Lord Hatherley, to be a sentence of censure and condemnation, and that the sentence must be regarded as published. In the meantime the Bishop of Salisbury began proceedings against Mr. Rowland Williams,[1] and this step prevented the Bishops for a time from obtaining a synodical condemnation of the book, owing to the apprehension that, if the book were condemned, Mr. Rowland Williams's essay could not be passed over, and therefore the Bishops would seem to be interfering with a matter before the Courts; and also because the Archbishop and Bishop of London sat as judges on the Judicial Committee. A long letter to the Bishop of Llandaff, published in the full edition of the Life, shows how Bishop Wilberforce treated the objection of apparent interference with judicial proceedings. He thought that the Bishops ought to help to *define* the law which the lawyers would have to *administer*.[2]

It was not, however, until 1864 that the Judicial Committee delivered its judgment, acquitting the two defendants, the proceedings against whom were of a criminal character; doubtless it was because the proceedings against Messrs. Williams and Wilson were of this character, that the Court opened to them every technical door of escape.

[1] One of the writers.

[2] Lord Westbury, in delivering the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, supported the view taken by the Bishop, and declared that their judgment was not on the book, but on the men. It will of course be remembered that there were seven essayists, a number which gave rise to a saying at the time ἑπτὰ ἐπὶ Χριστόν.

Bishop Wilberforce now determined to revive the question of the synodical condemnation of the book, not with a view of attempting to reverse the judgment of the Privy Council, and so further unsettle men's minds by causing them to think that the Church was in direct hostility to the law, but because a synodical condemnation of the whole book would run *pari passu* with the sentence of the Privy Council, because that judgment was limited to two points only, whereas the Church might condemn the whole book, and at the same time agree with the Privy Council that on the two points Messrs. Williams and Wilson were not criminally guilty.

Bishop Wilberforce accordingly brought the matter before the Upper House of Convocation; a vote was taken, and the Bishop's resolution was adopted by the casting vote of the Archbishop of Canterbury. A committee, consisting of the Archbishop and all the Bishops, was appointed, and on June 21 the report was presented, declaring that the book merited the condemnation of the Synod. The decision thus arrived at, besides its moral value as a vindication of Divine Truth, had other important bearings. For the first time since 1711 the Church of England had pronounced synodically upon a question of Doctrine. The silence of 150 years had been broken, and she had again asserted her position as having authority in controversies of faith. With regard to Bishop Wilberforce, the firmness and skill which he had manifested throughout these discussions may be said to have finally established his supremacy both in Convocation and in the Church at large.

January 28.—After luncheon, rode with Carlyle to Cheriton on the way to the Beacon. Carlyle against the essayists on dishonesty ground and atheistic.

The following incident, illustrative of the Bishop's tact and courage, occurred during the annual Confirmation tour in the spring of this year; it is communicated to the author by a clergyman who was present, and is given in his own words. He heads it:—

Bishop Wilberforce and the Roughs of —— ——.

A Cemetery was to be opened and the Church portion consecrated. Many of us, Clergy of the neighbourhood, met the Bishop at the Squire's house, and, having robed, proceeded with his Lordship through the park into the lane which leads along the outskirts of the town to the Cemetery. It was at this point that we found a crowd of persons apparently disposed for a disturbance and to obstruct our way. It was a critical moment; but with wonderful presence of mind the Bishop saw the thing to do, and did it. He strode out from the midst of us, and, taking off his college cap, spoke thus to the mob:—'Gentlemen of ——, the superintendent of police called on me last night, and, stating that he thought our proceedings of to-day might possibly be interrupted and our procession attacked, asked me if he had better not provide an extra number of constables for the occasion. I replied, "I am much obliged, Mr. Superintendent, for your kind consideration, but I feel sure that I shall find on my road to the ground very many of the townspeople who will be ready to act for me, if necessary, as my body-guard, and preserve the peace." I see, gentlemen, I was not mistaken, and accordingly it is with every confidence that I now commend myself and this my following to your guidance and respect.' Never was a party of roughs more thoroughly surprised into good behaviour, or wolves converted as suddenly into lambs—at least, for one day.

In April the Bishop was in Lincolnshire, and while there preached in Southwell Minster. On coming out of the pulpit his hand was seized by a man, who, after thanking him for the sermon, said, 'Now, my Lord, I am the representative of 2,000 working men at Derby, and I am deputed by them to ask your Lordship to come and preach to us.' The Bishop: 'What do you want me to preach to you about?' The answer: 'Religion, my Lord.' The Bishop then assured him that he would try to comply with this request, and would write and let him know. On October 19 the diary records that he preached at Derby to

2,000 workmen of the Midland Railway Company, 'they intensely attentive.'

The Bishop was summoned home on June 3 by a telegram informing him that Mrs. Sargent, who had been in failing health for some time, was much worse. From that day to July 6, when the end came, the Bishop was, with but rare absences, at Cuddesdon. June 11, his wedding-day, has this touching entry:—

My wedding-day. Ah! how changed, O my God, from the great feast of the year! Talking with beloved Mrs. Sargent of the wedding—as a dream when one awaketh. Oh, if I had her, but to show her how much happier I could make her than with all my love I did.

July 6.—Cuddesdon. With dearest Mrs. Sargent before breakfast: she held my hand lovingly. Then off for Reading Church stone-laying. Then luncheon in tent: all going well. To Oxford, and rode out. Henry and Ernest riding with me. Near the College met Reginald, who pointed out to us the tolling bell. At 6.30 the beloved one had literally *ceased* to breathe—no struggle, no strife. One of her last words was, 'There is a glad sound of victory in Heaven.' All together all the evening.

And on July 31, the first *home*-coming after the funeral is thus recorded: 'Then to Cuddesdon: how solemn and awful in its loneliness!' A letter to Mr. Gladstone describes how deeply the Bishop felt Mrs. Sargent's loss:—

. . . . You will probably have heard of the great sorrow which has come upon us in the loss of our dearest Mrs. Sargent. She was still so young, so entirely sympathising, so able to enter into everything—of heart, of mind, of intellect, of soul—that the contrast I look forward to in my lonely house is what could scarcely be believed. But she is at rest, and the last weeks have been a long and sore struggle.

We lay her remains to-morrow by her husband's and her children's, moving once again that sacred ground, of which the stirring is as if men ploughed into my heart. But forgive me all this egotism. I wanted to talk to you about Oxford; is it too late? . . . If it is not too late, when may I see you?

It will be remembered that for four years after 1861 Mr.

Gladstone continued to sit for the University of Oxford; the question of his retirement, however, was, it appears, already mooted, and the letters which advert to this matter touch incidentally on subjects of a very different character, but deeply affecting both the Bishop and his correspondent, the fatal illness of Lord Herbert of Lea, and the death of Sir James Graham.

Cuddesdon, April 8, 1861.

My dear Gladstone, . . . As I know not your mind, nor whether you wish for opinions, I give none on the great question of your seat. Only let me say: 1. That if I can be of any use, you know how freely you may command me; 2. That I can hardly bear the thought of the degradation to us of your ceasing to be our member. I am ever affectionately yours, S. Oxon.

Mr. Gladstone to the Bishop of Oxford.

11 Downing Street, July 11, 1861.

My dear Bishop of Oxford,—On the question of the seat, obliged as I am to write in haste, I cannot do better than send you a copy of a letter which I have just addressed to the Rector of Exeter.[1]

To-morrow Palmer's prospects are to be considered. I think, so far as my personal feelings are concerned, that they may not be good enough to justify my taking the South Lancashire seat.

We feel very deeply with you under the laceration of spirit which Mrs. Sargent's death must have brought upon you. However bright her lot may be, you, with your immense labours, and the cravings of your mind and heart, must sorely indeed feel the privation, only we trust that in this also your Master will be enough for you.

There are many sad things around us (while in our home, thank God, all is bright). I look upon Herbert's case with the deepest gloom. It is my painful fear that his life is ebbing, that the right and sufficient means have not been and are not taken, that the necessity for husbanding resources is overpowering, and the stock now very narrow. Ever, but in haste, yours affectionately,

W. E. Gladstone.

The Bishop of Oxford to Mr. Gladstone.

Bishopthorpe Palace, October 29, 1861.

My dear Gladstone,—I cannot help expressing to you my deep

[1] In this letter Mr. Gladstone said, 'To quit Oxford under any circumstances would be to me a most sad, even if it ever become a prudent and even a necessary measure.'

sorrow at the death of Sir James Graham. I had always clung to the hope that he had taken too gloomy a view of his own symptoms, and that he might be spared to us yet awhile to keep up the tradition of those great men of that generation which is passing so speedily away. Then it seems to leave *you* so bare; and I know how much, from your long partnership in office, and in opposition with him, you will feel it. . . . Believe me to be affectionately yours,

S. Oxon.

Mr. Gladstone to the Bishop of Oxford.

Hawarden, October 31, 1861.

My dear Bishop,—I heartily thank you for your sympathising words, and your estimate of the loss of Sir J. Graham. The world, which is not usually unkind, mistook him; and perhaps it was no wonder. But I much feel his removal, quite apart from the immense value which I attached to his administrative knowledge and authority. The last twelve months have taken away my three closest political associates,[1] and I am bare indeed; and yet, apart from the personal sense of loss, those events are not wholly unwelcome which remind me that my own public life is now in its thirtieth year, and ought not to last very many years longer. . . . I remain affectionately yours, W. E. Gladstone.

On August 8 the Bishop left England for a tour in Ireland; of this tour the diary preserves some interesting records:—

August 11. Mount Stewart. Up betimes. Prepared sermon and preached in morning at Newtownards. A good and attentive congregation. A Scotch look about all. No clerk. Went on to Clandeboye, where Dufferin, Lady Dufferin, and Emerson Tennant were. Yesterday and to-day much talk with Londonderry. Preached in afternoon in Lady Londonderry's chapel, on Gehazi. Talk with Mr. —— ; he said that the Orangemen used to be loyal, but having admitted Presbyterians amongst them, the bitter, levelling spirit of Presbyterianism has spread amongst them, and they are now all disloyal. Lord Dufferin assents as to their feelings, but says they have so strong a conviction that they can only stand against Papists by English alliance, that they will always adhere readily to it. He says the Presbyterians get their best men to such a place as Belfast—McCosh, Cooke, &c.—and that the Church is very poorly represented. A Bishop at once able, educated, and

[1] Lord Aberdeen, Lord Herbert, Sir J. Graham.

religious, might do anything—nowhere power of preaching would go further. The people so intelligent, and yet impressible. His own pastor at Bangor good and kind amongst the poor, but so weak—a Binney and a blue nose—strange standard of Churchmanship. Good Lord Roden always at war with his clergyman, has fitted up a chapel, and preaches himself; spoke of giving up his pulpit to some one. Such is the feeling of these Presbyterians as to painted glass that a memorial window being put up to the late Bishop Mant at Downpatrick, the Orangemen brought out a piece of ordnance and shivered it with shots.

W. de Vere said that there *were* devout and holy priests. He admitted the priests *dare* not press the Ribbon question in Confession. The people would say it is *not* a sin, and the priests would have to yield.

August 28.—Talk yesterday with Mr. Cunningham, an intelligent and—for a Roman—a fair man. He spoke highly of Mr. D'Arcy. Sure his motives were good, but there were very few adult converts sincere. At the time of the famine things had got into a dreadful state—the landlords neglected their tenants, the priests thought nothing of their duties. The famine 'just caught them.' Things were much better now. At that time the people were greatly alienated from their priests by their neglect; they were touched with the liberality and kindness of the Protestants; they had no schools, and so sent their children to the Protestant schools. He admitted that very many of those trained in the schools were genuine converts. Now the national schools supplied what the people wanted, and they would not send their children from them to the 'Jumper'[1] schools except for what they could get by doing so. I asked if the priests now really preached to the people about their souls. He said the younger did: the young curate of Kylemore, an excellent young man, full of zeal, and preaching with all his heart to the people. Not the old ones. The last St. Patrick's day one of the old sort, who was celebrating, when he came to the place for the sermon, turned round as if he was going to preach to the people. They were so surprised that they crowded up towards the altar 'to hear Father Joseph.' 'Well, now, sure it isn't Father Joseph that's going to preach to us!' So they gathered all round, and the old man saw that he was in for it and could not escape from preaching. So he stood swinging himself backwards and forwards and began: 'My brethren—this is St. Patrick's day—St. Patrick was

[1] 'Jumpers,' *i.e.* those who had jumped from Romanism to Protestantism.

a great saint. St. Patrick lived 200 years, and then he died, and may God have mercy on his soul!'—and thereupon he stopped. He said McHale had sent down a drunken priest into the next parish: no one could conceive why they had chosen such a man, and to be near the Jumpers too! The besetting sin of the priests here is drink. They are generally low fellows. The horse-whipping by the priests going out; but about a fortnight ago at Lord Plunket's the priest horse-whipped a man for telling his child to go to the Protestant school. The man only said, 'You have taken a dale of the blue mould out of me, your Riverence, by the flogging.' Cunningham said the great objection to the schools is that they will use the Authorised Version in them, which the Roman Catholics do not believe to be an accurate version of the Bible.

The Bishop notes a specimen of the sharpness of an Irish carman. He said:

The carman 'believed that all the Jumper converts were bought.' The Bishop: 'Did they try to convert others? Had they tried to convert him?' 'Yes.' 'Did that look like being bought or being convinced?' 'Bought, likely enough. People always want companions; if so much as a horse broke into an oat-field, he always wanted another beside him,' &c. &c.

On the 31st the Bishop returned to Dublin, where he was the guest of Lord Carlisle at the Viceregal Lodge. The diary of September 3 records:

Luncheon with the Archbishop (Whately). He said, 'Best to be blind when young and deaf when old.'

The following, condensed from the diary, affords additional proof of the incessant toil of the Bishop, and the way he moved from place to place:—

October 16th he started from London for Wolverton; on the 17th, preached at Wolverton; and on the 18th after preaching and school-opening, went on to Rugby. Next morning he was at Derby, where he preached to 2,000 workmen of the Midland Railway Company;[1] then back to Tamworth and out to Ingestre with Lord Shrewsbury. The 20th, 'prepared sermon for Lichfield' in the morning; in the afternoon, drove to Colwich, and preached. The 21st, the Bishop of Lichfield came to breakfast, and together

[1] This is the sermon referred to on pp. 254–55.

they went to Kingcote, where the church was consecrated and the Bishop preached. Then off to Lichfield. The 22nd, 'Up early and finished sermon. Cathedral excellent, services striking. At afternoon service I preached; a good deal tired with the effort; vast numbers.' The 23rd: 'After breakfast and service in the cathedral, off with Bishop of Lichfield to Derby. S. P. G. meeting, full, &c.' 24th: 'Early breakfast, and in with Lord Vernon, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lichfield, &c. &c., to Derby. Preached. Large congregation and collection.' On the 25th the Bishop went to an S. P. G. Meeting. The 26th: 'After breakfast, wrote. Then off for York. Very tired at night. Reading and thinking about Oxford sermon.' 27th: (Sunday) 'In, after breakfast, to York. Preached at Minster. Very large congregation. Largest collection they had ever had: about 78*l.*, for S. P. G. Back to Bishopthorpe; sleepy *adieu* at afternoon service; must eat no luncheon on Sunday. Walked with Archbishop five miles. Much talk on Convocation. Letters, and read.' The next day: 'Up in good time. Wrote a little. With Archbishop of York for S. P. G.; a good meeting, and I helped, D. G. Walked out home with the Archbishop.' 29th: 'Wrote a good deal of sermon for Oxford. Rode with the Archbishop in the afternoon.' 30th: 'In to York for Wilberforce Blind, after early work at sermon; a capital meeting and I helped again, D. G. Afterwards to luncheon at Deanery and to Minster.'

The late Canon Trevor supplements this meagre account by a letter:—

In the evening you might have walked on the people's heads in my church, at a sermon for the Wilberforce Blind School, and next day he was dining with our Poor Clothing Club, helping the old women, changing their plates, and telling stories till all were in a broad grin, which changed to floods of tears when he got up and, after a few touching words, gave them his blessing and left.

On December 14 the Prince Consort died, and on the following day the Bishop, speaking at Reading, thus referred to it:—

And now he wanted every one of them there present to join him in a prayer—not a mere formal cold prayer—during these weeks of sorrow, for God to remember our beloved Queen. Oh! let them remember that in such a trial as this, instead of her exalted rank taking from the sting of widowhood, it only added to it; that the weight of her crowned authority, so much supported by the loving

hand wrenched from her, must needs press upon that true womanly heart with an almost intolerable weight. Let their prayers for her be real, and let not the reality of those prayers be made weak and powerless by their encouraging in their heart the policy of selfishness or the miserable pettiness of suspicion.

There is much evidence of the deep feeling with which the Bishop took part in the funeral of the Prince Consort:—

December 23.—Off with the Dean for Windsor. The funeral most moving; many honest old politicians in tears as it proceeded. Those two princes at their father's feet. His power for good gone.

The Bishop of Oxford to the Hon. A. Gordon.

December 26, 1861.

My dearest Arthur,—How indelible are some dints in memory! Ever since we spent that happy Sunday together here, I have come so greatly to associate your memory with the spot, that all we saw, felt, and spoke of together comes fresh before my mind on every return here. What a blow this last has been! All my old affection for him has revived over his tomb—and for our poor Queen. I can hardly think without tears what it is to her. So irreparable, and she so certain to be continually, by all her duties and acts, brought full face to face again and again daily with her grief and loss. The funeral was most deeply affecting: you saw old, dry, political eyes, which seemed as if they had long forgotten how to weep, gradually melting and running down in large drops of sympathy. The two Princes and the brother, and the son-in-law intended, were all deeply moved. It is wonderful how the accidents of the death have done what life and all his service in it never in the least effected, for the deep sorrow and the universal popularity are really astonishing. What spoils has death carried off from us in these few months—your father, Herbert, Graham, the Prince—and how bare does it leave the Queen, really no one on whom she can thoroughly lean. If your dear father had been left she would have had a true friend and would have known that she had.

The late Bishop Woodford thus wrote to the editor his recollection of the sadness at Cuddesdon caused by the Prince's death:—

I remember as though it were yesterday the ordination of Advent, 1861,—how the whole Ember week at Cuddesdon, usually

so bright notwithstanding the work, was darkened by the shadow of the Prince Consort's death. The Bishop seemed unable to tear himself away from the thought of Windsor and the scenes which were passing there, and I was particularly struck with the personal affection which he manifested for the Queen and the consequently 'home' character of his sympathy with her, less as a sovereign than as a wife. I was to preach the Ordination sermon, and he was specially anxious that the subject should not go unmentioned, however difficult it might be to weave it into an address to the candidates. Trench[1] was at Cuddesdon as an examining chaplain, and was absorbed with the sermon which he had to prepare for Westminster Abbey on the coming Sunday. We drove into Oxford late on Saturday night, reaching Christ Church about midnight, and I can still hear, as it were, the Bishop's sad voice in the dark carriage recalling his early remembrances of the Prince in the first days of the Royal marriage. It was then, too (I think), that he mentioned the last conversation which the Prince had held with him. The Bishop had been preaching in the private chapel at Windsor upon the subject of our Lord's intercession in heaven, His presenting the prayers of His people to the Father, and enforcing them by the presence of His human body still bearing the mark of the wounds of His Passion. The Prince had sent a message inviting the Bishop to walk with him in the afternoon, and turned the conversation to the sermon of the morning, saying that it had suggested to him an entirely new view of the subject, that he must not be supposed to mean that he accepted it, but that he should give it his most serious reflection, adding, 'Now, at any rate, I understand why the Church of England is so careful to conclude every prayer with such words as "through Jesus Christ our Lord."'

This touching letter from the Queen fitly closes this episode:—

Osborne,[2] April 4, 1862.

The Queen thanks the Bishop of Oxford much for his kind letter and for the book which contains some beautiful poems. What the Bishop states as *his* own feeling—viz., that our beloved ones are *not* really separated from us, but merely *visibly* and perceptibly so—is what she most strongly feels—and indeed *without* which she would be *unable* to struggle on as she does. The *thought*,

[1] The Dean of Westminster.

[2] Printed by permission of Her Majesty.

the *certain* feeling and belief, that her adored Angel is near her, loving her, watching over her, praying for her, and guiding her, is, next to the blessed hope of that eternal reunion, her only comfort in her overwhelming affliction—which no words can convey. The sun of her life has gone down, its light has left her for ever. She well remembers the time when the Bishop was sorely stricken himself and lost what he most valued. Let us *all* strive to follow in our beloved great Prince's footsteps, and be as fit and as ready to go when our time comes as he was.

April 1862 found the Inspectors of Schools for the Diocese at their annual meeting at Cuddesdon; they were as usual followed by the Rural Deans; of this meeting, and the discussion which took place at it, the diary says: 'Happy day; never believed it possible that we could be brought together, but it was accomplished THEN.' On May 10 the Bishop was elected a member of the Philobiblon Society.

On July 8 the Bishop was at Oxford presiding at the Church Congress. This was the second year of these meetings, and now that they have assumed the character of a settled institution, it is worth while to observe how the Bishop's prescience averted a danger which might have destroyed them in their infancy. A strong inclination was evinced at this Oxford Congress to pass resolutions. The Bishop saw the peril, and, by checking this inclination, secured the continued existence of Church Congresses as meetings for the interchange of opinions upon ecclesiastical subjects, without binding those present to any conclusions, or dividing the assembly into majorities and minorities.

July 10.—Still engaged at Congress, which, D. G., I think really very successful. At night preparing sermon for Central African Mission.

July 11.—Morning; early Communion at St. Mary's, and afterwards I preached. On Mackenzie at meeting and came off to London. Missionary Bishops Bill opposed by the Lord Chancellor, with great falsehood of statement, which I had to meet. Withdrew the Bill, *suadente* Lord Derby.

The Bill here referred to was very short, consisting of but one clause. The Bishop had reason to think that it would not

be opposed, as the Lord Chancellor had himself suggested the omission of a second clause which was in the Bill when originally introduced, and which required the Royal Licence. The Bishop, in deference to this opinion, struck out the clause. The Lord Chancellor, however, gave a most strenuous opposition to the Bill as altered, and founded his opposition on the ground that legislation was unnecessary, and that this Bill was an attempt to destroy the supremacy of the Crown, insomuch as under this Bill the Royal Licence would not be required. He also said that the Statute 25 Henry VIII. was one of the most important laws on the Statute Book, as it placed the Crown in the position of being head of the Church. For this misstatement the Bishop took him to task, as the Statute quoted by the Lord Chancellor had been repealed in the reign of Queen Mary and never re-enacted. He then pointed out the Act which did bear on the question before the House, 20 Henry VIII., but that Statute claimed for the Crown that it was the source of all spiritual authority. He said: 'The supremacy of the Crown was the supremacy of the law; but the law had never said that the Crown had the spiritual authority of a Bishop—power in governing the consciences of those who belonged to his government. The doctrine laid down by the noble and learned lord on the woolsack would lead to all that Romanists endeavoured to thrust upon the Church of England, if it was asserted by any authority.'

A sharp passage of arms then ensued between the Bishop and the Chancellor, and in the end the Bishop, seeing how few of the representatives of the Episcopal Bench were present, on the advice of Lords Derby and Granville, withdrew the Bill. The following are the concluding remarks of the Chancellor, and the Bishop's answer :—

The Lord Chancellor: It is contended that I have made a mistake as regards the use of the word 'spiritual.' Now, what is the oath of allegiance? It declares that no foreign prince, prelate, &c., hath or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, pre-eminence, or authority, civil or ecclesiastical, in this realm. What is the other declaration as to the Queen? 'That she is in all causes and in all

matters within her dominions supreme.' Noble lords will see how it confirms my argument.

The Bishop of Oxford: This is another of those inaccuracies of statement of which I have to complain in so high a legal authority. If the declaration were in the terms in which the Lord Chancellor has stated it, that the Queen is 'in all matters' supreme, it would of course bear out the argument of the noble and learned lord; but the declaration is not so. It is, 'in all causes' and 'over all persons within these her dominions supreme,' and the inaccurate quotation marks what the noble lord wants, and cannot find, to establish his statement.

The Bill was then withdrawn.[1]

The following is an extract from a sermon preached by the Bishop in Westminster Abbey on June 29, on the deaths of Lord Canning and Bishop Mackenzie. Referring to the latter, the Bishop thus writes: 'How very, very trying is Bishop Mackenzie's death! How soon his place won amongst the confessors' shining ranks! But, alas! he threw that precious life away.'

The Bishop gave a glowing account of the happiness of the perfected soul:—

Immortal life must be the degradation of the degraded, and the glory of the perfected. Their happiness was illimitable and everlasting. There was no 'absorption,' no 'ceasing to be,' no 'separate consciousness swallowed up in universal life,' but the unity of the soul was but the transcript of everlasting unity. . . . But the other day we stood in the northern transept of that very abbey with hushed hearts and tearful eyes as the vaulted echoes of the arches gave back the beautiful song over the mighty dead.[2] Not for their glory, or for their acquirements, or for their mighty power, though they might have ruled a hundred millions, were they *now* honoured. If they were pure here, what must they be when they were received purified into heaven? Some men led evident palpable lives of usefulness; truth was maintained, justice supported and wrong redressed. But did they suppose that the lives of men who did good unseen were

[1] The day after the above debate I was walking with my father down Cockspur Street, when we met Lord Chelmsford, who said, after greeting the Bishop: 'I should think this morning Westbury feels the same sensations mentally, that an Eton boy would bodily after an interview with Keate.'—Ed.

[2] Lord Canning.

purposeless?—lives such as that of their brother whom their mother Church mourned that day,[1] who had left home, fortune, hopes, friends, to preach the Gospel on the shores of Africa or the banks of the Zambesi? Such a man's life repeated itself again; it laid hold of some other heart and caused it to emulate it. Perhaps by his death a thousand were encouraged in their secret struggles to do and to dare for Christ. The death of some such champion of the Cross might so be made more fruitful than his life.

The following is an account of the opening and concluding addresses delivered by the Bishop in a Retreat for the Clergy, taken from his notes; which are, unfortunately, only fragmentary. The Retreat began at Cuddesdon on Wednesday, July 23, and finished on Saturday morning, July 26. First address, Wednesday night, 9.30:—

The need of *an object*.—Mere quietness of spirit, though a blessing, not enough; rather a higher standing-point for an after-reach of holier living, and for this some definite object, so far as may be, according to our own spiritual state and need—*e.g.* overcoming some special sin—gaining some special grace—acquiring some new power, as *e.g.* power of prayer—or strength against some new temptation.

2. Other means of using it—mental prayer, *i.e.* dwelling in devout contemplation, as on some act, or attribute, or promise of God. The *mind* receiving the idea, the imagination dwelling on and making it live, the intellect grasping it, the affections kindling it, the will choosing it—this must be if any profit is to be the result. Four needs: 1. A disciplined mind—the power of fixing it. 2. Strength of will—to put hindrances away, such as intrusive thoughts, sorrow, anxiety. 3. Humility—for the sense of need of grace. 4. Interspersing petitions—colloquies, as in the Book of Psalms.

Concluding address:—

We shall soon be sent, as the disciples in the Gospel, to distribute the bread. Shall we stand as the same, or will these days have changed us? It is like a flood-tide bearing us up, but there is the danger of ebb; there is to us the danger of reaction. How are we then to profit? If there be the thought of a life with more of aim and perseverance, less of self, more of God; less of the world, more of the sanctuary; which will last with autumn when the leaves drop

[1] Bishop Mackenzie,

—hesitate not on the verge of faith; cast thyself into the deep; resolve to make the choice, for a more single life, for a more concentrated aim, where better than here?

Going forth from here, a few rules will suffice: 1. Read of spiritual things daily for yourself, if only for a half or a quarter of an hour. Let one thought from this reading dwell through the day, so as to spread over all.

2. Use self-examination, general and particular—one as to the general bearing of the day, the other as to the besetting sin or sins; to be short is often best, now and then long forms, but generally short, touching the points of evil. Five minutes a day may keep a self-examined soul prepared for judgment.

3. Use frequent Communion; prepare with some additional act of devotion; follow it with a grace of thanksgiving.

4. Fix upon *one* virtue, at least, specially to aspire to. Keep that virtue; purity; recollection of God's presence; humility. Make it a special point of prayer, and of what you seek at Communion—this in connection with the glorified life of Jesus Christ.

5. And with this virtue fix on some one trial which thou wilt bear more patiently, bearing loneliness or the strife of temptation or some rough word or some crushing weight. Bear with more of meekness in union with the Passion, the five wounds, in one of which we would hide our woe.

6. Ejaculatory prayer, keeping the cry ready for our virtue, or some verse of the lesson, so as to watch the service, and keep our attention fixed.

The transformation before us, of the disembodied spirit moving in the flow of the Heavenly Ocean, and then in the image of the Risen Saviour. O Lord, hasten our preparation to meet Thee, and may we hear Thy voice receiving us—'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

August 9.—(Chevening.) Wrote all the morning—letters and review of Mrs. Trench for 'Literary Churchman.' Then drove with the Cheneys, General Peel, and Lord Stanhope to Holwood. Examined the 'Wilberforce' oak.[1] Saw Mr. Pitt's old carter boy; now 82; clear in his remembrance: 'Mr. Pitt took in from farm the ground sloping below the oak; he planted all except the old oaks; he used to get the trees from Brompton; I used to go in cart for

[1] The oak under which Mr. Pitt agreed to support W. Wilberforce in abolishing the Slave Trade.

them; he was very particular about the planting. Was a very nice sort of man, would do what any one asked him in one way or another.' Mr. Cheney's good story of Rogers. His mode of telling a story, and, if it failed, saying, 'Some people don't see that.'

The limits of this volume forbid mention being made of the part taken by the Bishop in many of the questions of his day; for instance, the education question, on which, in 1862, Matthew Arnold writes to him as:—

The first speaker who has had penetration or courage enough boldly to attack the Revised Code in anything but its DETAILS. I am deeply interested in your speeches, and . . . . to assert in every possible manner, in contradiction to Mr. Lowe and his friends, that to give prizes for proved good reading, writing, and arithmetic, is NOT the whole duty of the State towards popular education, is, I am convinced, the most politic as well as the truest course to follow; and you have followed it.

In August the Bishop went for a short holiday to North Wales. The following extract taken from the 'Guardian' throws some light on the way he spent his days of rest:—

A Welsh paper says: The Bishop of Oxford has been preaching in Wales in aid of the Foreign Missions of the Church. Nearly every day of this week he is occupied by sermons or meetings in various towns in North Wales. Last Sunday he preached at a small town, Corwen, when the Church was crowded almost to suffocation. The large congregation were very justly delighted with an extempore sermon such as is seldom heard. We have understood that the Bishop is now 'having his holidays.' We may well ask what he does when in full work?

On September 6 the Archbishop of Canterbury died at the great age of eighty-two, after a long illness. At the end of August the Bishop had been staying with Mr. Gladstone, and the diary for August 27 records: 'Drove to Aber, and walked up the valley with Gladstone, a good deal of talk with him about Church promotions, &c. He takes more part than I thought. But spoke of the Bishop of Chester as bearable for Canterbury!!!' On September 5, referring to this conversation, the Bishop wrote to Mr. Gladstone saying: 'If such a conjuncture happened as we spoke of, Lichfield or Winchester

would be a thousand times better for the Church than Chester to push into the vacant chair.' The diary of September 7, the Bishop's birthday, is : 'A happy birthday in many respects. Sad about the dear Archbishop's death.' The next day the Bishop wrote to Mr. Gladstone as follows :—

My dear Gladstone,—I wrote a few hasty lines this early morning on hearing of the Archbishop's death, not knowing what haste there might be in resolving on the successor. I still think that the Archbishop of York would be the best for the Church at Canterbury. But I appreciate to the full the difficulty as to York, and having respect to that, I should very earnestly desire that your influence should be used for getting the Bishop of Winchester to succeed his brother. I believe that, if we are not to have a thorough Churchman, he would be far the best man amongst us. He is a capital administrator, an Eton scholar of that old school dying out amongst us, entirely good, sound on all main points of the faith, a gentleman, and a man of surpassing prudence ; he is in full vigour of mind and body, though 70 years old, which *therefore* I consider no disadvantage. Then for Lord Palmerston appointing, and your suggesting him, there is much to be said. In standing, he is, by seniority of the Episcopate, the oldest who could be appointed. It leaves a GOOD appointment for Lord Palmerston. It would be thoroughly welcomed by the Evangelical party ; it would excite no anger in others ; it would, perhaps more than any other, maintain that *status quo* which I suppose he now wishes to keep, and which you may surely expect to be maintained. I cannot doubt but that you might secure an appointment so much the natural channel of Lord Palmerston's nomination, and that in doing so you would confer an inestimable benefit on the Church. I hope you will not think that I do wrong in speaking so plainly to you. I am yours very affectionately, S. OXON.

The Archbishop's funeral is thus referred to :—

September 12.—(Lavington.) Up early. Wrote, and off to funeral of the Archbishop. The day beautiful. Gathering of many old friends. Bishop of Winchester greatly affected. Home, D.G., and all well.

On September 10, Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Bishop saying that he had written to Lord Palmerston urging strongly the appointment of some one who combined in his own person

moderation with learning and piety, and glancing favourably at age as a condition of fitness for the primacy, and finally referring, by way of example, to the Archbishop of York. Mr. Gladstone further said that he thought this appointment would not be made; yet, if it were, he said that in his mind there was not the smallest doubt that the Bishop was the person who ought to succeed to York. On September 25 the diary records:—

(Doncaster.) Called on Dr. Vaughan, who told me that the Archbishop of York had to-day received the offer of Canterbury and accepted. God be praised! He can overrule all.

The next day he writes thus to an intimate friend:—

I suppose to-morrow's papers will tell you that York goes to Canterbury; quite surely an answer to prayer, looking at what we might have had. We shall have peace and holiness, and a steady adherence to Church principles in him. God be thanked. . . . I preached to marvellously still church *full* here (Doncaster) to-day.

After the appointment had been made to Canterbury, Mr. Gladstone wrote to Lord Palmerston strongly pressing the appointment of the Bishop of Oxford to York. That Mr. Gladstone failed in securing this appointment for the man whom all England looked upon as the most peculiarly fitted for the Archbishopric of the Northern Province, and that the Bishop's former curate was appointed instead, is now a matter of history. The following letter expresses the Bishop's thanks to Mr. Gladstone for the part he had taken:—

My dear Gladstone,—I thank you from my heart for having let me see your letter.[1] It humbled and it cheered me. Humbled me to see how far too kindly you judged of me; cheered me more than I can say to know that such a man as you so wrote about me.

The next letter, written to Sir C. Anderson from Bradford, shows that the Bishop would have been willing and ready to have accepted the charge:—

Bradford, November 11, 1862.

My dearest Anderson,—Many thanks for your cheery letter. I gave your message to host and hostess. It was curious how

[1] Mr. Gladstone's letter to Lord Palmerston.

indignant they were about the appointment. Beckett said it was an affront to Yorkshire. I only wish he would tell Palmerston so. There must be some history, if we could get it, because only last week at Hickleton Sir C. Wood told Admiral Meynell that I was to be appointed. Well, it is best as it is, for those who will make it best; but there is no denying that I should have liked, if it had been God's will, to work amongst my father's people. The meetings and services have been most cheering: they say the largest congregations ever gathered in the parish church on Sunday evening at Leeds. Such a gathering last night at Huddersfield. I wish I could come and see you on my way out, but I am going to Bridgenorth to preach at the opening of the church, and thence on Friday direct to Oxford and to Stony Stratford. . . . I should like to have read your Bishop's letter—it is quite a nice one. I am ever affectionately yours, S. Oxon.

On November 7, Archbishop Longley writes to the Bishop: 'Hoping to hear of you as my successor'; and again on November 11: 'How heartily I could have wished that my diocese should have had the invaluable privilege of your supervision.'

The Archbishopric of York was offered in the first instance to the Bishop of London. Had he accepted it, the following extract from a diary entry at the end of the year shows how Lord Palmerston would have filled up the vacancy:—

December 16.—(Windsor.) Talk with the Dean; he told me that if London had taken York I was to be offered London.

October 13.—At sermon, and then rode into Winchester. At Utterton's. Opening sermon; cathedral crowded; Bishop of Winchester thanked me with emotion. Lord Palmerston at meeting; very, very clever—twisted one sentence of mine sorely.

The sentence the Bishop here alludes to was: 'The schoolmasters are to be religious teachers—not teachers of religion.' Lord Palmerston took this sentence as implying that the schoolmasters were only to teach secular matters; whereas what the Bishop meant was that the master was not to supersede the religious teaching of the clergyman in the school or to release the latter in any degree from *his* functions as teacher of religion.

The two following extracts from speeches illustrate one of

the Bishop's greatest powers—that of catching the attention of his audience by some familiar simile, and through it leading them up to a higher level than they were accustomed to, and so teaching them the lesson he had to impart.

The first was delivered in May, at Sheffield, the audience being working-men. The second in October to some children, who, with their parents, were assembled at some new schools in the parish of Wargrave, in the Oxford Diocese, which were opened by the Bishop.

Shortly after the conclusion of the meeting [1] at Sheffield, the Bishop of Oxford, Lord Wharncliffe, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Vicar of Sheffield, and several of the local clergy proceeded to the Atlas Steel Spring and Iron Works. In the armour-plate works the party were afforded the opportunity of witnessing the rolling of one of the enormous iron plates for one of the new ironclad frigates, and were evidently greatly interested.[2] The Bessemer process was also shown in full operation. At six o'clock the business of the works was temporarily suspended, and the workmen assembled in front of a platform which had been raised in one of the yards. Mr. J. D. Ellis introduced the Bishop of Oxford, who had consented to speak to the workmen. The Bishop said he was glad to have the opportunity of saying a few words to such an assemblage :—

By the blessing of God a word spoken at such a time might be the means of doing great good. He thought that in the special work in which they were engaged they had a sort of parable of their daily life set before them. Their work in dealing with iron involved long preparation, and, above all, care that the metal was purged of all dross and evil mixtures, before they could make anything worth having in their trade. He had been watching the Bessemer process, and saw that the cold draught of air through the boiling metal blew out a multitude of sparks, all speaking of the burning up of the dross, in order that the pure metal might be left free and fit for its work—just such was the parable of their life and his. The difficulties and struggles and temptations of this world were as the draught of cold air poured on to the heated iron;

[1] On behalf of the Honolulu Mission. [2] From the *Guardian*.

it was done for a purpose, done with a good will, in order that the soul of man might, through God's grace breathing upon it and removing all the evil out of it, be made fit for the Master's use; and just as any failure in the work would be shown when the metal came to be hammered, by its not being able to bear the strain, so would any failure in the moral and religious training of his hearers be apparent on the great day of trial. In the other workshop there was the same parable, set somewhat differently. They might make an armour plate which would look well to the eye, and might seem as good as the others when it was fastened on to the ship's side; but the day might come when that ship would be engaged in a fierce conflict, and then, if there had been any carelessness in the rolling of that plate, it might result in the destruction of the ship. So it was with man—worldly thoughts would creep in during moments in which the soul was engaged in perfecting its spiritual armour. In the moment of trial, instead of that armour casting back the bolts of the Evil One, and leaving its wearer standing strong in the regenerated strength of Christ, it would break down, and leave him an eternal wreck.

The following is the speech to the school children at Wargrave :—

My dear children—you whom I see down at the far end of the room—remember you are the first to use it, and do not mar, so far as you are concerned, this work by not using it heartily. Remember, it is not the building of the school alone, or the appointment of a good schoolmaster or mistress; there must be a hearty will to learn and profit in the scholars, if there is to be any real good work done. And then I may see, perhaps, some of the parents of these scholars. You have a great work to do. You must support the clergy, and the schoolmaster and mistress, in their work with your children if you mean them to produce a good effect; and you will not do this without a struggle many times between natural softness and parental instinct and a real care for the children's good. Improvement and education are stopped altogether in some parishes, so far as many children are concerned, by parents doing what they call taking their children's part, when they are chastised with a deserved chastisement. There is no greater cruelty to the child than to teach it to set itself against its teachers or pastors, by what you think is 'showing a little spirit' on its

behalf. Beware of that. With some parents there is something like a burning fever which shows itself in great earnestness on the child's behalf, and there is among others a low fever which is a carelessness as to whether the child is at school or not, and keeping the children away upon the slightest excuse. Irregularity would ruin any school, as it injures not only the children who stay away, but the others who attend; the one half, being imperfect, delays the other half in its progress. Like a comb that has got some teeth broken out, which renders it very inconvenient in its vocation—it gives the hair a terrible pull instead of combing it out straight. These children are the broken teeth of our parish; they give the others a twist till they cry out, as the man does when his hair gets a tremendous pull. They must comb the parish smooth with the comb of regular attendance. You parents cannot put too much value upon that. The children learn very soon not to care about it much if they see you careless. Unless there is that self-denying determination in parents of the scholars that the children shall be made to come, and having come, be made to obey, no good will be done. And perhaps, after all, that is the greatest lesson they could learn—better than geography or history—that they are under authority, under God's word, and they will never do any good unless they bow their neck to the yoke; that is the lesson above all lessons, because it is at the root of honesty, cutting down pretence and cutting down to the foundation of a straightforward labouring character in whatever rank of life. And, depend upon it, these are the people, after all, who do the business of their country, and of their Church—ay, and of themselves too. Nobody does anything in this world whose mind is made, like the legs of a grasshopper, for giving jumps now and then, instead of going steadily on every day doing his duty, and carrying the load of every day, like the patient ox, who, though he may be slow, is, at all events, sure. And so try, I do pray you, to use the school for that purpose, and then it will not only be, as it is, a beautiful thing to look at, to all the country round, but there will be within a nearer and a better beauty of well-trained lads and lasses, who shall grow up hereafter into well-trained men and women, and take up the tradition of work from the last generation and carry it on to the next generation, so that this our goodly parish of Wargrave shall be a praise in the diocese, and a praise in the land, and a praise upon earth, and yield good fruit to be gathered into the Lord's garner in the great day of the soul's harvest.

The next day the Bishop started for Scotland, where he got a few days' rest.

October 18.—Edinburgh. At Dean Ramsay's. Great deal of good talk. Lord Neaves told two of Lord Plunket's stories. Speaking of flying a kite in Court, asked 'What is it?' 'A plaything which the wind raises in England, and which raises the wind in Ireland.' When Jack Campbell took the Chancellorship from him, as he crossed in a fearful storm, some one said, 'He will be sick of his new appointment.' 'Yes, but he won't throw up the seals.'

Sir G. Rose, asked by Sir David Dundas, in his book-filled rooms, to sit down, said, 'Oh, no; all the places are booked.' The origin of 'shocking bad hat.' A hatter standing for Lambeth went about to the voters, 'That's a shocking bad hat you have on, go to my shop and get a better.' 'But surely that would not be enough to bribe them.' 'Oh, yes, you see, it brought them straight to the head of the poll.'

October 19.—(Edinburgh.) Got ready sermon on paralytic, and absolution. Great congregation. Afternoon heard Guthrie. Eloquent, familiar, slip-slop; some very good things. Sheep other side of glen going in beaten path.

October 22.—Dean Ramsay's story of Sir W. Maxwell, and the old Lord Galloway, grandfather of present, and a very proud man. Sir W. Maxwell went to call, and in conversation Lord Galloway intimated that he received such neighbours on a Thursday, when Sir. W. replied: 'I know but *ay* Lord wha has a day of his own, and, God forgive me, for I often do not observe that, and I'll be *hanged* if I observe the day of any ither Lord.'.

Letters many. Walked with Anderson to shore. Afternoon to Tantallon with him. Professor Aytoun recited lays, and told at night excellent stories.

October 23.—Up and prepared sermon. Morning very unfavourable, but cleared. To North Berwick. Numbers of stone curlews, plovers, &c., about fields. Preached, &c., with interest. All seemed moved. Free Church people stayed to Communion. Aytoun and Napier specially attentive. Sermon on Worship.

Referring to this sermon the Right Hon. R. A. Nisbet Hamilton, who was the Bishop's host, writes to Sir Charles Anderson: 'The Bishop of Oxford's sermon made so great an impression, that some rabid Free Kirk ladies who listened to it

remained to receive the Sacrament from him. This is very remarkable.'

On the 30th he was back again in the Diocese, the entry for that day being: 'Wycombe meeting, Disraeli's speech. All his talk with me aiming at Gladstone. "I and others kept the Church as his nest-egg when he became a Whig, till it was almost addled."'

A day or two before this meeting, Mr. Disraeli writes to the Bishop as follows: 'I hope we may have a good meeting. It is now or never with the laity. If they move, all will be right; but we have troublous times before us. I wish you could have induced Gladstone to have joined Lord Derby's Government, when Lord Ellenborough resigned in 1858. It was not my fault he did not. I almost went on my knees to him. Had he done so, the Church, and everything else, would have been in a very different position.'

December 13.—(Bray.) After breakfast prepared sermon on 'The Renewer.' Oh for some touch of His renovating hand in my deepest being! Preached with interest. The morning wet and congregation thinned—but many clergy and others. Then to Hibberts' to luncheon, where many. Madame Van de Weyer most cordial. Then home and wrote with Archdeacon Randall, and off by Reading to North Camp station, and to Farnham. I strangely overset; almost expecting to find *her* coming to this bedroom in which I write, and which we occupied together. Oh life! Oh death! Oh blessed Will of God, to Thee I bow!

December 16.—After breakfast and little walk, off for North Camp; to Wellington College. Sir W. Joliffe, Sir W. Hayter, and many clergy. Consecration. Then to Windsor Castle with Blunt and Stanley; much talk with him. Queen sent for me, and half-hour's talk. Very natural and affecting. Constant talk of Prince —of *my* sorrow. Never saw her so womanly winning. Dinner with suite. Then Prince of Wales sent for me; talk with him. Prince Louis (of Hesse) very friendly.

The Bishop of Oxford to Sir Charles Anderson.

Windsor Castle, December 17.

My dearest Anderson,—I am just home from the consecration of the mausoleum—one of the most touching scenes I ever saw, to see our Queen and the file of fatherless children walk in and kneel

down in those solemn prayers. I had a half-hour's talk with her yesterday, and nothing could be more delightful, so gentle, so affectionate, so true, so real—no touch of morbidness—quite cheerful, and so kind. She spoke of the great sorrow of my life. . . . A sister could not have been more tender. . . . I go to Cuddesdon this evening. I am ever your affectionate S. Oxon.

A few fresh excerpts from the diary are :—

March 9, 1862.—At early Communion. Then Burton Confirmation in hard rain, to Aylesbury and Wendover in pouring rain. Prepared sermon in carriage and preached at Aylesbury; very large congregation. Pollock dined. Campbell's speech to him, 'Depend on it, we are paid the high wages of a disgraceful profession.'

March 12.—I off to St. Ives. Preached, consecrated, and celebrated: back to London. Dined Grillions. Sir. H. Cairns: story of Bethell's speech. When somebody said, 'Sir W. Atherton does not like men to go over his head.' 'Has he a head?' He spoke well of Bethell. 'Essentially kind, an atmosphere of falsehood round him.'

A characteristic story of one of the Bishop's earlier Ordinations may well be quoted in this place. The story is given in the writer's own words :—

I was a candidate for Priest's orders at the Bishop of Oxford's January Ordination. We were one day busily occupied, seated round a long table, answering the questions, when the Bishop entered to inspect us. Struck by his youthful appearance, I remarked rather above a whisper to a friend sitting next me, 'Why, the Bishop looks younger than some of the men.' Immediately after we were separately summoned to a personal interview in the Bishop's study. My name happened to be the first called; and after translating, as directed, a few verses of the Epistle to Timothy, 'Now, Mr. ——,' said the Bishop, 'will you tell me something about Timothy? He was a young man, was he not?' I of course assented. 'Well,' his Lordship went on, 'did St. Paul think that a disqualification for his office as a Bishop?' Then, when I, rather conscience-stricken, was bungling out some reply, he fixed his eye upon me with that keen searching gaze, by which he looked one through, and said: 'Don't you remember his words? "Let no man despise thy youth."' The look and the tone were quite clear, and I mentally resolved not to hazard remarks on the personal appearance of a Bishop, at all events till I was safely ordained.

I remember an instance of his well-known power of recalling faces and of his kindness of heart. Ordained to a College title, I left the diocese after the ordination, and did not meet the Bishop for six or seven years. Being in Oxford one summer, I was luxuriating under the shade of the grand elms of Christ Church Walk, when the Bishop, accompanied by a large party of guests, came past. I rose and took off my hat, when, apparently instantly recognising me, he left his friends, one of whom was M. Guizot, then a visitor at Cuddesdon, and, stepping aside, greeted me with a hearty shake of the hand. He may not have known my name, but his kindly motive was clear, and it was by such little acts of graciousness as by other ways that he attached to him not only the clergy over whom he presided, but those who, like myself, had no claim except a temporary acquaintance on his notice.

Another account of a Cuddesdon Ordination is :—

From Thursday morning to Monday morning at Cuddesdon will never be forgotten by those whom Bishop S. Oxon ordained. It is not too much to say that the four quiet days spent there were an education in the whole range of pastoral duty. . . . The Bishop examined us in the hall, made us laugh in the dining-room, made us cry in the chapel, yet somehow there seemed no incongruity between the three. . . .

He warned us (in his Ordination Charge) not to spend our energies over extinct heresies, but to meet the evils around us *now*. He also commanded us to be bright and energetic in our preaching. He said, 'Some clergymen tell us they don't mind being dull in the pulpit provided they preach the Gospel; but you ought to mind being dull; it is very easy to be dull; the *generality* of people *are* dull.' . . .

In that short stay at Cuddesdon one's whole idea of the possibilities in a clergyman's life was enlarged. The clerical life dawned upon us as something heroic. Nothing we did was to be commonplace. We felt that brightness, wit, joy, heartiness, cheerfulness could all be pressed into the service of God. But especially was the deep responsibility of preaching our best stamped into our soul. Personal holiness, parochial energy, and pulpit thoroughness were the three great aims set clearly before us, while we were constantly reminded that we were ambassadors for God.[1]

[1] Contributed to the *Ecclesiastical Review* by the Rev. C. H. Grundy.

CHAPTER XIV.

(1863—1864.)

January 17.—S. Walpole told me of his talk with old Henley. 'I said, What a shame that Palmerston did not send your Bishop to York; I hope we should have done so.' Henley: 'Don't think I don't respect him; he has these three large counties to look after, and never had schoolmaster three forms more under his thumb. He knows all our raws, and we know his whip.'

If the Bishop knew the raws of his clergy he also strove to heal them; and while he was very plain-spoken with the untoward and careless, he encouraged those whose heart was in their work, whether he liked their views or not.[1] To Sir Charles Anderson the Bishop writes:—

My clergy have requested me (stirred up, I think, to a demonstration by their affectionate indignation as to the two primacies) to sit for my portrait for them, and they desire me to fix the painter.

The Bishop chose Mr. George Richmond, R.A. The picture, a portrait in robes, was painted and was left as part of the collection of portraits of Bishops of Oxford, begun by Bishop Wilberforce at Cuddesdon Palace.

In March the Bishop went to Windsor for the wedding of the Prince of Wales.

March 8.—(Sunday.) Up in good time; breakfast, 9.30. Then chapel at 10. I on Round Tower after, not clear. Preached, and got on as to voice,[2] &c., *D.G.*: all seemed very attentive and im-

[1] From the *Inquirer*, Review of *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. iii. Of course Mr. Henley did not speak of only the clergy.—Ed.

[2] The Bishop had been for some time very ill, and was only just recovered; he had only taken one Confirmation, that at Shrivenham on March 7, for some days.

pressed and pleased. Saw the Queen in the afternoon and had much talk with her; always the Prince—expecting him in old places. Large dinner; after, presented to the Princess Alexandra; she *very* pleasing—such a countenance, mien, demeanour, and conversation!

The Bishop further describes the wedding:—

To Sir Charles Anderson.

Englefield House, Reading, March 21, 1863.

My dearest Anderson,—The wedding was certainly the most moving sight I ever saw. The Queen above looking down added such a wonderful chord of deep feeling to all the lighter notes of joyfulness and show. Every one behaved quite at their best. The Princess of Wales calm, feeling, self-possessed. The Prince with more depth of manner than ever before. Princess Mary's entrance was grand. The little Prince William of Prussia, between his two little uncles to keep him quiet, both of whom he—the Crown Princess told me—bit on the bare Highland legs whenever they touched him to keep him quiet. I had a nice long talk with the Queen. I was charmed with the Prince of Prussia, and the warmth of his expressions as to wife. 'Bishop,' he said, 'with me it has been one long honeymoon.' I have been laid up here two days with sore throat, but hope to get to work to-morrow. My love to all. Your very affectionate S. Oxon.

June 17.—In early to Oxford. Theatre. Luncheon at All Souls'. Then wrote many letters. The boats—a beautiful scene. Exeter dinner. Home at night with Archbishop of Armagh and Walpole. The Archbishop's account of Irishman who said, 'I don't know how to account for the Roman Catholics being so much more numerous than the Protestants, when we are told that they went two and two into the ark.'

July 11.—Up very early. Prepared sermon on 'What is truth?' Many letters with Archdeacon and Fosbery. Then London; letters, &c. &c. &c. Then dined—Sir R. Peel, Lord Derby, &c.; Sir R. Peel straightforward, open, curious talk. Lord Carlisle bent on making FitzGerald primate. What I had said to Lady Emily made Beresford; but upset unless Sir R. had come back on private business from Switzerland. And then about making Trench next Archbishop of Dublin.

An article in the 'Times,' in the beginning of May, criti-

cised the Bishop's University Sermons just published. The Reviewer sketched the possible experience of a typical undergraduate placed in the way of doubts, and implied that he would derive little help from these sermons. This article evoked a reply from an Oxford undergraduate who, whether he was typical or not, represented the feelings of a considerable number of the undergraduates. It is valuable, coming from one of those to whom these sermons were specially addressed, and who described himself as in sympathy with 'free inquiry'; it shows how great was the Bishop's influence over these young men. The letter is too long to quote fully, but the conclusion should be given. After saying that he and others who went to hear the sermon had no personal knowledge of the Bishop, and expected to hear him steer between conflicting opinions,[1] the writer says :—

> Let it suffice to say it was by the Bishop of Oxford that we were led to feel that reverence must go hand in hand with knowledge, in order that the true harmony may exist between mind and soul, that a man's reason and judgment alone are a poor support and comfort, and that the kingdom of God *must* be received in the spirit of a little child.

The Bishop took his autumn holiday this year in August, going to Switzerland. Of the many short but descriptive entries in his diary during this trip one will suffice :—

> *August* 22.—Off, after breakfast, with E. and F. &c., to Lauterbrunn, and up to Mürren ; as we reached the top, the mist which had veiled the Jungfrau suddenly opened and we saw high in heaven the Silberhorn, and then the top. Just such a sight of glory as made my blessed wife in 1828 seize my hand and say, 'Can that be earth?' A very happy day on the heights. Walked down to Interlaken to supper.

In September the Bishop returned to England, and on the 3rd of that month he preached at Bristol, attended and spoke at meetings there, &c. In October he was in the north at York, preaching and holding meetings for the S.P.G., and on his way back paid a visit to the Speaker at Ossington, where a large party was assembled.

[1] The sermon was on *Essays and Reviews*.

October 17.—Rode with Speaker round the Forest. Thoresby and Clumber; quite delightful; in the evening a good deal of political talk with Cardwell; he anticipating the highest for Gladstone. He said: 'The Duke of Wellington was always jealous of Peel. I now anticipate that Gladstone will be Premier. Neither party has any leader. I hope that Gladstone may get support from the Conservatives who now support Palmerston. Palmerston specially well and young.'

A few days after the Bishop met Mr. Gladstone, and he records: 'Long talk with Gladstone as to Premiership, he for acting under John Russell ! ! !'

In November the Bishop delivered his triennial Charge at Aylesbury and Reading. Previous to its delivery he had sent a list of questions to all the incumbents in the diocese, one of which questions related to the hindrances they experienced in their parish work. The Charge, after recapitulating the work of the diocese, the progress made and the losses sustained during the last three years, touched on the hindrances which had been mentioned in the answers of the Clergy; they fell under three heads, Dissent, bad cottages, and beershops. On these hindrances the Bishop advised his clergy. The Bishop himself did not state that Dissent was a hindrance to the work of the Church; nor did he, as some people imagined, class Dissenters and beershops together as hindrances.[1] He advised

[1] The following is a letter from the Bishop to a Suffolk clergyman, who had heard that the Bishop in this Charge had given offence to the Nonconformists by placing their meeting-houses in the same category with beershops. The letter was written a year later:—

The Bishop of Oxford to the Rev. ——.

October 29, 1864.

My dear Sir,—I am much obliged by your very kind note. No misrepresentation could be more complete, as the Reading Dissenters allowed, than that referred to. In my Charge I said that in answer to the question, 'What have been the hindrances to your ministry?' many of the clergy had returned 'beershops,' 'insufficient cottages,' and a hindrance of a widely different nature, 'the interruption of their efforts by the presence of Dissent.' It would be wholly alien to my nature to insult conscientious men who differed from me. I am very truly yours, S. Oxon.

You may like to know that the great Dissenting light, Newman Hall, wrote to me that there was nothing in my Charge which lacked courtesy to the Nonconformists.

his clergy as to the way in which they should deal with what they in these answers had stated to him were hindrances to their work. His own words on the subject are :—

We need not be contentious. God forbid that we should be uncharitable in our mode of stating the truth according to the principles of our Church, but the truth we must state. We have no right to withhold it from adults, or to send out children from our schools unfurnished with sound principles on this any more than on other religious subjects. These children are quite sure to meet with contrary pretensions, and how can we expect them to be discriminating and steadfast unless we have taught them on these as well as on other matters the whole truth of God. Depend upon it, a thoroughly distinctive teaching of our doctrines, free from all attack on others, is to be here our people's safeguard.

Upon another hindrance to the ministry, namely, the great want of lay co-operation, the Bishop gives this advice : 'There is no doubt, my Reverend brethren, that in too many of our parishes we do stand far too much alone in our work, and that what above all outward aid we need is the enlisting more of the resident laity as our advisers and active assistants.' The Charge then dealt at great length and exhaustively with the matters which were then prominently before Churchmen, the development of the Pantheistic theory, and the Inspiration of the Bible. The Charge concluded with advice on preaching, the value of which may in some degree be inferred from this epitome. The Bishop said : 'I would offer suggestions to my younger brethren in the ministry. Settle thoroughly in your minds the greatness of what you have to do. Never mount the pulpit without having your whole spirit awed by this thought—you are to speak for God to men. The preparation for the work of preaching must be habitual and immediate. Habitual, that the mind may be full of the subject, without which we soon degenerate into narrow, technical, and frigid statements of the noblest truths, and also that accuracy may be obtained. Loose, inaccurate declarations of God's truth make preachers of the Word unawares the slayers of souls. Immediate preparation. Prayer. Patient labour to secure for

our discourses depth, solidity, and order. It is mainly idleness which ruins sermons, which makes them vague, confused, powerless, and dull. Remember the somewhat caustic words : " The sermon which has cost little is worth just what it cost." Never preach habitually the sermons of others, whether taken in mass or in fragments, mechanically rearranged into a composite whole. Nothing short of incapacity can excuse this as an habitual practice, and then its use and its cause should be avowed with an humble shamefacedness which will preach for the unfurnished man. The practice of reading some full discourses of others on the subject on which you are about to preach is widely different, and is a most useful course.

'To secure thought and preparation begin, whenever it is possible, the next Sunday's sermon at least on the preceding Monday. Choose the subject according to your people's need and your power. Let it be as much as possible resolvable into a single proposition. Having chosen the subject, meditate upon it as deeply as you can. Consider, first, how to state correctly the theological formula which it involves ; then how to arrange its parts so as to convince the hearer's understanding. Think, next, how you can move his affections, and so win his will to accept it. See into what practical conclusions of holy living you can sum it up. Having thus the whole before you, you may proceed to its actual composition. And in doing this, if any thoughts strike you with peculiar power, secure them at once. Do not wait till, having written or composed all the rest, you come in order to them : such burning thoughts burn out. Fix them whilst you can. I would say never, if you can help it, compose except with a fervent spirit ; whatever is languidly composed is lifelessly received. Rather stop and try whether reading, meditation, and prayer will not quicken the spirit, then drive on heavily when the chariot wheels are taken off. So the mighty masters of our art have done. Bossuet never set himself to compose his great sermons without first reading chapters of Isaiah and portions of Gregory Nazianzen, to kindle his own spirit. In some such way set

yourself to compose and, until you have preached for many years I would say, to write, at least one sermon weekly. Study with especial care all statements of doctrine ; to be clear, particular, and accurate. Do not labour too much to give too great ornament or polish to your sermons. They often lose their strength in such refining processes. Having written them, if you *must* deliver them with the manuscript before you, strive to do it as little as if you were reading and as much as if you were speaking them as possible. Do not be the slave of your manuscript, but make it your servant. If you see that a word is not understood, vary it ; that an appeal is reaching some heart, press it home. If you have the gift, after having written your sermon carefully, make short notes of it and preach from these. This will help you greatly to show in your manner that you feel what you say, the first and chiefest rule for making it felt by others.'

An Oxford clergyman says : 'I remember being in a position enabling me to command the pulpit while the Bishop was preaching to a congregation in which were a number of clergy. I was able, from where I was sitting, to see the MS. which the Bishop had before him, and the leaves of which he occasionally turned ; but I noticed that the MS. was upside down. When the service was ended, I asked the Bishop why he had preached with a MS. upside down before him ; he answered with a smile : "For the benefit of the younger clergy." And then added more seriously : 'I am afraid of their beginning to preach extempore before they are able to do so with advantage to their hearers. I myself preached written sermons for fifteen years after my ordination.' It is an interesting and characteristic fact that one of the greatest of the Bishop's University sermons was preached from no other note than the single word 'Fog' written on the back of an envelope ; and the writer of these pages perfectly remembers coming one day into the study at Lavington to ask the Bishop if he could be of any help, and being told, 'No, because I am trying to think what I said at Oxford ten days ago, when I preached two sermons which I have been requested so earnestly to publish

that I cannot refuse; and I have not a notion what I said.'[1]

Indeed, the Bishop's great readiness could not but make his example a dangerous one to be imitated by men of inferior capacity. On one occasion he had undertaken to preach a course of sermons, before the Ordination, in the chapel at Cuddesdon College, and had desired the Vice-Principal to suggest the subjects three months before 'that he might have time for preparation;' this direction was complied with, and on the evening of the day when the course was to begin, the Bishop arrived from London by a train which just brought him in time for service. On the Vice-Principal's going to meet him at the Palace, where the Bishop was hastily getting rid of his travelling cloak and making ready for the chapel, 'By the by,' said the Bishop, 'my dear Liddon, was there any subject in particular on which you wished me to speak this evening?' The Vice-Principal's heart sank within him, and he reminded the Bishop of the course of sermons which had been suggested, at his own desire, three months before. By this time they had reached the chapel, and the service began. The sermon which the Bishop preached, on a somewhat difficult and delicate subject, would not have led any of his hearers to suspect that it had not been a subject of anxious thought for many weeks or months.[2]

In the later years of the Bishop's Episcopate he seldom wrote a sermon, the pressure of work was so great that for writing there was no time; the diary always records such an event as writing a whole sermon. It is however worthy of record that scarcely ever did the Bishop, habituated as he was to preaching, preach an unprepared sermon; occasionally the diary furnishes an instance such as 'Very nervous because sermon was unprepared;' and in one of these rare instances where such a record exists, the congregation to whom he was preaching was a small ordinary village congregation in a purely agricultural district.

[1] The recollections came, the sermons were published, and no exception taken to them, although ten days had elapsed since the delivery, and a short-hand writer had, as the Bishop saw, followed him in one of the sermons throughout.

[2] Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Liddon.

A Cuddesdon story illustrates Bishop Wilberforce's power of observation while preaching. Canon, afterwards Bishop, Woodford was sitting in the long chancel of Cuddesdon church while the Bishop was preaching, at the time of the cattle plague, on the 'Red Heifer.' Suddenly Canon Woodford gave a violent start, which the Bishop, though his back was turned to him, observed. After church he asked, 'Why did you jump so while I was preaching?' Canon Woodford, whose natural history education had been neglected, answered: 'I started at what you said about the red heifer; I never knew before that it was a female cow.'

November 29.—Dined at Windsor Castle, and talk with the Crown Princess. Her story, told so like her father, of 'Mr. Jones not quite so religious as others, for he does not smell his hat.' N.B.—I am told this was in 'Punch' long ago.

Writing to Mr. Gordon the Bishop gives an account of some of the principal events of the year:—

It has been an interesting year with me. First, Ernest's marriage, which seems a really happy one and has brought a beam of sunlight into my so long shadowed house. God be praised for it. Then rather severe illness, and, partly to recruit from it, partly to share my children's honeymoon, a trip to Switzerland—Zermatt and the Æggis Horn being new to me. After a little I enjoyed it very much, and it most undoubtedly sent me home vastly stronger. Then my visitation, only just accomplished, after six weeks of harder and more continuous work than I have ever tried.

I have come out now for a few days' change. I went on Monday to Lord Stanhope's, at Chevening. Party—Lord and Lady Hardinge, both of whom I like; Sir E. Head, my old college companion and, as you know, with not a little to say for himself; Cardwell and Mrs.; he too is very much unchanged—the same meditative, introverted, susceptible spirit ever at work; then Gibbs and the F. Barings completed a pleasant party. I do not think that there is here any expectation of war, though the needless rudeness of Lord Russell's refusal of the Congress must sorely have annoyed our 'Great Ally.' Hayward says that Lord Palmerston is far better this year than last: 'Last year I could beat him at billiards, but this year he plays so much better a game that he beat me easily.' If we were sitting under that beech tree at Lavington I

might whisper to you . . . of the curious under-history of Trench's appointment to the archbishopric, with which neither Palmerston nor Lord Carlisle can claim authorship—indeed, Carlisle told Trench he had done all in his power to secure FitzGerald's appointment. . . . The one real evil in our view is what you touch upon—the decay of faith. Newman wrote lately about it to Isaac Williams, saying, 'We can do nothing against it; it all rests with your Church. You have still a mighty power of resisting it, if you will use it.' There is certainly on the other side a great and marked growth of faith. I do not think that Renan's book will do much harm; it *is* a sign of the temper of which I speak, but it is so simply Ebionite that I do not anticipate its at all strongly affecting the current of thought: I would almost hope that for us, as showing whither, if yielded to, the tempest would drive us, it may be rather establishing than uprooting. I have great fears of Stanley; it seems to me that, charming as he is, he is drifting farther and farther from all positive belief. . . .

I wish I could be a 'fish-hawk'[1] with you along those rivers. I have delighted in angling in my day, and would gladly change for awhile with 'the slayer of the red-toothed one,'[1] for a little of your company. Sir H. Holland, who got back safe from all his American rambles, has been taken by Palmerston *through the river* at Broadlands and been very ill. The Dean of Lincoln (Garnier) is just dead, and another deanery, for Palmerston to abuse, vacant. All seem coming to the conclusion that Gladstone is the next real chief, either as nominal or as leading the Commons. I want him to insist on the first post. The Duke of Newcastle very ill, and many rumours of retiring—heart palpitation, &c. Dearest Arthur, here is a real budget of home news, to end in the assurance that you are ever very dear to your very affectionate S. Oxon.

The part taken by Bishop Wilberforce in the dispute between Bishop Gray of Cape Town and Bishop Colenso of Natal was fully dealt with in the large edition of the Life, but mention of it must be made, as that case shows that though not in name, yet in reality Bishop Wilberforce was the leader of the English Episcopate. Indeed, the Life of Bishop Colenso recognises this in a most unmistakable manner. When first

[1] The 'fish-hawk' and the 'slayer of the red-toothed one,' Indian nicknames for two of Mr. Gordon's staff.

Bishop Colenso published his Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, it was to Bishop Wilberforce that Bishop Gray, the Metropolitan of South Africa, wrote asking for counsel and advice; and when, later on, Bishop Colenso published 'The Pentateuch Critically Examined,' Bishop Wilberforce was the one who was entrusted by the Bishops in Convocation to draw up the address to Bishop Colenso calling upon him to resign his bishopric; and again in 1867 it was to Bishop Wilberforce that the Archbishop turned to induce Bishop Gray to abandon the proposal of a resolution condemning Bishop Colenso, which the Archbishop apprehended would have the effect of 'causing a dissolution of the Assembly.' On the question of the address in 1863 to Bishop Colenso, the assembled Bishops were far from unanimous, indeed so hot did the discussion become that on one occasion the venerable Bishop of St. Asaph moved 'that the Archbishop do now say prayers.' The Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London and St. David's differed strongly from Bishop Wilberforce, and it was only by Bishop Wilberforce's consummate tact, coupled with, as described by Bishop Gray, 'one of the most eloquent speeches I ever heard from him, which was all the more remarkable from its being addressed, not to a popular assembly, but to thirty grave Bishops met together to consider a matter of the deepest moment to the Church,' that a matter which at the moment appeared fatal to the vitality and progress of the Church was rendered innocuous. *A propos* of these Episcopal meetings a story is communicated by a distinguished member of the Lower House of Convocation :—

I was going, as one of the Assessors with Prolocutor, to the Upper House, and stopped a moment at the door of the Bounty Board Office to have a word with my old friend in attendance there. 'Very hot, old friend,' was what I said. (It was one of the hottest of summer days.) 'Uncommon hot, Sir, outside, and uncommon hot inside. Cannot remember any day so hot as to-day inside.' There was no mistaking about the heated points.

The following story illustrates a noticeable point in Bishop Wilberforce's character, namely, that however much on public

points he was compelled to differ, yet such divergence of opinion did not interfere with personal regard. At a similar meeting to the one described above, the Bishop and the Bishop of London had taken strongly opposite lines. The discussion had been indeed hot, but when it was over, the Bishop threw a note across the table to the Bishop of London, who naturally thought that the note must have some bearing on the late difference between them and probably contained some explanation. It was something to this effect, 'You really should not wear such boots, they are not safe; you ought to get such and such boots, as your health is too precious to be endangered by neglecting ordinary precautions.'

March 15, 1864.—After breakfast rode to Checkendon[1] through woods full of memories. Turned once or twice out of the road and found out old haunts. The house too so full of recollections, and the garden. My blessed one. Robert, &c. &c. How life changed. Drove, rain coming on, to Caversham, where Confirmation.

In April the Bishop was abroad, and held a Confirmation in Paris, and preached there, dining in the evening with M. Thiers, where he met M. Mignet; the next day he visited the Emperor and Empress at the Tuileries, visiting also MM. Guizot, Thiers, and Prévost-Paradol; from Paris he went to Brussels, and at the wish of the English residents held a Confirmation there; thence he went to Antwerp and again confirmed; the middle of April found him home again confirming in his own Diocese and meeting his Rural Deans at Cuddesdon; the record of the number of those confirmed in Lent 1864 is 6,241, against 5,969 in Lent 1863. On the 23rd the diary records a visit to Sandringham, where the Prince of Wales gave him a small cedar of Lebanon raised from seed picked up on the mountain by the Prince, and which seedling the Bishop brought in his hat-box to Lavington, where it was planted, and is now growing well, being about thirty feet in height. Of the Princess, the Bishop writes: She is quite charming. She lent her book to me last night, asking me to write something, and here was my inscription :—

[1] The Bishop's first curacy.

Of all our hearts Princess,
With love thy life to bless,
Along thy path of happiness,
Onward to Glory press.

On June 23 the Bishop carried in the House of Lords a Bill to permit Bishops to license clergymen to perform Divine Service in a chapel attached to the school; the same day he had an accident while riding in the Park, almost exactly like the accident which proved fatal in 1873. He thus describes it: 'My mare stumbled, fell on one knee, and as I was trying to raise her, shot over on her head, I still in the saddle, and smashed my head on the gravel. I believe but for a strong shovel hat, which was absolutely crumpled up, I might have been killed. I never in hunting days had such a fall, but I was mercifully preserved, and am not in any way materially hurt. Two unepiscopal black eyes attest the blow.' It is remarkable that in November 1871 the Bishop, when riding at Lavington with Mr. Littler, Q.C., had another of these accidents; the horse he was riding fell, as his companion said, as if she had been shot, and the Bishop's hat was crushed similarly, though in a less degree than the one he was wearing at the time of the fatal accident. On July 2 the diary records dining with the Duke of Manchester, and meeting Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse. 'A good deal of talk with her; she wonderfully like the Queen, especially in manner, ways, &c.' On July 8 the 'want of confidence motion,' which had been moved in the House of Commons on July 4 by Mr. Disraeli, and which had resulted in a majority for the Government of eighteen, was carried in the House of Lords against the Government by a majority of nine. The Bishop voted with the majority, and he stated his reasons for so doing in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, in which he said how much it grieved him to vote against a Government of which Mr. Gladstone was the 'main prop,' yet, as Mr. Gladstone's influence was not as paramount in Church matters as the Bishop conceived it ought to have been, he felt himself constrained for the sake of the Church to do all in his power 'to break up Palmerston's supremacy and bring

Mr. Gladstone nearer to the post' of Prime Minister; a position, the Bishop says, 'in which I long to see you, and if I live shall see you.'

On July 15 Lord Houghton brought the synodical condemnation of the book 'Essays and Reviews' by the Upper House of Convocation, under the notice of the House of Lords. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Bishop Wilberforce took part in the debate. Here again there is no room for doubt that the Bishops entrusted their defence to Bishop Wilberforce, and recognised him as their champion. Lord Houghton concluded a long and apparently carefully prepared speech by asking :—

> Whether Her Majesty's Government had taken or were willing to take the opinion of the law officers of the Crown as to the powers of the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury to pass a synodical judgment on books written either by clergymen or laymen, as to the immunity of the members of that body from proceedings at common law consequent on such judgments, and as to the forms according to which such judicial power must be exercised if it belongs to that body.

This question was answered by the Lord Chancellor (Westbury) 'that it was not the intention of the Government to take any further steps in the matter.' The Lord Chancellor in his speech expounded the law on the matter, and declared that Convocation had no legal right to pronounce such synodical condemnation, because, as all appeals must lie to the Crown, and as there was no appeal to the Crown from such condemnation, therefore the condemnation was illegal. The opinions of Sir Hugh Cairns and Mr. Rolt had been obtained by the Archbishop on the question, and their opinion differed *in toto* from the Lord Chancellor's. So much for the legal bearing of the speech. But the Lord Chancellor, still smarting under the castigation which he had already received from the Bishop, took the opportunity to make a personal attack on him, who, as he well knew, had been the leading spirit in obtaining the condemnation. He said, the 'judgment is simply a series of well-lubricated terms—a sentence so oily and saponacious that

no one could grasp it—like an eel, it slips through your fingers and is simply nothing.' The Bishop, replying to this evidently pointed attack, said :—

I have good ground to complain of the tone of the noble and learned lord on the woolsack. If a man has no respect for himself, he ought at all events to respect the tribunal before which he speaks, and when the highest representative of the law of England in your Lordships' Court, upon a matter involving the liberties of the subject and the religion of the realm and all those high truths concerning which this discussion is, can think it fitting to descend to a ribaldry in which he knows that he can safely indulge, because those to whom he addresses it will have too much respect for their character to answer him in like sort, I say that this House has ground to complain of having its high character unnecessarily injured in the sight of the people of this land by one occupying so high a position within it.[1]

This calm and dignified rebuke was received with cheers from the House. The Bishop then proceeded to demolish the arguments on the legal aspect of the case which had been advanced by the Lord Chancellor. The conclusion of the Bishop's speech is given, and perhaps, as the 'Guardian' observed, Lord Westbury's provocation was 'not that the judgment was a nullity, but that it was indeed too effectual.'

We are set in trust in this land for this—that we may be the true depository of the truth which God has revealed, as held by this reformed Church of England. Was it or was it not our duty, when we saw the peace of the Church assailed, to use the instrument which, as we believed, and still believe—I may say with additional force when we see the nice avoidance of the expression of any opinion that we were really in the wrong—firmly was our right, and because it was our right, imposed upon us a corresponding duty? One thing I venture to state is this, that I would rather subject myself, in the presence of my countrymen, and of your noble House, to any amount of that invective and insinuation, and of all

[1] A note written by the Archbishop the day before the debate, begging the Bishop to be present, says, 'The Lord Chancellor kindly informed me, that he thinks he shall be satisfied with giving a *grave admonition* to the contumacious Prelates in Convocation, without inflicting the severe penalties which might ensue!!'

those arts, I will not say of what part of the Bar of England, of which we have seen something to-night—I would, I repeat, rather a thousand times incur it all, than have to look back on my death-bed on myself as one of those who had not striven for the truth of our Established Church, and had not encountered, because I was afraid, personally, of the consequences, anything which the maintenance of that truth might entail (cheers). There is, my lords, a single further remark which I should wish to make. We have heard of the importance of preserving peace and quietness on such questions as that we are discussing, and I firmly believe that such a judgment as that which we have pronounced is the best means of preserving peace to the Church. I believe, indeed, that this effect has already been produced. I know, at all events, that from all parts of this country, I have myself received assurances of minds quieted, permitting men to go again about their ordinary duties without being stirred up by the feeling that the Church was resting under an imputation of having allowed to pass uncontradicted false doctrine promulgated by her teachers; and I am satisfied that if you would avoid the recurrence of such a state of things as you have witnessed, you will find that the best way in which that can be done is by allowing the Church in her authorised manner to pronounce for her followers, as she has done in this instance, that she disclaims for her living ministry this erroneous teaching (cheers).

The Lord Chancellor in reply made a short but markedly personal retort, and the subject dropped.

The tone of the debate was so personal that it occasioned a breach of the relations which had previously existed between the Bishop and Lord Westbury. A letter to Mr. Gordon shows that the Chancellor, in February of the following year, attempted to make amends for his conduct:—

> Lord Westbury forced a reconciliation on me, sending Lord St. Germans to ask me to speak to him on the woolsack; and then asking me 'to take once more his hand,' and hoping 'I had enjoyed my vacation and shot many pheasants!'

It was not for some months, however, that the personal relations which had previously existed between the Bishop and Lord Westbury were really renewed. The circumstances were extremely characteristic of the two men. Some little time

after Lord Westbury's resignation, which took place in July 1865, in consequence of a vote of censure, attributing to him laxity and want of caution in filling up appointments and granting pensions to retiring public servants over whose heads grave charges were impending, which was passed by the House of Commons, the Bishop and Lord Westbury met face to face in the lobby of the House of Lords, one going out, the other entering; when Lord Westbury stopped the Bishop, and holding out his hand said :—

'My Lord Bishop, as a Christian and a Bishop you will not refuse to shake hands.' The Bishop immediately responded to the proffered invitation. Lord Westbury then said: 'Do you remember where we last met?'[1]

The Bishop: 'No.'

Lord Westbury: 'It was in the hour of my humiliation, when I was leaving the Queen's Closet, having given up the Great Seal. I met you on the stairs as I was coming out, and I felt inclined to say: 'Hast thou found me, oh mine enemy?'

The Bishop, in relating this, used to say: 'I never was so tempted in my life as I was then to finish the quotation, but by a great effort I kept it down and said :—

'Does your Lordship remember the end of the quotation?'

Lord Westbury: 'We lawyers, my Lord Bishop, are not in the habit of quoting part of a passage without knowing the whole.'

No doubt, as the Bishop said, he went home and looked it out in his family Bible, where he saw: 'Yea, I have found thee, because thou hast sold thyself to work iniquity.'

Lord Derby wrote :—

'I am glad to have been spared the pain of witnessing the Chancellor's disgraceful exhibition in the House of Lords, though I own I should like to have heard your crushing reply.'

[1] The diary of July 7, 1865, thus records this meeting :—'Going in to the Queen, met Westbury coming out; his fallen look moved my compassion. Later I met him on the broad staircase looking quite down, as he wandered alone down to the town. But Delane told me that going up to London in the train he was quite uproarious in his jollity, professing such delight at being free from office, going to enjoy himself, foreign travel, &c.

The Bishop of Exeter wrote :—

Accept my warmest thanks for your triumphant display of your eloquence and talents in the best cause on Friday last. The noble and learned personage who provoked the conflict must have felt (thick-skinned as he may be) the flogging which he drew down on himself. Anything more complete I never knew. I hope that there were a sufficient number of Lay Lords to witness and enjoy the castigation.

Lord Chelmsford, who was present at the debate, in describing it to his great friend Archdeacon Randall, said, 'It was so crushing and at the same time so dignified and free from any appearance of irritation.'

The diary records the engagements of the day, and also refers to the way the Bishop spent the evening after the debate.

July 15.—Prevost breakfasted. Then to Committee on Clerical Subscription. Then S.P.G. Then Colonial Bishop's Council. House of Lords, the Chancellor's insolent speech and reply. To Mr. Moore's, and addressed his young men and women on 'the London we live in.' Very late at night, getting everything ready for leaving town.

The following is an extract from the address :—

In London men and women were wonderfully insulated. In a village everybody knew everybody else. There was a great constraint in that. They lived under a continual observation. But a man came to London and no one knew about him. He (the Bishop) recollected his first night in London. He looked out of the bedroom window of the little inn in which he was staying, at the surging crowd which passed and re-passed beneath him ; and he could have screamed for some one who knew him, or knew somebody he knew, or something about which he could talk to them. This feeling of isolation in the midst of a vast crowd was absolutely painful. . . . Coleridge said that every man's face was either a history or a prophecy. He thought it was both. He liked to wander in the crowd and look at the faces of the people ; though he could often shed tears as he passed through the streets, and witnessed sights which every one of them might witness if observant. They might see a poor woman, for instance, with vice, wretchedness,

and misery plainly marked upon her countenance, holding a child in her arms. That child would move, and in the mother's look, as she turned towards it, they could see a remnant of her better self—an indication of the existence of a hallowed feeling which might be made an influence for good in the work of her restoration to the paths of purity and peace. By way of safeguard, let them try to bear in mind that they were really not alone, though they seemed to be so, but that they were influencing many for good or for evil every day, if not every hour. Let them try to influence them for good, not by canting, which always did harm, but by living as real men. Even though their light were but as that of the glowworm beneath the bush, let them be ever anxious to do good to those around them. Let them beware of the influence of their example on those who were younger. Let theirs not be found to be an influence for evil, but let them each day set about the day's toil and face the day's temptations with the resolve to do all the good they could.

He was not going to preach to them there, but he told them that all other safeguards were of little value without religion. It was a delusion to suppose that the cultivation of the mere intellect would cure the deep-seated wound of sin-fallen humanity. . . . He concluded by urging them, as far as possible, to spend their hours of relaxation in the country, where they could enjoy the beauties of nature, and to avoid all that was ungodly or even unmanly.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

CHAPTER XV.

(1865—1866.)

In February the Bishop writes to Mr. Gordon :—

What Gladstone is to head is all uncertain. Walpole still thinks that, having gone a certain way with the Radicals, he will on some Church measure wheel round and break wholly with them. Lord Derby is full of his Iliad, and bides his time. I do not believe Pam thinks of retiring : he means, I believe, to dissolve as soon as the estimates are voted in the summer. We know not *what* will be the issue of the Colenso case ; if only the tribunal was a fair one, I should be very glad that those great questions were thoroughly sifted and settled. There is still great indignation as to the 'Essays and Reviews' judgment. The Bishop of London and his chaplain have put forth a volume in defence of the Court full of misstatement. The most interesting book I have met with is Pusey's on Daniel—quite a first-rate book. I have, too, been very much interested in 'Le Maudit' and 'La Religieuse' by the Abbé Michon. . . . I am well, thank God—overworked, but well.

On July 18 the result of the election for the University of Oxford was known, and immediately the Bishop wrote to Mr. Gladstone. Some four letters passed between the friends, and those letters, now that they have the light of history upon them, are remarkable indeed.[1] The Bishop was indignant because Mr. Gladstone lost the seat owing to the vote of the country clergy, the University—as represented by its professors, tutors, lecturers, and fellows—voting for him. The Bishop thought the University of Oxford 'about the worst constituency existing for

[1] *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. 3, pp. 161–64.

a man before his age in intellectual development, and above it in self-respect.' He felt also that the vote of the country clergy had been cast against Mr. Gladstone owing to a misapprehension of his real views—'they could not be made to understand the truth'—and adds how truly 'You were too great for them.' Mr. Gladstone's answer to this letter contains a prophetic utterance which we have seen come true: 'There have been two great deaths or transmigrations of spirit in my political existence—one, very slow, the breaking of ties with my original party; the other, very short and sharp, the breaking of the tie with Oxford. There will probably be a third, and no more.' Bishop Wilberforce replied to this letter by first saying that he wished he understood more clearly Mr. Gladstone's oracular sentence, and then by urging him to take 'the step which Canning took when he claimed the Premiership.' The Bishop described what he believed to be Mr. Gladstone's mission: 'to make England wealthy, to diffuse that wealth specially among the working classes, to enlarge and purify our institutions.' To this Mr. Gladstone replied on July 28:—

> The oracular sentence has little bearing on present affairs or prospects, and may stand in its proper darkness. But the hortatory part of your letter, coming, as it does, from you, with such sincerity, such authority, and such affection, I must not pass unnoticed. I think that if you had the same means of estimating my position, jointly with my faculties, as I have, you would be of a different opinion. It is my fixed determination never to take any step whatever to raise myself to a higher level in official life; and this, not on grounds of Christian self-denial, which would hardly apply, but on the double ground, first, of my total ignorance of my capacity, bodily or mental, to hold such a higher level; and secondly—perhaps I might say especially—because I am certain that the fact of my seeking it would seal my doom in taking it. This is a reason of a very practical kind; every day brings me fresh evidence of its force and soundness. Ever affectionately yours,
>
> W. E. Gladstone.

The Bishop held his September Ordination at Lavington. On the Saturday before the Ordination one who had been ordained deacon by the Bishop of Chichester, came over with

his uncle—an old friend of the Bishop's. His account of the visit is noticeable as showing the Bishop's great geniality of manner with those with whom he happened to be thrown in contact, even when he was but slightly acquainted with them :—

I was struck, first, by the Bishop's wonderful versatility and powers of conversation.

In walking over the breezy pastures of his estate, his conversation was almost entirely one long 'Hymn of Praise' to the God and the beauties of Nature.

Among other things, he said : 'If it were *man's duty* to settle at Lavington, and enjoy this peaceful atmosphere, these balmy breezes, these beautiful views, to cultivate one's farm, and tend one's garden, *who would wish to go to town?*'

Then, as I walked by his side, on my saying I was a student of botany, he instantly put my powers—I was but in my twenty-third year—to the test, by asking with which of the rare wild flowers of the Sussex Weald and Downs I was acquainted? On my confessing that I knew nothing of the Sussex *flora*, but was going to a curacy in Sussex, and intended to cultivate there this one of my favourite pursuits, he said : 'You will find your love for Nature one of your greatest blessings and safeguards in a country parish. Read theological works, but not those of professed polemics ; above all, read your Bible. And when you have comforted the sick and sorrowful, and can call an honest hour your own, go out and botanise ; study natural history—you have a love for it, and do not paralyse your simple love for nature.'

Then, pointing to a small plantation, he said : 'That is one of my children ; I planted it, and I love no spot so well as the turf around this plantation.'

And then—we were nearing the parish church, or that of some neighbouring parish (Archdeacon Randall, I remember, was the preacher, the Bishop reading the second lesson), the Bishop suddenly plucked a leaf from the turf and said : 'This is one of the rarer wild flowers,' and instantly gave me off-hand *a list* of some of the rarer flora to be found in Sussex.

One more point struck me : the kindly, warm-hearted way in which, outside the church doors, the Bishop stayed to talk with farmer or labouring man ; constantly shaking hands most affectionately with them. My remembrance of his witty conversation

at dinner, on the Saturday night preceding this Sunday, is this: that he had, for the time, completely thrown aside and forgotten the seriousness of the day; he had been having his *private* interviews with each one of the candidates for Ordination.

His conversation was one flow of wit; the party at table consisting of his daughter-in-law, his chaplain, the candidates for Ordination, the Rev. J. W. Burgon, and one or two other clergymen of distinction. The conversation turned upon some clergyman in his own diocese, well known to the Bishop and Mr. Burgon; and the latter said, laughingly, 'Well, but my Lord, after all, he is a very *sound* man!' 'He is, indeed, with a vengeance,' said the Bishop; 'if you mean *vox et præterea nihil*. Do you know, Burgon,' he added, quaintly and archly enough, 'I never hear the north-west wind blow on Sunday but what it troubles me to think that poor —— is preaching?'

The gentleman who supplied the foregoing narrative relates a remarkable instance of the Bishop's power of recollection. Years after this meeting the Bishop was holding a Confirmation at a small parish in Surrey, where his former acquaintance had been helping the Incumbent. He came into the vestry surpliced, with several other clergy. The Bishop, as he himself describes, 'singled me out in a moment. "You are Mr. ——, but how you are altered. Well, it is many years since we met; let me shake you by the hand." Not one man in a thousand, I fancy, would have known me, so much had I altered since I had last seen the Bishop. It struck me at the moment, he would make a *first-rate detective*. But he often said that, once seen, he never forgot a face.'

Queen Emma, the widow of the King who invited and promoted the founding of the English Church in Hawaii, which had been accomplished almost solely by the Bishop, visited England in order to raise funds for the maintenance of that Church. In furtherance of this object the Bishop went a tour round the great manufacturing districts of the North with the Queen, holding meetings at most of the large towns with varied success. The Bishop's diary records 180*l.* at one place, 200*l.* at another; in all, this northern tour realised some 3,000*l.* The following letters to Sir Charles

Anderson describe part of this expedition, at the end of which, it is little to be wondered at, the Queen was so completely exhausted that she could not be present. Later on in the year the Queen was the Bishop's guest at Lavington, from which place she went to Brighton for another meeting.

In November the Bishop was elected a Trustee of the British Museum—the practice then was that three names were submitted to the Trustees, out of which number they selected one. On the Bishop being elected, Earl Russell said: 'I cordially concur in the nomination of the Bishop of Oxford as Trustee of the British Museum. No more fit appointment could be made.'

On December 17 the Bishop writes:—

I have been preaching seventeen times in the seventeen days of December, besides speeches, confirmations, &c. . . . and then I hope for ten days' comparative rest at Lavington.

The 'comparative rest' was mostly given to writing, followed by a series of parties at Cuddesdon, with 'many bishops,' long discussions on 'Ritual,' 'Readerships,' 'Subjects for Oxford Sermons'; and a Confirmation tour ended the month. February's occupations are given in a series of the abbreviated diary entries; for nothing else can give so clear an idea, in so few words, of the Bishop's versatility of mind and activity of body, of the exceeding many-sidedness of his ecclesiastical, social, and domestic life.

February 1, 1866.—Up early; letters; church; papers sorting; bills with Ernest, and then wrote. Few minutes' ride with Basil. The Corporation and Lord Abingdon, Hammersley, Archdeacon Clerke, Leighton, &c., dined.

February 2.—Early; letters; church; breakfast with ——, his memory full of disjointed, useless, generally personal, events. At 11.25 my dearest Ernest and F. drove off, leaving my heart how sore and empty! At accounts, letters, &c,; then rode with Basil, who very affectionate.

February 3.—Up early; breakfast after church; then James Ashhurst as to Monday's meeting; letters and papers, and off for London; rode to station; many letters going up. Dined with

Queen's Advocate,[1] Bishop of Salisbury, R. Curzon, Edward Denison, Mrs. and W. E. Gladstone—he clear and bright. Talked of cattle-plague—Aberdeenshire method of dealing with it the only practicable one. Parliament can only enable. Objections; trickery; impossibility of settling between rent, number and value of stock. '*Ecce Homo*' praised loudly for manly eloquence.

February 4.—Up 8.15; Chapel Royal, 10; Garden[2] preached a fair sermon. Athenæum, and wrote, with little interruption, sermon for Ash Wednesday till 5. Then with Trench to 26 Pall Mall, and I to Chapel Royal. Again to Athenæum to read till 7.30. To Speaker's with Lady Phillimore, E. Denison, Archdeacon, &c. —pleasant evening.

February 5.—Archbishop of Dublin breakfasted and talk; Bishop of Salisbury and Archdeacon Huxtable. Meeting at Lambeth. . . . Bishop of Lincoln main producer of proposition for settling law against Ritualists, and carrying it into the higher Courts—at last I proposed adjournment. Consultation afterwards with Bishops of Salisbury and Gloucester. Letters. Dined at E. Hamilton's—much pleasant talk.

The Bishop thus writes to his son Ernest :—

Lambeth, February 5, 1866.

Many thanks for all your dear kindness. The violets almost upset me; the room is so full of their perfume, like that of your affection. I am writing during the Ritualistic discussions of the Bishops—no light yet, nor do I expect very much to come.

February 6. Morning Convocation; drew up address to the Queen—adopted unanimously. Then House of Lords for opening. After to Lambeth; spoke at length on ritual. Then House of Lords and Commons. Dined at Lambeth—Archbishops Armagh, Dublin; Bishop of St. Asaph, &c.

February 7.—Convocation breakfast; morning, Convocation; then Lambeth till 5.40, ritual; then wrote till dinner with Bishop of London, Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, Bishop of St. David's. Great party of Convocation at night.

February 8.—Church; Convocation breakfast; Ecclesiastical Commission; S. P. G.; 79 Pall Mall, for the motion of Burrows—spoke on meanness of forsaking the Bishop of Capetown; House

[1] The late Sir R. Phillimore.

[2] The late Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

of Lords. Letters ; dined Westminster audit dinner. House of Commons with Archbishop of Dublin—walked home with General Peel.

February 9.—Early. Read office. Convocation breakfast ; Convocation at 11. Then Bishop's meeting and Convocation till 7.15. Dined at the Athenæum with Bishop of St. David's, and then wrote with Sir G. Prevost till 12—tired out.

February 10.—Very wet morning. Bishop of Grahamstown to talk over Fremantle's and Bishop of London's review against Bishop of Capetown. Grillions, walked there with ——, and talk as to Newport ; with Sir W. Heathcote back. Wrote at Athenæum ; spoke for Newport Market Refuge, and wrote till 7.30 ; 48 letters. Then dined at Dudley House—Lord and Lady Lichfield, Anson and Mrs., Chief Justice Cockburn, R. Lowe and Mrs., Lady Molesworth, Lady C. Kerrison ; Lady Dudley charming.

February 11.—(Sunday.) Sir R. Phillimore to breakfast, to go with me to St. Alban's. Walker, Cleaver, and Stanton officiating ; Walker celebrant. Stanton preached an earnest, useful, practical sermon on fasting, its duty, uses, difficulties, and temptations—thoroughly evangelical, but rather an *imitation* of Liddon, and, though successful as an imitation, failing by suggesting the original ; congregation grave, earnest, devout ; large proportion of strangers ; but, except the prostration and the incensing, I thought it far better in effect than I expected. Wrote sermon after, and dined at the Phillimores with H. Glynne.

February 12.—Read service at home : breakfast and letters. Colonial Council ; letters. Lambeth curates' meeting. House of Lords ; letters. Dinner at Athenæum ; letters, and very tired home to bed.

February 13.—Up betimes ; off for Boyne hill at 9.30—a beautiful completed work, D. G. ; the snow powdering the ground ; the day bright and clear. Prepared sermon going down in train, on 'Sursum corda'—the Spire's voice ; preached with interest. Luncheon and toasts ; back to House of Lords ; letters. Dined Sir W. Farquhar's—Gladstones, Col. Kingscote, Lord Eliot, Egertons, Charlie Wood, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lady Granville.

February 14.—(Ash Wednesday.) Up in good time ; saw —— &c. ; then to Goulburn's, where Wordsworth preached on fasting ; walked to Cavendish Square ; saw and prayed with —— ; heavy rain ; packed up and finished sermon ; to Oxford ; preached first

sermon of series—great congregation; Randall and Woodford to Cuddesdon; I wait for to-morrow.

February 15.—Up early; letters; saw people; meeting of Diocesan Societies, lay section; rode out to Cuddesdon with Archdeacon Randall and Woodford, wrote; the Ordination and addresses.

February 16.—Morning, Ordination address; letters; rode with Basil; letters. Cattle plague spreading all round. Address in the evening on Red Heifer.

February 17.—Up early; prepared addresses, &c.; set papers; saw each separately; sent poor —— away; packing and leave-taking; rode to Didcot; rail to Reading with Archdeacon; Confirmation at S. Mary's; address in St. Giles' Hall to communicants; to Mrs. Levett's; supper and bed.

February 18.—(Sunday.) Up early. Prepared sermon on 'Draw near to God'—preached it at St. Giles'. Returned to Mrs. Levett's, and prepared evening sermon on 'A Syrian ready to perish,' &c.; grace and Gospel; vast congregation. Back to Mrs. Levett's with Archdeacons Randall and Bickersteth.

February 19.—Up early. Communion at St. Giles'. Breakfast at Fosbery's. St. Mary's Church, Milman preached excellently on doubt and unbelief. Then to —— for a Confirmation, and thence to Upton. Evening at Reading, to St. Giles', where Bishop of Ripon preached a good sermon of the school.

February 20.—Early Communion—Claughton[1] preached a beautiful sermon on our Lord's passion. Then he, Archdeacon and I, to —— for Confirmation; to Wokingham. I preached on 'That I may know Him,' &c. Very much tired at night.

February 21.—Celebrated, and addressed at early Communion, St. Mary's: 'I delivered unto you what I received.' Conference, and to London. Meeting of Wellington College Governors. Lambeth to luncheon. Marriage Law Committee. University Assurance. To Reading. Address at Factory.

February 22.—Early Communion, St. Mary's. Goulburn addressed. Dean of Chichester preached excellently well. To Earley and Sonning for Confirmations, with Cust and Archdeacon Ffoulkes. Addressed Palmer's men at Reading. Proctor, at evening service, preached; very singular. A baddish cold.

February 23.—Did not venture to early Communion. Confirmed

[1] Bishop of St. Albans.

at St. Giles'. Then to Twyford with Fosbery, and after to Wargrave; exceedingly tired at night, and cold so bad, I scarcely got through the Confirmation at Wargrave.

February 24.—In bed all the morning. Dr. Wells came to see me. Saw many people, and wrote many letters. Charged candidates. Very much tired at night. But, D. G., certainly much better than last night.

February 25.—(Sunday.) Morning read and thought about sermon. The Ordination. A grand sermon from Woodford: 'This one thing I do.' Unity and diversity: this visible throughout God's laws. The shadow cast on matter of the Trinity in Unity. In astronomy, &c. Back and prepared sermon; preached at St. Giles'. Very hot. The young men with me afterwards at supper.

February 26.—Up betimes. Cold better. To Town Hall conference. Then off to Binfield; nice Confirmation; then on to Sunningdale.

February 27.—Cold sleety morning. To Bracknell, Confirmation. Then Cranbourne, luncheon. Victor Johnson's and on to Trinity, Windsor, Confirmation. Then to Clewer; confirmed a sister, talk with Carter about vestments. He to try and moderate one side, I the other. To London. Dined THE Club. Duke of Argyll, Lord Stanhope, Lord Kingsdown, R. Lowe, Reeves, Sir W. Maxwell, Sir E. Head, Walpole, Dean of St. Paul's.

February 28.—Letters. People. Committee of Ecclesiastical Commission on Grants. Literary Society. University Assurance. Central African. Hawaian. To Gladstone's tea. Then home and wrote. Dined Sir E. Buller's.

It is impossible to pass over Bishop Wilberforce's action on the question of Ritual, for one reason, among others: that it shows his predominating influence in the Episcopate. Of his own diocese he says, 'It is carefully to be noted that where the (Church) movement has been deepest, there Ritualistic extravagances have the least appeared.' The Bishop feared legislative interference, because if such were attempted it would open the whole question of the Prayer-book, and would by narrowing the boundaries infallibly cause secession. In 1865 a proposal was made for the Archbishop to issue an address. Bishop Wilberforce opposed this, as being unconstitutional for

Bishops to assume aggregate authority out of Synod. He said that a Bishop had a right to address his own clergy, and there was a difference between that and addressing other Bishops. Again, he saw the impossibility of getting unanimity among the Bishops as to the terms of the address. This question of the address was discussed by all the Bishops, and was carried by 13 to 8, but it was then agreed that the address should not be issued, because the Bishops were not unanimous. In the large edition of the 'Life' some excellent 'rules for our conduct' will be found in two letters on the Ritual question, written to two Rural Deans, representative men of different schools of thought.[1] The Bishop's own private views on this question are admirably given in a speech in Convocation on February 9, 1866.

> There may be differences of opinion as to the extent to which Ritualistic observances should prevail in public worship. The conformation of men's minds differs. The conformation of my mind leads me to be satisfied with the simplest form as being the most productive of devotion; but it is not so with others, and I have no right to make what suits me the law for everybody else.

In the Bishop's Charge of 1866 he advocated 'the revival of old English, not the aping of Roman ways,' and said 'a moderate and sober development of ceremonial belongs necessarily to the Church as a living body. Life implies of a necessity change, death only secures immutability.' The Archbishop of Canterbury thanked him warmly for this Charge, saying, 'The advice you give is excellent,' and of it Mr. Gladstone said, 'I have read your Charge with great admiration.' In this Charge the Bishop dwelt on the fact that legislation would be premature, and therefore dangerous. In 1867 Lord Shaftesbury brought in a Bill for making the 58th Canon the absolute and sole rule of the Church of England as to ornaments, dresses, &c., by this Bill 'throwing over rights of congregations, discretion of Bishops, the liberty of the Church for all future expansion.'[2] The Northern Bishops and several

[1] *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. iii. p. 195.
[2] Ibid. vol. iii. 206.

others, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, supported the Bill; and only three Bishops, including Bishop Wilberforce, opposed it. The latter then appealed to Mr. Gladstone, who had an interview with the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London. They thought Bishop Wilberforce would not oppose Lord Shaftesbury's Bill, 'because of the Archbishop.' They had arrived at this conclusion because Bishop Wilberforce at the Bishops' meeting on March 6, in answer to a question as to his course 'if the Archbishop brings in a Bill,' said, 'I cannot conceive my opposing what he, as my Metropolitan, considered it his duty after full reflection to introduce.' On the next day Bishop Wilberforce wrote to the Archbishop saying that he did not believe in the necessity of any movement, but that if any movement were made it ought to be done regularly, Convocation taking the initiative.

Next the Bishop appealed to Lord Derby, who settled all questions of legislation by informing the Archbishop on March 26 that the Cabinet had decided on issuing a Royal Commission.[1] In August the Commission issued its first report. This was drawn up by the Bishop, and held the balance so carefully between the parties that it satisfied neither of the extremes. On this Lord Beauchamp writes to the Bishop, 'I recognise the discretion and skill with which you have steered us. How others could have been brought to agree I cannot divine. Our escape has been marvellous.' Bishop Wilberforce steered the Church of England through this danger, and averted a legislation which had for its object the narrowing down of the Church into a frozen uniformity. Over and over again he used to say, 'Surely the great Church of England is broad enough and deep enough to hold all her faithful servants in her loving bosom.'

This letter to one of the Rural Deans of the diocese may be taken as summarising the Bishop's views on the Ritual question:—

I am decidedly opposed to any attempt at legislation concerning the ritual of the Church of England. Any such legislation must, I

[1] The Archbishop of York was appointed a member of this Commission, but declined to serve.

conceive, fix a new and definite limit to matters left at present much at large. I am not prepared to limit on any side our present liberty. Nothing short of great, immediate, and widespread evil would, in my judgment, justify any such attempt. But whilst I say this, I rejoice to think that no complaints have reached me of startling changes in our ordinary ritual from any part of our own diocese. I entirely disapprove of such changes being introduced when their introduction shocks the feelings of the lay members of our Church. I rest my advice purposely on the ground of charitable consideration for others. But, of course, there are the prior questions—(1) What degree of ritual does indeed tend to edification? and (2) If a very high ritual be for edification, whether it ought not to be an expression of the inward convictions and (so to speak) life of devotion of the worshipper, and not adopted as a means of awakening such convictions or creating such inward devotion? These are very grave questions, and should not, in my judgment, be so peremptorily settled by the decision of individuals as to lead to hasty and sporadic action in restoring rights strange to our common usage, even though they be within the letter of the law. May it please God to keep us zealous in the maintenance of His truth; humble and devout in worship; earnest ourselves and tolerant of others; and offering all through the alone mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord.

CHAPTER XVI.

(1867.)

February 15.—Convocation breakfast; then Convocation; letters. House of Lords: debate on Colonial Church. Dined Sir W. Farquhar's; Granville, &c.—a pleasant party.

The debate referred to on the Colonial Church was raised by the Bishop of London moving for certain despatches and papers. The Bishop of London, in his speech, showed that he thought the Colonial Church, where not established by law, should yet be so far under the supremacy of the Crown as that appeals in ecclesiastical causes should be heard in the same manner as English appeals. This speech drew from Lord Carnarvon, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, a lucid statement of the real position of Colonial Churches. Bishop Wilberforce, who thanked Lord Carnarvon for his clear statement, and for the utterance of sentiments of liberality towards the colonies, and of desire for freedom of religion, said:—

It should be remembered that the Church of England in the colonies was a purely voluntary body, like the Wesleyans or any other body of religionists having an internal regulation of its own, but having no connection with the Crown except as subjects of the Queen. It was a misapprehension to suppose that the Church in the colonies had the same power of appeal to the Privy Council as the Church at home. The Queen's supremacy was an essential part of an Established Church. But what was the meaning of an Established Church? That it possessed property? No; it meant that instead of being a voluntary and tolerated society it was a legal corporation, with internal powers that were recognised by the

Queen's Courts. The Queen could not create the smallest spiritual Court in the colonies. To ask the colonists to look for a remedy in the supremacy of the Crown was to offer them an illusion. . . . The connection between the Colonial Church and the Church at home was not to be maintained by illusory documents or high-sounding claims. It was to be maintained by allowing the Church in the colonies to develop for itself the true Church of England temper, profession of faith, doctrine, and internal government; thus giving it the help they could give it to stand up among free men there, itself there a free Church, among free religionists a free religion. They must not put them off from what would be an abiding reality, and teach them to trust to what, when they came to try it, would prove a broken reed.

To attempt to deal with Bishop Wilberforce's relations with the Colonial Church within the limits of this volume would be impossible; suffice it, then, to quote a sentence from Mr. Gathorne Hardy's (Lord Cranbrook) speech at Willis's Rooms, December 2, 1873: 'People wrote to him [Bishop Wilberforce] for advice and instruction from all parts, not only of England but of the Colonies, and he was ever ready to reply; thousands have thus reason to think gratefully of his memory.' And Canon Ashwell, in his introductory chapter to the 'Life,' touches this point when he says, 'His Colonial Church correspondence was enormous; and, to mention only two examples, it may be stated that the letters he received on the subjects of the troubles in the Church of South Africa and in Honolulu can only be counted by hundreds.'

The subject of the increase of the Episcopate was mooted in Parliament three times during the later period of the life of Bishop Wilberforce, and as on each of these occasions he took a prominent part, his views on this question are easily obtainable. There were three ways by which new Bishops could be created. First, the creation of new sees, such as was done by Lord Beauchamp's Bill in 1875, when four new sees were created; secondly, the appointment of Coadjutor Bishops; and, thirdly, the appointment of Suffragan Bishops. This latter course has of late years been extensively adopted. In 1861 Lord Lyttelton brought in a Bill to provide for the subdivision of dioceses.

Bishop Wilberforce thought that, with proper checks and provisions, a limited increase was much to be desired, but he opposed the Bill on the ground that the Church had never admitted the principle of Bishops without sees; he objected to a suffragan being consecrated, as it were, to a *Bishop*, not to a *see*, for when the Bishop died, the suffragan, not having succession, would be in a most anomalous position, as he might feel himself compelled to object to the acts of the new Bishop. And he foresaw what has since occurred—that a suffragan appointed by one Bishop for a definite purpose, and having a definite portion of the diocese allotted to him, would be at the mercy of a succeeding Bishop, who might not view things in the same light as his predecessor. This Bill, though it passed a second reading, was rejected by the House on a motion to go into Committee. But it must not be supposed that Bishop Wilberforce opposed an increase of the Episcopate; for in 1865, when Lord Lyttelton again brought the matter forward in the House of Lords, Bishop Wilberforce, answering Lord Shaftesbury, who had urged that an increase of the Episcopate could only be made at the expense of the parochial system, said:—

> The efficiency of diocesan management depended more on the spirit in which the parishes were worked, in which the pulpits were filled, in which the cottages were visited; and it is the Bishop who must be the main instrument in encouraging the zealous, in stirring up the faint-hearted, in animating the despondent; he must be to his clergy the example and the mainspring of holy living and dying for the people committed to their care.

Once more Lord Lyttelton introduced the subject in 1867. This time the Bill passed the House of Lords; but the House of Commons having inserted a clause providing that the new Bishops were not to have seats in the House of Lords,[1] the Lords refused to accept the amendment, and the Bill was lost. Bishop Wilberforce was in favour of the creation of new

[1] Bishop Tait writes: 'I have been taken aback by the alteration of Lyttelton's Bill in the Commons. Four cases of Sodor and Man instead of one! It is really an alarming innovation.'

and independent sees, or he would have approved, had the question been mooted, of the creation of Coadjutor Bishops, with succession. But he was opposed to the creation of what he called 'Curate Bishops, contrary to all the stream of antiquity'; for he said, 'I believe you can no more have a real Bishop made without a see, than a king without a throne, or a husband without a wife.'

April 20.—Confirmed at St. Mary's at 9.30. A VERY Striking Confirmation. Then at St. Thomas's at 11. Went with Chamberlain to old, dying rag-gatherer's wretched room and gave him the Sacrament after Confirmation.

May 19.—Prepared sermon on 'It is expedient'—a crowded and most attentive audience. If ever, prayed with all my heart for some blessing to them, no praise to me. Home and read Döllinger's 'First Age of Church.'

May 29. . . . Dined Gladstone's: Spencers, Lord Cowper, Bright, Glynne, and Adams. Bright talked a great deal. Studies his speeches; prepares his illustrations and quotations. Had prepared both *Cave*[1] and *Dog*. Reads a great deal of Milton—almost daily. Must come under new system to ballot.

Part of this conversation the Bishop used to repeat very much as follows:—

Bright said he always prepared his illustrations. I said, 'Not *always*, surely, because I can give you an instance when it was impossible that you could have prepared. You remember when you likened Bob Lowe to the ladies' white Skye terrier that was so hairy that you could not tell his head from his tail. Well, now, when you used that, you had been suddenly attacked, and it was impossible that you could have prepared it.' Bright replied: 'It is true all the same. I had prepared it for a former speech, but while I was speaking I looked at Lowe, and my heart melted, and I left it out; but when on the occasion you mention he attacked me, then I had no pity, and *I gave him the dog*.'

This letter of the Bishop of London, written August 8, 1867,

[1] The Cave of Adullam, 1 Sam. xxii. 1, 2. 'Where every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them.'

after the Church Rate Abolition Bill had passed its second reading in the House of Commons, shows how Bishop Wilberforce was turned to in all emergencies, and it also shows that Bishop Tait did not believe in Mr. Disraeli's Church policy:—

Regarding Church rates, I take it for granted that you will smash Mr. Horncastle's Bill. You will not fail to urge that the Bishops and the Church generally have been in favour of a fair compromise. The real reason why such a compromise was not made and accepted was that Dizzy humbugged old Hall and some others into the belief that he was the Church's all-powerful friend, and would maintain Church rates with no surrender. Surely the Government, who have led us into this mess by playing on the folly of the clergy, will not be so dastardly as to abandon us.

August 3. (Niton, Isle of Wight.) After breakfast off with E——, I driving Mr. ——'s horse to Brighstone. Most kindly received by Moberlys; over house, church, &c.; down to shore. E—— remembering many things, and I able to talk with her on all. The past all around me. All God's doings with me since 1841. Drove home with E——. Dinner and bed.

The same day the Bishop writes to his son Ernest, 'I feel to-day like a wrung-out napkin. I am going over to Brighstone to-day to see my old paradise. Oh, would that I had been worthier of it!'

August 4.—Brighstone. Morning prepared sermon on 'Went forth,' Mark viii. Nice congregation. Forty years since I worshipped here with my Emily and the Sargents. These forty years in the Wilderness. Tried hard to pray. Miserere, Domine.

To Mr. Gordon the Bishop writes, and describes one of those pleasant parties which the late Lord Stanhope used to gather together at Chevening:—

Chevening, August 18, 1867.

You know this place and my host and hostess. I came down here on Friday till to-morrow, when the Ritual Commission carries me back to London. It is a pleasant party, and will bring back, I think, old associations to you when I enumerate the names. There is Motley and Lord and Lady Sydney—*she* was always a favourite of mine—and Lord Beauchamp, always a very

good and nice fellow, but, I think, an improvement in many ways on F. Lygon; and Delane as fresh as ever; Meynell Ingram and his charming wife, Lord Halifax's daughter. No one even guesses at the political future: whether a fresh election will strengthen the Conservatives or not seems altogether doubtful. The most wonderful thing is the rise of Disraeli. It is not the mere assertion of talent, as you hear so many say. It seems to me quite beside that. He has been able to teach the House of Commons almost to ignore Gladstone; and at present lords it over him, and, I am told, says that he will hold him down for twenty years.

On August 22, the Bishop presided at a Conference of Sunday-school teachers at Newport, Isle of Wight. The Bishop summed up the proceedings of the day. He said children taught at the Sunday schools might be divided into two classes: those who attended all the week and those who attended only on the Sunday. He pointed out the great benefit which accrued to the Church and to the parish in retaining hold of those boys of fourteen and fifteen who had left the regular school and could only attend on the Sunday. He warned the teachers against mixing the classes. He said many of these elder ones left the Sunday school, and would not attend, because they were put with the infants; and he illustrated this with a happy simile: 'The rook never frequented the same ground with the starling, who was a busy talkative gentleman; but the rook was a quiet sort of fellow, and therefore when a starling came near, the rook looked at him with a peculiar cock of the eye and then flew away.' The Bishop impressed on the teachers present the necessity of kind dealing with the younger children.

Sunday was as much a day of rest for children as for grown-up people, and it was a mistaken idea to take children, whom God made volatile, who could not be still for a moment, because it was their nature, who were always dropping off to sleep on the benches they sat on, because they needed sleep, and would begin to whisper and laugh to one another, because they needed that sort of thing just as much as the bee needed to go buz—uz, when he flies about—to take little creatures whom God had made in this way, sit them on

a hard bench and make horrid faces at them when they began to buzz, or knock them on the head if they went to sleep, was, as he had said before, a wrong idea. In his experience, Sunday-school teachers failed very much because they acted on the 'Be good' system; their great object seemed to be to keep dinning the children's ears with 'Be good, be good, be good.' That seemed in many instances to be the beginning and end of all teaching, and a marvellously unfruitful teaching it would be for either man, woman, or child. . . . To bring his remarks to a close, he would say, Love the Sunday-school children, make them happy; give them in little teaching as much as they could individually; never let them get tired; if they went to sleep, don't wake them; let them kick their legs about when sitting on the bench, if they like; let them have as much rest as possible, so as to keep their minds in a state of receptivity; and don't expect a great deal immediately from the teaching. It was the bringing a younger, less taught, and less disciplined mind under the gradual influence of an older, better taught, and a more disciplined mind which did the work.

July 20.—Cardwell spoke of O'Connell's bitterness against Sir J. Graham, 'One cheek flushed with presumption, the other blanched with terror.' Graham the real instigator of the Derby Dilly. Sir ——'s application to Peel for a baronetcy. Peel's bitterness after Melbourne's prostitution of them: 'I thought they had been condemned to unusual ignominy.' Dr. Chalmers said to Cardwell, 'Your evangelical clergy remind me of what Job says of the Conies. They are a feeble folk.'

The idea of the Pan-Anglican Synod, as it was generally termed, but more properly speaking Pan-Anglican Conference, which was held at Lambeth in this year, had been brought before the Bishops in February 1866 on a memorial from the Canadian Bishops requesting the Archbishop to summon such a Conference. On that occasion the Archbishop said he thought that the time had not come for a united Synod. In the following year this application was again under consideration. The meeting at which the suggestion was adopted was attended by many of the Canadian and Colonial Bishops, and the Archbishop called upon the Bishop of Montreal to open the discussion, which ended in an agreement that the Archbishop should issue invitations. This was done on February

22, with the result that seventy-eight Bishops assembled, on September 24, at Lambeth for mutual conference.

September 24.—After prayers and breakfast to Lambeth. Holy Communion in chapel; a very striking service. Bishop of Illinois' sermon a flow of words without ideas, and very long and nothing to the point. Preliminary discussion all day about whether 'Protestant' should stand in resolution. To Lambeth to dinner; very large and interesting party.

September 25.—To Lambeth, as before. Discussion all day. Archbishop desired me to prepare a draft Encyclical. At night again to Fulham.

September 26.—Up early and wrote Encyclical. Address read and approved. Committee appointed to amend. With the Archbishop to Addington. Bishop of Rhode Island full of humour. Long and anxious talk about Natal.

September 27.—Up to meeting. Again anxious about Natal. Bishop of New Zealand's grand but over-strong speech. Address adopted with enthusiasm. Carried, against London, Winchester, and St. David's, our acquiescence in the advice tendered by Convocation to Natal. Meeting at St. James's Hall; Bishop of London excited. To Fulham again.

A few days after, the Bishop received the following from the Rev. Sir Henry Thompson:—

You enjoy the credit of having penned the Pan-Anglican Pastoral, and a very creditable document it is. I don't think it will quite come up to Archdeacon Denison's ideas, nor probably will you receive any complimentary letter from Dr. M'Neile. But the vast body of the clergy will, I am sure, greatly approve of the calm, dignified, affectionate spirit it breathes throughout.

At the conclusion of the Lambeth Synod the Bishop entertained some of the American and Colonial Bishops at Cuddesdon, and invited some of the leading Oxford men to meet them. During a moment of dead silence at dinner, the Bishop of Rhode Island, looking across the table: 'So you air Professor Mansel, air you?' Mansel (bowing): 'I am.' The Bishop: 'I have read your works, and as I read I tried to picture to myself the writer, and I pictured a tall, thin, intellectual-looking man, and —I see you!' Mansel (quickly, and smiling): 'You see, Bishop,

in these days of discussion about mind and matter, I thought my best chance was to clothe my mind with matter.'

The same Bishop said that when the lines on the death of Abraham Lincoln appeared in 'Punch' he read them from his pulpit. He said he believed that the publication of those lines had done more to allay the feeling of irritation against England than anything else.

A line from the Bishop of Arkansas (Henry Day) shows how he appreciated Bishop Wilberforce: 'You unite the manly defence of great principles with much gentleness and tolerance.' Doubtless what the Bishop of Arkansas refers to was Bishop Wilberforce's *gentling* of Bishop Gray, who had come over from Capetown breathing wrath against Bishop Colenso.[1]

From the Pan-Anglican Conference the Bishop went to the Church Congress at Wolverhampton, where he twice spoke: first on Church Patronage, and then addressing a large meeting of working-men. From Wolverhampton the Bishop travelled to Newbury for work in the diocese. This was cut short by a severe attack of bronchitis, the result of a neglected cold. Two sermons the day after the cold had been caught laid the Bishop up, and he had to return to Cuddesdon, where for many days he was confined to his bed or his room by a severe illness. Near the beginning of this illness the diary notes:—

October 6.—Did not get a *wink* of sleep from laryngitis. Bed, blister, and medicine. A very solitary day; all day alone. Read Liddon. I hope some earnest thought and prayer. God grant it fruitful!

On October 14, the Bishop thus writes to Sir Charles Anderson from Blenheim:—

I worked too soon last Tuesday and brought on a relapse, and have been very little out of bed since. I was to have dined at the magistrates' dinner to-day in Oxford, and particularly wished to do it, but I was not well enough. To-morrow, D.V., I am going back to Cuddesdon, giving up work, and Ernest and F—— are coming to nurse me, and I hope very soon to be well and free from mus-

[1] See Chapter xiv. p. 289.

tard poultices, blisters, and all the rest of that disagreeable army. Nothing can be kinder than the Duke and Duchess have been. I enjoyed meeting Disraeli. He is a marvellous man. Not a bit a Briton, but all over an Eastern Jew; but very interesting to talk to. He evidently feels no confidence in the Government holding its own, and yet has a good hope that it will. He *always* speaks as if he did believe in the Church.

To the Rev. H. Pearson the Bishop writes on November 2:—

I find the Bishop of Exeter in full force intellectually, and in fair health—very kind and full of hospitable courtesy. It is very striking to see the taming of the Old Lion.

In 1861, the spire of Chichester Cathedral fell, or, more properly speaking, collapsed. The county of Sussex, headed by the Duke of Richmond, raised the whole sum necessary for its rebuilding, 50,000*l.*; and in the short space of seven years this spire, the only cathedral spire visible from the sea, was rebuilt. November 14 was the day fixed for the re-opening of the Cathedral, and Bishop Wilberforce was requested to preach the sermon. The re-opening was taken as the occasion for an ecclesiastical gathering; and several Bishops and many clergy were present. The services in connection with these meetings extended over four days, the preachers being Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews, Bishop of Worcester, Bishop of Rochester, Bishop of Illinois, and Bishop Trower (Gibraltar). It had not been arranged who was to preach the concluding sermon on Sunday the 17th. Bishop Wilberforce therefore wrote to Dean Hook, asking him, and received the following answer:—

Evening, the great Lord Bishop of England; you may ask any one in the street who he is and you will receive the same answer.

From Cuddesdon the Bishop writes this descriptive letter to Mr. Gordon on the events of the year. In the first paragraph of the letter the Queen's book is mentioned. This was the first instalment of those works which make Prince Albert's life among us familiar to all. It was called 'The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort,' and was, by the

special request of the Queen, reviewed in the pages of the 'Quarterly' by the Bishop. The Queen wrote to the Bishop testifying her great admiration of this review of the Prince's early years, and said that the kind spirit and high tone with which the subject had been treated showed the Bishop's appreciation of the Prince's character.[1]

November 24, 1867.

I think the general opinion on the Queen's book is that it is a great success. The very high Tories who hated the Prince speak against it. But my opinion is that it is a cry from her heart for her people's sympathy, and that the greatness of the occasion justified the strangeness of the proceeding, and that the cry for sympathy has been answered. The Review in the 'Quarterly' *exactly* describes my view.

No man living, in my judgment, can form any idea of the result of the Reform Bill. I incline to believe that its earlier effects will be favourable to the Church, and therefore to the monarchy. But in its ultimate consequences I cannot see how it can be otherwise than democratic. It is an appeal to the people against the Whigs. Disraeli speaks exactly as he wrote in 'Sybil.' I had a good deal of talk with him lately at Blenheim. He is full of hope, and speaks, when most confidentially, most *à la* 'Sybil.'

The Lambeth gathering was a very great success. Its strongly anti-Erastian tone, rebuking the Bishop of London and strengthening those who hope to maintain the Establishment by maintaining, instead of by surrendering, the dogmatic character of the Church, was quite remarkable. We are now sitting in Committee trying to complete our work—agree to a voluntary court of highest doctrinal appeal for the free colonies of America. If we can carry this out, we shall have erected a barrier of immense moral strength against the Privy Council Latitudinarianism. My view is that God gives us the opportunity, as at home Latitudinarianism must spread, of encircling the home Church with a band of far more dogmatic truth-holding communions who will act most strongly in favour of truth here. *I* was in a great measure the framer of the Pan-Anglican for this purpose, and the result has abundantly satisfied me. The American Bishops won golden opinions. The fury of

[1] In January 1868 the Bishop contributed another article to the *Quarterly* on *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands.*

the 'Times' and the 'Pall Mall' mark exactly on the thermometer the point of pro-dogmatic strength which was obtained. I do not differ, I am sure, from you about the Ritualists. If they would have been less demonstrative, they might have made good their position. But their vehemence, vituperation, and self-will have been their great hindrance. The Commission saved, I believe, Parliamentary interference. I pressed it with that view—for Parliamentary interference meant persecution and separation. The conclusion to which the Commission was brought was really wonderful. I had no hopes of such a success when I began the struggle in it. Beauchamp is exactly the man he was. Write to him and get him to give you his history of the matter; it will, I am certain, interest you greatly. We are sitting again two days a week, and I am worked to death.

The Duke of Argyll's book is very thoughtful and with a great deal of good in it, but liked by the older men more than the younger.

Abyssinia is a mist, and a very disagreeable mist.

Abercorn[1] succeeds remarkably well. Fenianism is a horrible nightmare, a secret conspiracy of the vilest and most threatening kind. Hardy told me last Wednesday that the leaders had warned Derby, himself, and Mayo, that if the three villains hung yesterday were executed, he should not survive the week! I wish you were here, dearest Arthur, to use the furniture and look at the remembered rooms. I only got here late Friday for two days' hard work, and am away again to-morrow. Basil's boy is charming, very clever and pretty and full of charm. He runs about, does everything, and, I think, means very soon to talk. Here is a long yarn spun out of busiest time. Will you remember me affectionately to your wife, and believe me most affectionately yours,

S. Oxon.

December 1.—(Oxford.) Morning: low and tired. Day hot and damp. Prepared and preached at St. Peter's-in-the-East with some interest. Lunched with Dean of Christ Church. Then preached at St. Mary Magdalene. Called on dear old M'Bride: most affecting. 'I wanted to see you to tell you how I love and respect you'—seemed like a voice from the other world. Saw some young men—candidates for Orders. Wrote. Very cold night, snow and frost.

[1] Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Gordon's half-brother.

On Christmas Day the Bishop thus writes to his son Ernest:—

Christmas Day must not be without its 'Merry Christmas' from me to you. I quite long to have you *all* round me: but it is the true tone and colour of this world that as you get professions and wives you are parted from the old family. I am passing away too; and you are all coming on. God grant, my dear one, that you may be better and wiser and more useful and happier than ever your father has been.

CHAPTER XVII.

(1868.)

Early in May the second Report of the Ritual Commissioners appeared; the Bishop had fought hard against what he deemed the 'unfairness and tyranny' of the Report, yet he was fully alive to the difficulty of reviving uses which had been discontinued for 300 years, and which were objectionable to most people. The great struggle was on the question of lighting candles on the Holy Table at the Celebration, a practice with which he had no sympathy; he had suffered annoyance by candles being lighted in Lavington Church, and used to say, 'What is the use of lighting them; can't you see that the sun always comes in at that south window and almost extinguishes them with its brightness?' But Bishop Wilberforce deprecated the Report, recommending legislation for something which was still *sub judice*, for it was not until December 1868 that Lord Cairns delivered the judgment of the Privy Council condemning Mr. Mackonochie for using lighted candles during the celebration of the Communion. On January 1, 1869, the Bishop wrote to Sir Charles Anderson: 'I hear the lawyers were two and two, and the Archbishop of York gave the casting vote for it. The Ritualists have brought it on us, but it is a very serious thing to have the Supreme Court decide to satisfy the public and not as the law really is.'[1] Some two months later the

[1] The rumour mentioned by the Bishop was current at the time, but it was not until after the publication of vol. iii. of *The Life of Bishop Wilberforce* that the unusual course was taken of petitioning Her Majesty for leave to

diary records that 'Lord John changed on ritual: agrees with my objections to second Report.'

March 25.—After letters and breakfast to Woburn; a nice Confirmation. On to London. Long talk with Phillimore. Dine Cranbourne's—Stanhopes, Lady C. Denison, Childers, Delane. With Stanhope to Foreign Office. Snowy. Great crowd. Gladstone brought me home. He said, 'The operations of last year had destroyed the whole power of Conservative resistance: the stream now so strong, alteration in the whole tone of House of Commons.' Dizzy in his glory, leading about the Princess of Wales; the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Dizzy—she looking very ill and haggard. The impenetrable man low. All looks to me as if England's 'Mene, Mene,' were written on our walls.

March 26.—Breakfast. Gladstone came to talk about Church Rate Bill; as earnest as ever on his clause for making non-payer non-voter. Henley and the Erastians opposing in the House. We agreed, and he did not even broach his Irish Church plans. Ritual Commission all day. Dined Gathorne Hardy's. Gladstone's new commandment: 'Thou shalt not commit Adullamy.'

Erskine said, 'When Lord Chelmsford surrendered the seals to the Queen, he held them back a minute, and said, "I have been used worse than a menial servant; I have not had even a month's warning."' Mrs. Disraeli told the Queen 'when Disraeli has a sore throat, I cure him by putting my arm round his throat, and keeping it round all night.'

April 21.—All day in discussion with the Rural Deans. Especially on Church Rates and Irish Church. They, all but two, against the Disestablishment. I spoke at length, and they much pleased. Rode with Basil; saw two common and two sand-martins hawking about at Horspath.

The Bishop's love of natural objects, and especially his great knowledge of birds, was well understood by the country

publish an official contradiction of what was stated by Bishop Wilberforce to an intimate friend as the common rumour of the day. It will be noted by the reader that the Bishop says, 'I hear.' The rest of the letter quoted in the *Life* alludes to what was notorious at the time, that the judgment was not so much an expression of the law, as an endeavour to satisfy the public.—Ed.

people about Cuddesdon. On one occasion, as he was returning home on horseback, a boy jumped through a newly made hedge, and the Bishop rated him somewhat sharply for damaging the farmer's property, and desired him to come up to the Palace for another word of reproof in the evening. The boy was for a moment cowed and silent; but then, pulling his hair, said in a low voice: 'Please, your lordship, I've got a wonderful rare bird at home, that I meant to bring to your lordship.' The Bishop asked what the bird was, and was told that it was a sort of kingfisher. Further inquiry convinced the Bishop that it really belonged to a species rarely met with in Oxfordshire. The boy had carried the day. The Bishop slipped half-a-crown into his hand, and told him to bring the bird to the Palace as soon as he got home.

The Rev. E. Elton[1] says, 'on one occasion I wanted to see the Bishop, and went up to Cuddesdon for the purpose. He had come home late the night before, and, although it was now early, was beset by visitors; I had to wait some time, and on going into the library I found the Bishop surrounded by papers and absorbed with work, but yet ready for the moment to give full attention to me as he had done to many others in succession. On seeing me he pointed at once to the window, saying: "Do you see what I have got there?" On looking I saw a stick stuck upright in the lawn with a piece of beef fat fastened to the end of it. He added: "I want to see how many species of titmice come to this garden. I have already seen the ox-eye, the blue-tit, and the cole-tit-mouse."'

The result of the Bishop's discussion with the Rural Deans was a petition to Parliament against the proposed disestablishment of the Irish Church. Mr. Disraeli requested the Bishop to obtain some expression of opinion from the diocese on this subject, and somewhat complained of the apparent apathy of the clergy. His letter concluded with a somewhat remarkable prediction, considering who was the writer.

[1] Vicar of Wheatly, Oxfordshire.

Hughenden Manor, April 15, 1868.

My dear Lord,—I wish very much to know what is the *mot d'ordre* to the diocese on the present state of affairs.

The Duke of Buckingham writes to me that the clergy will not move in his district.

I can understand that a High Church clergy may not sympathise very strongly with a Calvinistic branch of the Establishment, but I speak my sincere conviction when I say that if they allow this sentiment to neutralise their action on this occasion, they will be taking an unwise course, and will be influenced by a very contracted view.

The fate of the Established Church will depend upon the opinion of the country as it is directed, formed, and organised during the next eight months.

Don't let any of us flatter ourselves that 'it will last our time.' We live in a rapid age, and if there be apathy now, it will not last my time or your Lordship's. Yours sincerely, D.

On July 11, at the request of Dean Stanley, the Bishop held a Confirmation for Westminster School; the Dean's letter conveying a reminder of the engagement is given below; but before quoting it another letter written by Dean Stanley on his leaving the Oxford diocese for Westminster ought to be mentioned to show the friendly relations which existed between them. He says:—

With unfeigned thanks (which now that I am about to part from your Diocese you will allow me to tender) for the continued and cordial friendliness that I have received from you, in spite of our many differences—in spite, it may be, of many irritating circumstances, believe me, yours faithfully and gratefully,

A. P. STANLEY.

May I send a reminder of the Confirmation on Saturday, the 11th, at 10 A.M.? *This* is a subject on which we entirely agree, and you know that it is with the most unfeigned pleasure that I look forwards or backwards to your Confirmations, whether at Sonning or Westminster; so you must not disappoint me.

The next diary entry shows the beginning of a great sorrow the Bishop was called upon to endure: the secession to Rome

of his only daughter. The loss of his brother Robert, great as that was, was nothing as compared with this. For years the Bishop had feared this loss, and the recurrence in his diary, after a visit to or from his daughter, of such lines as, 'Henry more Protestant than ever,' shows how eagerly he caught at any hope that the catastrophe might be averted. Although, as the diary entry shows, the end was certain, yet the actual secession did not take place for some two months. In September, Archbishop Longley was taken seriously ill, and in October he died. For some days before his death it was well known that the Archbishop could not, in all human probability, recover. And it was a singular coincidence, that the announcement of Mr. and Mrs. Pye's secession to Rome appeared in some papers, notably in the 'Guardian,' in juxtaposition with the death of the Archbishop.

Painful as indeed it must be to withdraw the veil which overshadows this mournful episode, yet, unless it is done, the Bishop's life would be incomplete. The diary and letters reveal, better than anything else could do, how grievously this fresh sorrow weighed upon the Bishop's already stricken heart.

August 29.—Lavington. Early. Wrote. Church. Wrote again; a good deal of diocesan business after. At luncheon a terrible letter from H. Pye, which almost stunned me. He is going over, after all, to Rome, and, of course, my poor E——. For years I have prayed incessantly against this last act of his, and now it seems denied me. It seems as if my heart would break at this insult out of my own bosom to God's truth in England's Church, and preference for the vile harlotry of the Papacy. God forgive them. I have struggled on my knees against feelings of wrath against him in a long, long weeping cry to God. Dear Claughton, all kind love and sympathy; so my dear Reginald.

August 30 (Sunday).—Woke over and over again with a sore heart, yet God, in His mercy, gave some sleep, and at the Holy Communion to-day I could more leave *all* to Him. He is 'taking me aside from the multitude,' indeed. Oh that it may be to open my mouth with power against the villanies of the Papacy! Dear Claughton preached an admirable sermon on Praise—on the ten

lepers. The sin, not being without feelings of thankfulness, but not going back to praise. On the Hill in afternoon.

August 31.—Bishop of Rochester, Mrs. Claughton, and Kitty went. I rode on Hill. Ernest and F—— came. Somewhat soothed by the presence of these beloved ones, but *hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

October 23.—(Bangor.) Up betimes. A letter from Ernest tells me H—— and E—— have joined the debased communion. Utterly crushed. Tried to find refuge in prayer. All sorts of temptations in the great darkness. I have prayed against this daily, and oftentimes a day, for years. I have laboured; spent myself, in public and in private; and it is come. Lord, have mercy upon them and forgive them; forgive this wilfulness, and let it not be the loss of their souls too. I hardly yet see it in all its bearings, only that bonds and afflictions abide me.

October 24.—Early church. Wrote a good deal. The Gladstones came by luncheon. The morning wet, but cleared. A good walk in the afternoon with Gladstone, Sir Stephen, and Prevost. Gladstone noble as ever. A pain at my heart by night and by day for beloved E—— and for H——.

October 25.—Woke early, and very low, having woke continually since 2.30, and ever the pain in my heart for E——. My head worn; could hardly sit down to a sermon, but after prayer seemed helped. Prepared sermon on the disciple seeing Jesus praying, and asking, 'Teach us,' &c. Afternoon one or two letters, and read the 'Chapter of an Autobiography.' Shows the clearness of Gladstone's mind. Recommend not publishing till after the election. Evening, church. Dear Prevost preached a most unpretending but, to me, moving sermon on the love of Christ to His people. I hope I may be the better for it.

The Bishop of Oxford to the Rev. E. R. Wilberforce.

The Palace, Bangor, N. Wales, Oct. 24 [1868].

My dearest Ernest,—Your letter was the first announcement, nor have I yet heard (or wish to hear) from either of them. I feel as a man may feel who has fallen down a precipice and is lying smashed. I am utterly prostrated in mind and body, but, God helping me, I will not yield. I have found some rest in prayer, and your dear just words are a support.

I have to go out now and speak for S.P.G. I should like to ask them all instead to weep with me. But I believe that work is

my best help after prayer. It was so in 1841, and even with the bitterness of woe not from God's hand direct, but from man's wilfulness, so it will be. I have thought much of your loving proposal that I should come and weep with you. But I believe I had better keep straight on through all I had previously planned, unless I absolutely break down, then I will get into a train and come. But (1) nothing will more stir the enemy and proclaim the evil than my seeming to yield. (2) All would have to be explained to every one if I break engagements. (3) This is a life's cross, and if I stop once it will be for ever. (4) I have no *right*, whilst I can hold on, to break engagements with others. I seem to see no future in this matter. I do not see how I am ever to have them to my house except when I am dying.[1] The reason against Henry's coming equally excludes them. But I shall make no hasty resolution. God bless you, dear ones. I am your ever loving father, S. Oxon.

October 31.—Into Liverpool after breakfast, and about the docks. Ships lading and unlading for all the world—very much interested. The Mersey, too, beautiful with its full cohort of vessels—steam, sail, and tug—I kept looking up the Mersey towards Blackpool,[2] as if I could see H—— and E—— bartering away their birthright of Gospel freedom and Church truth. Alas!

The same day the Bishop thus writes to his son Ernest:—

I am, thank God, already feeling the help which He gives to prayer and work, but it rather drives me to work to keep my thoughts in order.

You may see a review of mine in yesterday's 'Times' on the poems of Messrs. Cautley and Brodrick called the 'Afterglow'; and the review on Hook's book is in the 'Quarterly,'[3] and I have been setting myself to write on Elijah for 'Good Words.' I shall have work enough to-morrow, for they have put me to preach two sermons instead of one, which is all I undertook. I have been this morning all over the Liverpool docks with Robertson Gladstone, *very* interesting. I went over several ships, and the Mersey was quite full of vessels. Such scenes fill the mind with thoughts of

[1] By his house the Bishop meant his Episcopal residence at Cuddesdon, not his private house at Lavington, where his brother Henry had been a frequent guest after he had joined the Roman Communion.

[2] The place where Mr. and Mrs. Pye were received into the Roman Communion.

[3] *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*.

Tyre and England, and evermore my thoughts kept wandering as I looked up the Mersey up to Blackpool and our domestic tragedy there.

Prayer and work: it was in these that the Bishop sought and found the anodyne for his crushed and broken spirit. The diary tells how during the month of November the Bishop laboured, preaching at Liverpool, Hull, working in the diocese, attending the Ritual Commission, and, in addition to his overgrown correspondence, writing articles for 'Good Words,' &c. There was no longer the thought of resigning, as was the case when his brother the Archdeacon left the Church of England; on the contrary, this blow acted as a stimulant to renewed labour. 'If I am brave,' he writes, 'and go on, by degrees life, if I live, will resume its powers.'

The impending general election caused Mr. Disraeli to write to the Bishop. He says:—

In the great struggle in which I am embarked, it is a matter of great mortification to me that I am daily crossed, and generally opposed, by the High Church party. Only think of Dean Hook opposing Henry Lennox at Chichester.

The Bishop's reply points out one of the principal reasons which led the Church party to regard Mr. Disraeli's administration with suspicion:—

September 11, 1868.

My dear Mr. Disraeli,—I have received your letter of the 9th to-day, and by this post. I am grieved at what you say as to the attitude of the Church party with regard to the Government. I am utterly astonished at what you tell me of Dr. Hook's conduct: when he last spoke to me on the Chichester election he was warmly for the house of Richmond.

There *is* a small ultra party who look with hope to disestablishment, but they are almost as politically powerless as the Evangelicals. The vast body of sound Churchmen are entirely with you on the great question of the day.[1] But I should not tell you all that I believe to be the truth if I did not add that there is at this moment a jealous and an alarmed watchfulness of your administration of Church patronage—men who through the long period of Palmer-

[1] The Irish Church.

ston's administration held their fidelity in the barrenness of an ostracised position are soured by seeing, or thinking they see, those who, by steadfastness of principle and quietness of action, have the greatest influence amongst Churchmen passed over for unknown men or men of the long-patronised minority. I had an earnest entreaty lately from the diocese of Peterborough that I would bring this matter before you, with the assurance from laymen and clergy that the character of the appointment to that see would determine two seats. I declined troubling you on the matter, but I do not like to be silent now that you have spoken. I believe that there is great danger of your losing the hearty support of the great body of the Church party unless they see the men who represent them adopted by your administration.

In September, at the earnest request of Archbishop Trench, who wrote, 'Your absence would be a loss to us, in many ways greater than I can say; else, knowing all which is always on your hands to do, I would not so press you to come,' the Bishop went to Ireland for the Church Congress, at which he was the only representative of the English Episcopate.

September 29.—The Congress began with service in St. Patrick's; admirable sermon from Dean of Cork, of which Bishop of Cork said, 'It was an admirably arranged and delivered sermon, clever, eloquent, argumentative, illustrative, and had not in it Gospel enough to save a tomtit!' Very large Communion. Then Congress, and large evening party at palace.

The diary records: 'Archbishop Trench told me that once, when he was asked for alms in the street, he said, "I never give to a beggar in the street." The man looked at him, and replied, "Sure, your Reverence, and where would you bid me wait upon you?"' Another story is of Bishop Phillpotts. A clergyman came to him one day, wishing to renew a lease. The Bishop named the sum he would accept as the fine for renewal, which the applicant thought too large, and declined. The Bishop kept him to luncheon, and before leaving, the man changed his mind, and said: 'I have been thinking over this, and we must give the sum rather than endanger the lease.'

The Bishop: 'I thought when you came to consider it, you would view it in that light.'

'Well, your Lordship has certainly got the lion's share.'

'Really—but I am quite sure, Mr. ——, you would not have me have that of the other creature!'

October 29.—Knowsley. Early. Office. News of dear Archbishop's death. Alas! alas! how hard to serve under another after these six years with him. Wrote letters all the morning for 3½ hours. Walked with Lord Chesham and Col. Wilbraham about the park. Many red deer. Great storm of wind and hail, &c. Sat 1¼ hour talking with Lord Derby in his bed. Very keen. 'What will the Whigs not swallow?' 'Disraeli very sanguine still about the elections.' He said he was very glad he had not the responsibility of appointing the Archbishop—had always felt how difficult it would be. He said 'Jack Campbell, during a trial, was reading some French evidence.' Blackburn said, 'How he murders it.' Lord Chelmsford: 'No, he is only scotching it.'

The same day the Bishop writes to his son Ernest:—

Nothing can be kinder than they are here. How very kind so many are to me. Since I wrote this I have had a talk with Lord Derby in his bed; very interesting on politics, &c. I am so grieved to have lost the good Archbishop. It will make the greatest possible difference to me, as I cannot conceive any other acting in the same loving hearty way he did with me.

From the last entry in the diary, and from the letter which follows it, it is clear that the Bishop had no expectation of succeeding to the Archbishopric. This is further borne out by a sentence taken from a letter, written the same day, to Sir Charles Anderson: 'That fear I spoke to you of lest he should injure his election cry is so likely to prevent Disraeli, in this, doing what, from his convictions, would be his own course.' A day or two after the Bishop thus writes to his dear friend Bishop Hamilton: 'It is, indeed, time for prayer. I am daily praying that we may have in mercy *the* right man, not in judgment another. It can hardly be that under any possible Archbishop *I* can act as I have done for the last six years, so that I feel *shelved* as to the general work of the Church. It is curious, with the impressions of Churchmen's unpopularity, that the workmen yesterday at

Liverpool turned out, filled the street, and welcomed me with the heartiest cheers.'

What others thought is shown by a letter from Dean Hook to Sir Charles Anderson:—

The Deanery, Chichester, Oct. 30, 1868.

My dear Sir Charles,—Oxford for Canterbury. Do write to me, and say whether we can do anything. He may refuse the place, but it *ought* to be offered to him. It is his due from the Church, and, if offered, for the Church's sake he ought to accept it, though, if he does accept, I doubt whether he will die in his bed. I expect a fearful persecution of the clergy. I am under the deepest obligations to our dear Bishop, and if you will tell me what I (who have for ten years retired from the world) can do, I will attempt it. My wife, like yours, is on a sick bed and never likely to be again robust. We shall sometimes pray for you, and in your prayers let us not be forgotten. Yours affectionately, W. F. Hook.

The Bishop presumed that Mr. Disraeli's convictions were those which are expressed in this letter:—

The Right Hon. B. Disraeli to the Bishop of Oxford.

Balmoral Castle, September 28, 1868.

My dear Lord,—Since we separated in Bond Street I have not had a moment, or I should have noticed before this Dean Hook's letter.[1]

I read it with great pain. It seemed to me so violent, and written in such complete ignorance of the times and what is happening. It is the spirit of a provincial Laud.

Notwithstanding the fine sentiments in which it is very easy to indulge for those who are not responsible, it is all over with the Church of England if she be disconnected with the State.

Even the Roman Catholic Church without Rome would be weakened.

I think the chief Minister of this country, if he be ignorant of the bent of the national feeling at a crisis, must be an idiot. His means of arriving at the truth are so multifarious. Now certainly I hold that the long pent-up feeling of this nation against ultra-Ritualism will pronounce itself at the impending election. The

[1] The letter referred to by Mr. Disraeli was a published one.

feeling has been long accumulating ; its repression might have been retarded ; circumstances have brought an unexpected opportunity, and what I presumed to foretell at one of our Church meetings, some years ago in Bucks, has come to pass. The questions of labour and liberty are settled, the rise of religious questions may be anticipated in an eminently religious people, undisturbed in their industry and secure in their freedom.

It will be a Protestant Parliament, though it may not be a Church Parliament.

But there can be no doubt that every wise man on our side should attract the Protestant feeling, as much as practicable, to the Church of England.

It has been diverted from the Church of England in Scotland. There, the Protestant feeling is absolutely enlisted against us. If we let it escape from us in England, all is over.

It appears to me that if we act in the spirit of the Dean of Chichester, we may all live to see the great Church of England subside into an Episcopalian sect. I will struggle against this with my utmost energy.

I have delayed writing to you several days because I wanted to get a quiet half-hour ; and there is not a sentence in this in which I have not been interrupted. Carrying on the government of a country six hundred miles from the metropolis doubles the labour. The stream of telegrams and boxes is really appalling. Nevertheless, though I have only partially conveyed my feelings, I think it best to send it for what it is worth. Yours sincerely, D.

November 12.—Blenheim. After breakfast, I to Culham for prize-giving, &c. Mowbray there, redolent with joy. Good clerical gathering. Laity mostly about elections. Evening to Blenheim. Lady Churchill heard from Mrs. Wellesley that Bishop of London goes to Canterbury.

November 13.—Wrote a good deal. Walked with Lord Churchill round park. The Duke told me of Disraeli's excitement when he came out of Royal Closet. Some struggle about the Primacy. Lord Malmesbury also said that when he spoke to Disraeli he said, 'Don't bring any more bothers before me ; I have enough already to drive a man mad.' My belief is that the Queen pressed Tait, and against possibly Ely, or some such appointment.

November 15.—Up by early train. At lodgings found a nice letter from the Bishop of London, announcing his acceptance of

Canterbury. The consecration (Bishop of Peterborough). The Archbishop of York chagrined manifestly. Good sermon. Went to London House, and cordial talk with Bishop and Catherine;[1] they earnestly desiring me to succeed.

November 19.—After breakfast to London for Ritual Commission. Bishop of Gloucester very fierce about ecclesiastical appointments, especially as to Lincoln for London. Walpole also. I think general. Bishop of London [Tait] very strong. I trying to discipline myself, but feeling the 'affront,' as dear Randall said.

November 28.—Henley. Service in parish church; and preached on 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' with much interest; many in tears. Then back to Rectory, and by rail to Windsor, to House of Mercy, and confirmed in the Chapel. Then to Deanery. Dean of St. Paul's, General Seymour dined. Mrs. Wellesley to Castle. Dean of St. Paul's to bed. Much talk with Dean of Windsor. *He* talked with great reserve about the late appointments, but said, 'The Church does not know what it owes to the Queen. Disraeli has been utterly ignorant, utterly unprincipled: he rode the Protestant horse one day; then got frightened that it had gone too far, and was injuring the county elections, so he went right round and proposed names never heard of. Nothing he would not have done; but throughout he was most hostile to you; he alone prevented London being offered to you. The Queen looked for Tait, but would have agreed to you.'

It seems evident from this last diary entry that had there not been a strong antagonistic feeling on the part of Mr. Disraeli towards the Bishop, the See of London, which nearly all the newspapers had assigned to him, would have been offered. Mr. Disraeli had good grounds for this antagonism: the part the Bishop had taken in connection with Mr. Gladstone's candidature for the University of Oxford would sufficiently account for this feeling. Yet Mr. Disraeli's letters to the Bishop already quoted seem to show that on public grounds Mr. Disraeli would have recognised the fact that Bishop Wilberforce was pre-eminently the man best fitted for the See of London. From papers extant it is abundantly clear that it was not on any personal grounds that Mr. Disraeli

[1] Mrs. Tait.

did not nominate him for London. Mr. Disraeli was before all things a politician. The general election on which his Ministry depended was in progress; Bishop Wilberforce was represented to him by one who knew better as an extreme High Churchman, whose appointment to London would estrange many votes from the Conservative party, and this fear was, it is clear, worked on by others from motives which it is hard to believe to have been wholly disinterested.

The conversation with Dean Wellesley thus continues:—

'Disraeli recommended —— for Canterbury! ! !—the Queen would not have him; then Disraeli agreed most reluctantly and with passion to Tait. Disraeli then proposed Wordsworth for London. The Queen objected strongly; no experience; passing over bishops, &c.; then she suggested Jackson, and two others, not you, because of Disraeli's expressed hostility, and Disraeli chose Jackson.'

* * * * * * *

'How can —— have got that secret understanding with Disraeli? You are surrounded by false double-dealing men. Disraeli opposed Leighton with all his strength on every separate occasion. The Queen would have greatly liked him, but Disraeli would not hear of him. You cannot conceive the appointments he proposed and retracted or was overruled; he pressed Champneys for Peterborough; he had no other thought than the votes of the moment; he showed an ignorance about all Church matters, men, opinions, that was astonishing, making propositions one way and the other, riding the Protestant horse to gain the boroughs, and then, when he thought he had gone so far as to endanger the counties, turning round and appointing Bright and Gregory; thoroughly unprincipled fellow. I trust we may never have such a man again.'[1]

[1] Although this was Dean Wellesley's opinion of Mr. Disraeli in 1868, it would seem that later on this adverse view became altered. For when Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister in 1874, and had occasion to consult the Dean on some impending Church appointments, their relations with each other were of a most friendly character. On one of these occasions Mr. Disraeli is reported to have expressed his surprise at the Dean's great knowledge of the qualifications and disqualifications of the Clergy, and to have said, 'How I wish I had known you well, long ago. I had no idea that you were such an expert in clerical zoology.'

When this conversation was first printed, exception to its accuracy was taken from the expression in the diary, 'The Dean talked with great reserve.' What the Bishop meant by this was, that the Dean's account of what took place came out in the course of conversation, and was not poured forth as a consecutive story. Those who knew Dean Wellesley know that 'reserve' in conversation was not one of his characteristics; his fault, if it be a fault, was that he was too outspoken.

It is evident that the Bishop never for a moment expected the Archbishopric. What he did expect—and he was by no means singular in his expectation—was the Bishopric of London. The late Archbishop said, 'I would not have accepted Canterbury had I not thought that you would have succeeded me in London, and done the work which I had left undone.' And again: 'You will be the real Archbishop; I shall only be so in name.' When the Archbishop was written to about printing his letters to the Bishop, he responded, 'Publish anything you like about me; I do not care how soon the world knows what I know, that during your dear father's lifetime he was in reality Archbishop of Canterbury, and I was only his lieutenant.' Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to the editor after the Bishop's death, thus wrote of the so-called promotion to Winchester: 'It was a very small acknowledgment of his vast services to the Church of England, given when, as I think, greater ones had been unhappily withheld. Undoubtedly he gave me a warm personal support, and probably he suffered for it. But with his politics generally I was far from satisfied, and more than once I think I had a friendly expostulation with him about them.' Mr. Burgon wrote to the Bishop: 'Suffer me only to remind you that if THIS must be the penalty of being *facile princeps*, *it is worth while to have incurred it.* Better a hundred times to remain in what men may please to call the shade, and to cover yourself, by God's grace, with a blaze of glory. I am, if possible, more vexed about London than about Canterbury.' The Bishop

himself said: 'By the common rule in such matters I felt that I had no right to be so treated.' This biography would have been incomplete indeed if it did not show why the Bishop of Oxford did not receive that promotion which was so generally accorded him by public opinion. A sentence from a letter written by Canon Ashwell in 1875 thus accounts for the Bishop being passed over: 'It was his very greatness which interfered with his attaining the position which he unquestionably would have had, had he been of smaller calibre.'

In November and December the Bishop paid two visits to Lord Salisbury at Hatfield. The diary mentions: 'Rode with Lord Salisbury. His high-minded views. He said he would not oppose Gladstone as a Minister, but only on any particular measure on which he differed.' And on the next visit: 'Morning walk with Gladstone, Cardwell, and Salisbury. Gladstone how struck with Salisbury: "Never saw a more perfect host."' A letter to Sir Charles Anderson gives an account of the last visit:—

I enjoyed meeting Gladstone again very much. In presence he always impresses me, as I know he does you, with the sense of his perfect honesty and noble principles. I never saw him pleasanter, calmer, or more ready to enter freely into everything. We, *i.e.* he, Cardwell, Lord Salisbury, and myself, had a walk about the park, and he took as much interest in the trees as if he had nothing else to think about. He remarked to me on the great power of charming and pleasant host-ing possessed by Salisbury. All that he did say on public affairs was what we could wish, barring the one subject of the Irish Church. I think that he will hold his own. I do not believe the excitement and temper, &c. &c., which people talk about. He is far more in earnest than most people, and therefore they revenge themselves by saying that he loses his temper. I am going to-morrow to London to receive the freedom of the Salters' Company, a very grand affair, and I go on to Cuddesdon for the Ordination. I am, most truly, your very affectionate,

S. Oxon.

This mention of the Salters' Company recalls the following anecdote. At the time when Miss Burdett-Coutts was much

occupied about the Columbia market, she happened to be driving the Bishop into the City; in the course of the drive the conversation turned on the origin of the designations of the various City companies. 'I daresay, Bishop,' Miss Coutts said, 'you do not know the meaning of a Dry Salter?' 'Oh yes,' was the ready answer, 'I do. TATE AND BRADY.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

(1868—1869.)

For many years the question of the Irish Church had occupied the attention of most thoughtful men. It had been evident that this was a matter the settlement of which could not long be delayed. It is therefore not surprising to find that Mr. Disraeli, who, on the resignation of Lord Derby in February 1868, became Prime Minister, should have turned his attention to this important and pressing matter, rendered, as it was, more pressing on account of the Fenian conspiracy and the general tone of discontent in Ireland. On April 18, 1868, Archbishop Trench writes to the Bishop, saying:—

I have no doubt but that the outline of the policy which presents itself most to thoughtful Churchmen here is, not to accept what evidently will be Disraeli's proposal, namely a starved and cut down Establishment, which will leave all causes of irritation existing still, which will entail on us all the weaknesses of an Establishment while giving us none of the compensating advantages,[1] and which, being a compromise resting on no intelligible principle, will inevitably cease to exist after a few years of weakness, poverty, and discredit. If you ask the policy which recommends itself here to the best and most earnest Churchmen—it is, first, to fight for everything which we possess, as believing it rightfully ours; recognising, of course, the right of Parliament to redistribute *within the Church* its revenues according to the

[1] The Royal Commission on the Irish Church had recommended a reduction of the Irish Episcopate.

changed necessities of the present time. If this battle is lost, then, totally rejecting the process of gradual starvation to which Disraeli would submit us, to go in for instant death at the hands of Gladstone.

This letter was written after Mr. Gladstone had given notice of his resolutions on the Irish Church, and after Lord Stanley's proposed amendment.

Mr. Gladstone, having carried his resolutions, brought in a Suspensory Bill, which, though carried in the House of Commons, was thrown out by a large majority in the House of Lords. When the proposal for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church was first made, the Bishop's course and duty appeared to him plain: it was simply, with all his might, to resist the proposal. He therefore heartily co-operated with others, and, both in the great meeting which was held in St. James's Hall, and in his place in Parliament, did his best to influence the public mind against it. He voted and spoke against the Suspensory Bill, and entirely concurred in the determination of yielding nothing until the constituencies had been appealed to upon the whole question.

With reference to the speech in St. James's Hall, the late Mr. Philip Cazenove used to describe the conditions under which it had been composed.

Mr. Cazenove had been present at the luncheon which followed the opening of St. John's, Kennington, and the Bishop had been as usual the life of the company, speaking up to the last moment with his customary energy and eloquence.

The time having arrived for leaving for St. James's Hall, Mr. Cazenove offered the Bishop a seat in his carriage, which was accepted. The Bishop then explained that as he had had no time to think about his impending speech, he should be glad to be allowed not to talk. He leant back in the carriage, closed his eyes, and in the course of twenty minutes had thought out what, in the opinion of competent judges, was the most eloquent and forcible of many remarkable speeches which signalised a memorable occasion.

The General Election was held in November, and on the

20th the returns were so far complete as to enable the Bishop to write to Archbishop Trench that:—

> The returns to the House of Commons leave no doubt of the answer of the country to Gladstone's appeal. In a few weeks he will be in office, at the head of a majority of something like a hundred elected on the distinct issue of Gladstone and the Irish Church. The time seems, therefore, now absolutely come as to which we have so often spoken, when you and we should consider whether any and what compromise is possible. For the nation has practically decided on the main proposition, and, even if Parliamentary tactics could purchase a delay, I see not the faintest reason to suppose they could win a reversal of the sentence, whilst that delay may commit men to extreme measures and rob us of the opportunity of saving something by a timely surrender of what cannot anyhow be kept.

The letter then goes on to suggest what might be gained. To this the Archbishop replied that he was aware that the battle of the elections had gone against them, and that he regarded Establishment as hopelessly and irrevocably gone; but he dissented from the Bishop's sketch of a proposed compromise, and pleaded for delay, in the vain hope, as it afterwards proved, that, in carrying into effect the details of the Bill, some of Mr. Gladstone's supporters, although they might vote with him for the second reading, yet might turn against him on some of the multifarious details which would have to be fought in committee; and that then, to get out of the difficulty, Mr. Gladstone would offer terms that could be accepted. Archbishop Trench failed to perceive that the Irish Church Bill must of necessity be framed with a reference to those who supported it and not to those who opposed it; and therefore, until Mr. Gladstone could be assured that those who had previously opposed the measure had signified that, since the decision of the nation, they had changed their opinions, it was impossible for him to regard them in any other light than as declared opponents who consequently had no claim to be considered. The Bishop, who was well aware of this, then wrote a letter to Archbishop Trench, which he

told him he might make use of in any private way he liked. That the Archbishop freely availed himself of this permission to show it to friends is evident by its much worn and tattered condition.

Train to Goodwood, Dec. 30, 1868.

My dearest Archbishop,—I have thought much and long over your answer to my last letter, and the conviction deepens within me that you are in great danger of letting slip past you one of those golden opportunities which, when they are indeed past, never return.

You say 'that the time for offering any terms of compromise is not come: that it will be well to let Gladstone taste the various difficulties which beset the carrying out of his measure; and then, when he has experienced their weight, to offer him terms.'

Now, this would be wise if you were dealing with a minority, guided by a master of selfish cunning and unprincipled trickery. Doubtless it would be the wise way to meet a mere mystery-man like Disraeli, who was trading upon the principles and ultimate existence of an honourable minority and had no real principle, but was ready to catch at any cry to gain a respite from defeat, and was ready, in order to avoid a difficulty he could not meet, to sacrifice any man, party, purpose, principle, or Church;—it would doubtless be best to let HIM entangle himself in his own web, and then make his sacrifice of everything for which he had professed to act the price of his extrication from his trouble. But your case is altogether different. You have in Gladstone a man of the highest and noblest principle, who has shown unmistakably that he is ready to sacrifice every personal aim for what he has set before himself as a high object. He is supported, not by a minority conscious of being a minority, but by a great and confident majority. The decision of the constituencies seems to me incapable of misapprehension or reversal. Has there ever yet been any measure, however opposed, which the English people have been unable for its difficulty to carry through, when they have determined to do so? Look at Negro Slavery, Protection, Parliamentary Reform, and a hundred other questions. They have resolved to carry your Disestablishment, and they know that they can and will carry it. Now, what can be gained by opposing and chafing such a body? You may frighten away a fox by an outcry; but you only wake up the strength and the fury of the lion. For reasons of the highest

patriotism, and not because they distrust their own strength, Gladstone and his party, from his influence, might now, to prevent the bitterness sure to be bred by a long struggle, yield all they can yield consistently with carrying what they believe justice and imperial interests to require. But every day's resistance makes it an object of less importance to purchase the remission of this resistance, because the evil will have been done to prevent which alone, and not from doubting their power, they would earlier have consented to buy it off. The multiplication of teasing difficulties in detail, where a majority guided by a thoroughly honest leader are convinced as to the principle, can lead only to the settlement being made at last by the sharpness and violence of the sword, instead of, as once it might have been, its being peacefully adjusted.

The matter which seems to me determined is Disestablishment. Disendowment is far more a question of degree. Now, my own abstract view is wholly unaltered. I do not expect that your Disestablishment will remove any Irish dissatisfaction. I believe that it will be an injury to the Church and a far greater injury to the State. If I thought it possible to resist it successfully I would resist it still. But I think it impossible, and I never have met in the last two months any man of thought and capacity who appeared to me honestly to believe it to be possible. Some believe the measure may be resisted a little shorter, some a little longer time; but all are secretly convinced or are ready openly to avow their opinion that it is a question practically settled. Wholly unprincipled men like Disraeli are content to use religion, as they would any other precious thing, as an instrument of obtaining ever so short a tenure of place at the cost of ever so entire a sacrifice of that which they so use. But suppose, to take the most extreme case, that these tortuous and crooked devices brought Disraeli again into power, what would you gain? His whole idea is to use the Church to keep himself in office. Look at his whole management of these last elections and you will see that he has tried to use the No-Popery cry as a miserable party instrument, and has let it be directed against all the higher teaching and all the liberties of the Church of England, and all his own convictions, if he has any except those which centre in Benjamin Disraeli. If, then, he came into power, his first idea would be to get popularity by cutting down your Sees and reducing you to the lowest conceivable spiritual level, that he might gain favour with one party by your reduction, and with the other by maintaining an Establishment; whilst if this death by

starvation was not, on trial, quick enough for his purpose, he would at once strangle you out of hand.

I therefore venture once more to implore you to consider whether the time is not come for you to say, 'The nation has decided against our Establishment and we bow to its decision. The question of what part of our income is to be left us, and on what tenure and conditions it is to be held, remains confessedly open. We are ready to enter on it, and if what we must deem still our just rights are provided for and we are honourably and wisely started on our new career we shall do our best to aid in the settlement of a very difficult matter.' . . . .

I should have great hopes, knowing the nobleness of him with whom as chief you have to deal, of a tolerably satisfactory result following *immediate* action on your parts in this direction. I cannot too earnestly press on you my own conviction that delay and vexatious resistance will bring the question into a state in which no such results can be hoped for. If you excite passion, resentment, and growing indignation amongst the *party* opposed to you, *its* leader will not be able to help you, whilst *your* leader has no higher idea than to prolong your life on the lowest possible scale of dependent existence, and to slay you the first hour it seems for his advantage to break all his own professions and sacrifice your being. I am, ever, affectionately yours, S. Oxon.

This semi-public letter shows that the Bishop had made up his mind as to the fruitlessness of fighting a hopeless battle to its bitter end. In his speech in the House of Lords against the Suspensory Bill, he had argued that as a condition precedent to Disestablishment the nation ought to have declared in favour of such a course. This condition was now fulfilled: the nation had given its verdict. The issue had been fairly placed before it by the Conservatives and the Liberals. Every hustings had rung with the subject. The Conservative party had gone to the contest with the 'Church in danger' as their election cry, and they had been defeated by a majority of over 100 votes, and this not by the old constituencies, but by the new, who were called into being by themselves, and whose verdict the Conservative Government may fairly be said to have accepted by resigning office without meeting Parliament.

The course the Bishop took on this matter was identical

with that taken by the Duke of Wellington on the Romish disabilities in 1829, by Sir Robert Peel in 1833, and by the Conservative party in 1867 on the Reform Bill; all of whom accepted the decision of the nation on the principle which was at stake as final and irreversible, and did their best and utmost to minimise any excess in carrying into effect the verdict which they accepted. The terms the Bishop tried to induce the Irish Episcopate to accept had reference to Disendowment, not Disestablishment. He could not and did not argue that clerical establishment was a vital and fundamental principle: the line he took even in 1853 on the Canada Clergy Reserves is very significant. What he did hold and what he did fight for to the very end was, that endowments once given to the Church were the property of the Church, and ought not to be alienated from that Church for any purpose whatever. This was a principle, and where a principle was at stake he never in all his public career yielded one jot or attempted to compromise; the world will not forget his opposition to the Divorce Act, an instance of fighting the matter out up to the last ditch. It must not, however, be imagined that the Bishop was in the least degree *converted*: his opinions as to Disestablishment were unchanged, but he accepted the position, and endeavoured to induce the Irish Church to settle the whole question in a generous and friendly manner with Mr. Gladstone.

Among his Episcopal brethren Bishop Wilberforce was not alone in regarding the question of Disestablishment as settled. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, in a speech at Bristol, publicly declared his adoption of this view, and from the report of the private discussions held by the Bishops it will be seen that many both of the English and Irish Episcopate were in favour of recognising Disestablishment as inevitable, and endeavouring to make the best terms they could as to Disendowment.

One other matter deserves mention as affording proof that the Bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Magee), who had only just come to England, and who was above all men eminently

capable of forming a correct judgment on the matter from an Irish point of view, took the same view as Bishop Wilberforce.

In January Bishop Wilberforce wrote and corrected for press a pamphlet which was called the 'Answer of the Constituencies'; it was in the form of a letter to Lord Lyttelton, which was in fact an amplification of the views enunciated in the already quoted letter to the Archbishop of Dublin. This pamphlet the Bishop sent to the Bishop of Peterborough, with a request that he would advise as to publication. The Bishop of Peterborough was against publication, but said: 'In all you say *I most thoroughly concur.* I have been saying the same for the last six months, and urging upon all whom I could in any way influence that the Irish Church has everything to lose and nothing to gain by protracting a hopeless contest.' Remarkable words, when it is remembered that when the Bill came on for second reading in the House of Lords, Bishop Magee opposed it in a speech memorable for its eloquent denunciation of the principles of the measure. Mr. Gladstone, who also saw the pamphlet, advised against its publication, on the ground that it was too much to put on the Bishop individually, 'thus to step out in front of the ranks and decide the matter by single combat.'

The debate on the Irish Church Bill began in the House of Lords on June 14, and was continued on the 15th and 17th. The Bishop, though present in the House, neither spoke nor voted. On the Bill being taken in Committee, the Bishop thus explains his silence and gives his reasons for not voting on the second reading of the Bill:—

> Upon the great issue, however, which your lordships care most about, I would ask permission to say a few words. If you consider that the question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church is not settled, then I should say, there is a fundamental objection *in limine* to any proposal for dividing its property with other religious bodies. But I agree with what was said in such eloquent language by my right honourable friend the other night, that the decision of the country upon that point has been taken and is irreversible. And when your lordships were kind enough to allow me to urge my

view with regard to the Suspensory Bill, I endeavoured to impress upon the House that the issue then to be decided, and to be sent for that purpose to the constituencies, was nothing less, and could be taken for nothing less, than whether we should maintain an Established Church in Ireland or not.

I then urged every objection that occurred to my mind against such a course, and I retain every objection which I then urged.

I believe that the disestablishment of the Irish Church will not tend to appease Irish discontent, but, instead of doing so, will give to Irish opposition to the union with Great Britain the increased violence which comes from a taste of success without the satisfaction of the appetite.

But the question of Disestablishment, according to my humble view, is a settled question. I maintain that it was the question which was referred to the constituencies; it was to it that the answer of the constituencies was returned; it was so far confirmed by the resignation of the late Government; it received additional sanction by the appointment of the present Government; and therefore, in point of fact—let us who dislike the conclusion view it as we may—it is a settled matter. Holding that opinion, I wished very much to have stated it upon the second reading of the Bill. It may be known to many of your lordships that it was my intention to do so, but the accidents of debate shut me out from the opportunity of making this statement, and therefore I held myself incapacitated, as a Bishop of the Church of England, from giving the vote I should otherwise have given, no opportunity of stating the grounds on which I did so having presented itself. . . .

If, indeed, this struggle were to be prolonged month after month and year after year—if, animated by the mere lust of victory, the contest were to be carried on with bitterness—then, indeed, I might despair of the future of the Church in Ireland. But all danger of that kind is, I trust, past, for, as your lordships are aware, political and party strife tends by degrees to eat out the heart of Christian life. I see this very keenly, and therefore I do trust that this amendment of the measure—if such, in your deliberate judgment, you should esteem it—which may leave our Irish brethren with larger resources of their own and with less of antagonism and hatred from the other side than would otherwise have been possible, may be adopted by your lordships, thereby really strengthening in her difficulty this our sister Church.

There is one thing of which I am convinced—that while an

Establishment is to a particular Church in many ways a blessing unspeakable, no Church which cannot stand without an Establishment is worth being established.

I for one refuse altogether to believe such an imputation against the Irish Church. Much as I lament that which has come upon her, I believe that when all has been done which can be done to lighten what I consider a most unhappy blow, she will show herself the true Catholic Church in Ireland, rising into greatness, and leavening more than she has yet done the bulk of the population.

As in so many previous instances, the course taken by the Bishop gave rise to a cloud of unjust imputations and accusations from those who were ever ready to misunderstand his acts and misrepresent his motives, and even stirred some doubts in the minds of friends. To one of these, the Rev. H. Majendie, he gave a detailed explanation of his course,[1] and of the reasons which influenced him; but as the substance thereof has been fully given, suffice it to quote the postscript of the letter: 'Since I wrote this I have received from Bishop Milman[2] a letter expressing his entire agreement in my course. Men from afar overlook molehills, and see the real outlines of a country.'

[1] *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. iii. p. 291.
[2] Bishop of Calcutta.

CHAPTER XIX.

(1869.)

February 16.—To London. Committee of Bishops on Bill for resignation with pensions; much concord. Went to House of Lords; then, to hear Gladstone's first speech as Prime Minister. Calm, moderate, kindly. Disraeli constrained *suo more.*

In the same month the Bishop held the annual Lenten mission at Maidenhead. So highly did the people appreciate the efforts that were being made, that all shops in the town, including those belonging to the Dissenters, were closed at seven every evening, in order that all might go to the evening services. The Lenten Ordination was, as usual, held during the mission week.

On March 16 he paid a visit to Mr. Walter at Bearwood. In 1864 the diary notes a visit there in these words: 'To Bearwood. J. Walter, as always with me, cordial.' And the next day the diary gives a rather curious piece of history connected with the great daily paper of which Mr. Walter was so large a proprietor:—

J. Walter's curious talk about 'Times.' One of his father's rules was that the editor never wrote. Sterling never edited; wrote articles only, like any one else. Circulation 70,000; profits larger than ever. The crisis whether he should lower price. Did so to prevent a twopenny first-class paper stepping in.

1869, *March* 20.—Confirmation at Wellington College. Cold very bad; but, D.G., managed to be heard. After luncheon, writing, and seeing, with Fosbery to Old Windsor. Dear Blunt affectionate as always. A very nice Confirmation. Back to Windsor Castle and prepared sermon. Dined with the Queen. A great deal of

talk with Princess Louise; clever and very agreeable. The Queen very affable. 'So sorry Mr. Gladstone started this about Irish Church, and he is a great friend of yours,' &c.

March 21.—Up to prepare sermon: 'Let this mind be in you.' Well listened to. Afternoon confirmed at Eton Parish. Wet. Back with Fosbery to St. George's, and tea at Deanery. Dined with household. Sent for to Queen after. Talk with her and Princess Louise. Norman Macleod's story of rather gluttonous Presbyterian minister, who was used to look at the dinner before saying grace; and if it was a good one, began, 'Bountiful Jehovah,' &c. If it looked bad, 'We are not, O Lord, worthy of the least of Thy mercies.'

The 'cold' mentioned on March 20 became rapidly worse, and on the 27th the Bishop was attacked with palpitations of the heart. 'Dr. Gull came in; most kind. Sent out for medicines, and attended me between 12 and 1 (A.M.).' The illness lasted several days, but, though unable to leave the house, his activity of mind kept the Bishop at work, and the diary records writing a review for the 'Quarterly,' on Sir J. T. Coleridge's memoir of Mr. Keble, and 'Abraham' for 'Good Words.' The latter was one of a series of articles on the Hebrew Patriarchs written for this magazine, principally in this year; they were afterwards republished in a separate book which was called 'Heroes of Hebrew History.'

June 11.—Poor night. Prevost breakfasted. Various came. Then Ritual and letters till House of Lords. Committee of Bounty Board. Dined Merchant Taylors, going with Hope, and sitting next Lord Stanley. Much talk. Strong against throwing out Irish Church Bill. 'My father cannot be convinced that he is now a mere private, and so allowed to take part as his inclinations lead.'

June 12.—Poorly from cough in night. Letters, and various with me. —— interesting case of conscience. Clergyman full of earnestness, half-convinced that Irvingism, which he had joined, false; quite convinced that much of its present teaching false; great struggle if to resign. British Museum; first attendance. Dizzy's cold estrangement from *all*. He and I did not see one another. Warm greetings from the rest. Letters and 'Joseph,'[1] and down to Coworth.

[1] For *Good Words*.

August 2.—Off early to Wantage, Reading, and Checkendon. A large gathering, and most hearty welcoming, D.G. When others gone, went and looked at *our* room! After, luncheon in tent.

On this occasion the Rector proposed the health of the Bishop under the name of Mr. Wilberforce, for it was as Mr. Wilberforce that the Bishop's name was cherished there. As was said by an old woman in the workhouse at Henley, in 1864, 'He went away from us, and sorely we missed him. We heard that they had made him a Bishop, but he was *our* Mr. Wilberforce, and I can never call him anything else.'

August 11.—At the prorogation. Bishop of London, on my saying, 'I am your junior.' 'Yes, but you ought not to be.'

Although Bishop Wilberforce's attitude towards Sisterhoods can only be indicated in this volume, all mention of them must not be omitted. His attention was first turned to them in 1848; and later on this entry is in the diary:—

July 31, 1854.—I with dear Carter—a long talk about Clewer; pressing continually on him. I care not so much as to what the Sisters now are—such a mode of life naturally attracts Puseyites and Ultras—but what are we going to hatch out, true Church of England women or not?

This diary entry strikes the key-note of one of the most difficult and delicate pieces of organisation—namely, that of Sisterhoods—which Bishop Wilberforce had to encounter, and in the perfecting of which, his wise and far-seeing mind overcame all the difficulties and dangers which threatened this movement, and made the Sisterhoods of the Oxford Diocese a pattern for the Church at large. The religious fervour which drew these women to their self-denying life was the chief element of danger which had to be encountered, for they desired to take a perpetual vow. Here Bishop Wilberforce interfered: 'I have uniformly made it a condition of my connection with these institutions, that their statutes shall state explicitly that the inmates are bound only so long as they please to continue in the Society.' The Bishop, at the Church Congress at Oxford in 1862, said:—

I am bound to say this, in order that there may be no mistake of one holding the office God has given me, that I should not have felt at liberty to take any part in the engagements of any Sisterhood of which such vows formed a part—because, firstly, I see no warrant for them in the Word of God—and it would seem to me that to encourage persons to make vows for which there is no distinct promise given that they should be able to keep them would be entangling them in a yoke of danger; secondly, because it seems to me that our Church has certainly discouraged such vows; and thirdly, because it seems to me really to be of the essence of such a religious life that it should be continued, not because in a moment of past fervour a vow was made, but because by a continual life of love that life is *again and again* freely offered to that service to which it was originally dedicated. I feel, therefore, that I may venture to say that, instead of the perpetual vows representing the higher, it is the admission of a lower standard.

Another difficulty was the question of the practice of habitual Confession; to interfere with the private life of an individual was not within the scope of Episcopal jurisdiction. 'We cannot,' says the Bishop, 'allow the Sisters to practise continual Confession to, or to erect into directors, the wardens or chaplains of our House.' And again: 'If Sisterhoods cannot be maintained except upon a semi-Romanist scheme, with its *direction*, with its development of self-consciousness and morbid religious affection, with its exaltation of the contemplative life, its perpetual Confession, and its un-English tone, I am perfectly convinced that we had better have no Sisterhoods.'

On the point of each Sister having individual liberty, the Bishop says:—

There is one point as to which I have arrived as to Clewer. It is that, whilst we admit no strange clergy *in* the house, we ask no questions as to the spiritual advice the sisters seek and obtain during their permitted absences from the house, provided it concerns *only* their own spiritual welfare.

Of Bishop Wilberforce's success in the treatment of Sisterhoods, Dean Butler, the founder of the Wantage Sisterhood, thus writes:—

Most tenderly and delicately the Bishop enforced his opinions, so that in many delicate and complicated questions we always felt that, whether his mind was or was not entirely the same as our own, we should ever be sure of a fair hearing and of his desire to work with us, and even to yield his own wishes, except of course where principle forbade this. Nothing could be kinder, wiser, or more large-hearted than the line which he adopted ; and it is certainly not too much to assert, that to him our English Sisterhoods owe their present position of usefulness and acceptance.

One other difficulty with regard to Sisterhoods the Bishop had to overcome, and that was to prevent Convocation legislating, or attempting legislation respecting them. To his successful efforts on this matter Dr. Pusey bore witness at the Oxford Church Congress in 1862. Besides the Oxford diocese, Bishop Wilberforce arranged the statutes for the guidance of St. Thomas's House in his Winchester diocese. The East Grinstead Sisterhood owed everything to him; he made peace between them and the Bishop of Chichester,[1] and he induced that Bishop to become their Visitor ; and his constant correspondence with Dr Neale shows how in everything he was consulted. Dean Butler says: 'Had he lived till the present time he would, I think, have been surprised at the results which have followed his loving and fatherly treatment of these institutions, their gradual acceptance by the Church, and the mass of services of every kind—missionary, pastoral, educational, penitentiary—which by the discipline and self-sacrifice of those who belong to them they are able to perform.'

In the course of this biography several different instances have been given of the Bishop's diocesan management, by letters taken from the copying-books. Those here selected are typical of the way in which the Bishop handled two of the most delicate questions of diocesan administration.

Both the clergymen to whom these letters were addressed had estranged their parishioners from them, one by systematic neglect of his duty, the other by the introduction of

[1] Gilbert.

ritual observances before he had won the confidence of his people. The difference will be readily perceived in the Bishop's tone towards the one who had erred from excess of zeal.

The Bishop of Oxford to the Rev. ——.

Lavington, August 15, 1868.

My dear Sir,—I have waited a few days before I replied to your letter of the 8th, in order that I might correct by reflection any first wrong impression. I know too well my own deficiencies not to be very reluctant to find fault with any of my brethren in the ministry; and I know by eighteen years' experience as a parish priest so many of the parish priest's *difficulties* that I am always more ready to encourage than to spurn.

But I cannot reply honestly to your letter without saying what it is painful to me to utter, and I fear must be painful to you to read. The picture you draw of your parish is indeed melancholy —the want of all lay co-operation, the inability to get your church restored, the dying out even of your school, the presence of a total stagnation. You ask me to advise you how to act. . . . There is, in my judgment, a sad and serious lack of affectionate earnestness and care for souls in the whole conduct of your ministry at ——. I hear of you as almost always from home, returning only for the Sunday duty, and frequently not even for that, casting that duty on neighbour after neighbour until they are weary of doing your duty. This course is quite incompatible with your gaining influence with your people, and at once explains to me all the difficulties which you experience and others escape. . . . My advice, then, my dear sir, must go to the root of the matter. Show the people that you have a pastor's heart, and I do not think they will be long in giving you the natural return, the support of the parish. I cannot tell you how earnestly I long for such a change in your ministry in its fundamental character. I see not the love of Christ, I see not the love of souls, I see not faith in your Master's presence in it. Your ministry looks to me like the stinted unwilling service of that fearful character, the mere professional priest. God knows if this is so. I speak but of the aspect which outwardly your ministry wears. My *advice* for which you ask is: PRAY—Pray for more thorough conversion of heart—pray for ministerial zeal—pray for love to Christ. Pray for the outpouring of the Spirit on your own soul and on your ministry, and then live in your parish, live

for your parish, work in it as a man only can work who has come to his work from intercession for his people. Do this, and all improvements will, I have no doubt, follow; and at all events you will be ready to render up your account with joy, and not with sorrow. I am most truly yours, S. Oxon.

The Bishop of Oxford to the Rev. ——.

Coed Coch, October 26, 1868.

My dear Mr. ——,—I cannot tell you—for I have repeatedly shown you—how earnest has been my wish to help you. I placed you at P——, risking the annoyance my placing you there, if you were not more prudent than at A——, must cause me, because, being convinced of your zeal, and feeling deeply for your needs, I determined to give you a new trial. It is a very deep disappointment to me that you have so greatly failed to win the confidence of your flock. The points of complaint I chiefly hear of are these:—

I. That your temper is very little under restraint.

II. That you seem to have very little understanding of your people, and therefore most uselessly offend them; *e.g.* that you have set about teaching them to bow to the holy table—a foolish thing in almost any place, and most unwise in such a place as P——; again, that you have offended their prejudices by the use of tawdry flags, &c., in decorations.

III. That instead of your preaching prominently forward Christ and His salvation, or even Scripture subjects, you preach on mere ecclesiastical subjects; quote Fathers and Popes when they want God's Word and the milk of the Gospel—nay, that beyond this, you have preached against the Reformation.

IV. Then I hear that instead of heartily seeking reconciliation with the farmers and others who have taken offence, you keep them at arm's length. Now, will you at once and heartily on my advice alter all this? It will be impossible for me to retain you at P——, unless by such alterations you can gain the confidence and affection of your flock. For great as is my feeling for you, the souls of the people must have my first thought. And yet, if you are forced to leave P——, what can I do for you? How could I place you elsewhere or recommend you for another post with no hope but of your repeating elsewhere these sad mistakes.

I write to you now not in complaint, not wanting any reply, but simply out of mere kindly interest in you and your family, and in the hope that you may yet so amend your parish administration

that, with the goodwill of your parishioners generally, I may be able to continue you in your charge. I am most truly yours,

S. Oxon.

On September 1 the Bishop was at Inverness with the Bishop of Rochester to preach at the opening of the cathedral. The entry in the diary is: 'Most kindly received by Bishop Eden and all his family. The cathedral excellent.' At the luncheon the Bishop spoke of the power of Bishop Eden of overleaping difficulty, 'prophetically shown at Oxford by his power of leaping over anything that he could reach the top of with his nose. . . . Put a difficulty before him, his first instinct is to leap over it. There is another way of dealing with a difficulty; that is, retiring into a corner to growl and bite your own tail. That way will never answer.'

From Inverness, the Bishop, with the Bishop of Rochester,[1] so often his companion in these Scotch expeditions which were always a pleasure to him, went to Glenferness, Lord Leven's, where he was 'most kindly welcomed. Fly-fished with Bishop of Rochester. He succeeded better than I.'

September 15.—London. Slept a good deal in the night. Breakfasted at Athenæum. Heard from W. E. G. Most kind letter. 'Time come for him to seal the general verdict,' and ask if he might name me to the Queen for Winchester.

This entry in the diary shows the confirmation of the rumour that Bishop Wilberforce was to succeed his old friend Bishop Sumner at Winchester. Ever since the passing of the 'Bishops' Resignation Bill' common report had placed Bishop Wilberforce at Winchester. So authoritatively had this been stated, that in August the Bishop found it necessary to write to one of his clergy, who had sent a most affectionate letter, saying that he had not received the slightest intimation of any offer of the See of Winchester, nor did he imagine any offer would be made until the actual resignation took place in October. The letter then says: 'These rumours have forced me to feel what a wrench it would be to tear me from my

[1] Now Bishop of S. Albans.

present affectionate and beloved diocese.' Mr. Gladstone took the unusual course of first asking the Bishop whether he might name him to the Queen. Mr. Gladstone was aware that it was no promotion he had to offer, and he was also aware of the disadvantageous temporal conditions which were attached to the See of Winchester, as the income the Bishop would receive from the diocese was, on account of Bishop Sumner's pension, smaller than that which he received as Bishop of Oxford. The claims upon it were greater. The work was harder, there was a diocese to organise afresh, and all the cares and troubles of South London—this was all Bishop Wilberforce gained by the translation from Oxford to Winchester. Doubtless it was the conviction that there was much to be done in this new sphere, coupled with an almost romantic attachment to the scene of his early labours as parish-priest and Archdeacon, that decided the Bishop, after twenty-four years' work, to leave the Oxford diocese which his skill and energy had welded together out of the most discordant materials. This now perfectly organised diocese was to be exchanged for one which required re-organisation, and in which he was regarded by many of the clergy with suspicion, in place of the confidence which his labours had won for him in Oxford.

This accord between the Bishop and his clergy made a great impression on the late Lord Beaconsfield, who, after a meeting in 1868, at which he was present and spoke, said to a friend: 'There is one thing in the Bishop of Oxford which strikes me even more than his eloquence: it is the wonderful faculty he possesses of gathering round him so many like-minded with himself for work.'

Some, indeed, of the clergy, notably Charles Kingsley, welcomed him with affection; but as, during his long Episcopate, Bishop Sumner had appointed to every living in his gift in the diocese except two, it is not a matter of surprise that the majority of the Winchester clergy should have regarded Bishop Wilberforce with feelings natural to men who dislike change.

One new position, as Dean Hook said, the Bishop secured

by the change, which was 'that many who were accustomed to think the Bishop of Oxford common property, always ready for any work in England or Scotland, will hesitate to apply to the Bishop of Winchester.' Whether this concentration of labour was a gain to a man of the Bishop's temperament may be doubted; but at any rate he could no longer be, as Mrs. Sargent used to designate him, 'a hack Bishop.'

The more formal announcement of the translation to the See of Winchester is contained in this letter:—

Mr. Gladstone to the Bishop of Oxford.

September 28, 1869.

My dear Bishop of Oxford,—One word to say that I now personally propose to you, with the Queen's sanction, that you should be translated from Oxford to Winchester. You are aware, I think, of all the circumstances which affect this transfer; and I send this letter as a mere matter of business on a subject virtually settled already. But I must add that I shall watch with a profound interest the girding up of such energies as yours for the great work which the metropolitan part in particular of your diocese will open to you; and that, in regard to those incidental attributes of your position which belong to the mixed sphere of religion and the *sæculum*, I shall not scruple to avail myself upon occasion of the privileges of an old friendship, thoroughly cemented by the difficulties of these arduous times, to submit any representation that may be prompted by my point of view to your independent judgment.

If you obtain any more exact information as to the time when Winchester will be vacant, please to let me know. I remain affectionately yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

An extract from a letter to Sir R. Phillimore, written the day the Bishop received Mr. Gladstone's letter, is: 'I can hardly contemplate leaving this diocese for any other work without a broken heart. But wherever THE HAND seems to me to lead I would follow.'

To Mr. Butler the Bishop writes:—

If my strength lasts, and if I am *able* (for I shall be a much poorer man) to live in the new See, I see openings of work and

usefulness which it does not seem to me that a continuance in my happy diocese would afford me. I beseech you to pray for me.

It is to be a secret amongst intimate friends till the resignation is complete.

You will be thoroughly satisfied with my successor. Mackarness of Exeter is to succeed me.

October 2.—To Liverpool. Mackarness joined me. Oxford offered to him. We had much talk. He means to carry everything on just as now.

The same day Mr. Gladstone wrote: 'I understand all your misgivings, but you act gallantly, as all who know you would expect.'

After this formal offer was accepted, the Bishop received from all parts of the diocese letters and addresses of affection. One of these letters is so touching and so characteristic that it is given in full:—

Lord Overstone to the Bishop of Oxford.

Balcarres, Fife, October 8, 1869.

My dear Lord Bishop,—Your very kind letter has found its way to me in this benighted land, where Bishops are held to be unorthodox and without authority!

But what must I say to the communication which it conveys to me? Must I suppress all selfish feelings and really rejoice in the good fortunes of my neighbours of Winchester, though obtained at the sacrifice of myself and my brethren of Bucks, Berks, and Oxon.? This is a hard lesson to learn and to practise. But I will strive to bear all things and to hope all things, to bear my own loss and desolation whilst contemplating the happier state of others—O rare virtue!—to hope that that wonderful union of physical and moral energy which has worked such wonders in the diocese of Oxford may long continue unimpaired in the new vineyard to which it is about to be translated—there burning the weeds and there making them to fertilise the very ground which they may have encumbered, and at the same time stirring to its very depth the good soil, and making an hundredfold to spring up where fifty only were seen before.

But what of Lavington—that place of grateful memory, of hard

living, of hard riding, hard walking, hard talking, and soft kindness which cannot be forgotten—there at least will remain a neutral spot, where the members of the deserted flock may meet their former pastor and master—placing their frankincense and myrrh at his feet and seeking in return the continuance of his episcopal benediction.

'Tibi in aliena regna abeunti fausta omnia ac felicia exopto.'

OVERSTONE.

November 1.—Reading. Set to work at Charge. To church and preached at St. Mary's on 'Out of weakness.' By rail to Aldershot, where John Sumner very kind. Went and saw Bishop Sumner; after first nervousness his own look. Walked with him, and dined, he very cordial. Here came I to this very room with Emily in 1836.

November 5.—Uppark. Letters and Charge. Lord Stratford said: 'Duke of Wellington early learning never to trust to any one else doing anything.' Lesson for me now at Winchester.

On November 2 the Bishop writes to his son Ernest:—

We are hard all at Ritual Commission, so forgive a certain abruptness of writing. I send you by this book-post to-day a very interesting conspectus of the diocese of Winchester, . . . it makes me almost shudder to think of having the spiritual charge of such a body.

By the Bishop's desire, the formal translation to Winchester was postponed to November, in order that he might deliver his triennial Charge. In this farewell Charge the Bishop reviewed his Episcopate of nearly a quarter of a century in the diocese of Oxford. The Charge set forth in detail the various organisations which had been called into existence, and showed the progress which they had made. The answers to a new set of questions enabled the Bishop to give the amount of money which had been raised in this purely agricultural diocese, for building, restoring, and endowing churches, schools, and Houses of Mercy since 1845, which reached a total of 2,120,552*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.* The Charge also dealt with the leading Church questions. The farewell to the diocese began with these words:—

Over these twenty-five years, my brethren, you will, I think,

readily understand that I cannot on this occasion of our meeting thus cast back my eyes without awakening in myself conflicting feelings which are almost too deep for utterance. It is not merely, as it has been with me before, the bringing home to me the fact that so large a part of my life and service has been spent, and that my own great account, and the account of many of you who have laboured with me, and whom I love so well, must be drawing near; it is not only that I am reminded that I have now occupied this seat two years longer than the longest-lived of my predecessors since the See was founded; but it is that I speak to you for the last time; that my staff of office must in a few weeks be broken, and another take the charge with which my life has become one.

It was not without the most anxious doubt that I assented to this change, involving as it did the severance of the dearest ties and the undertaking severer labours with diminished means for their performance. But upon weighing the whole case with the aid of the best counsel I could obtain, I judged that so the will of God was. I go back, therefore, into the sphere of my earlier work in the Church of Christ, to find there, thank God, many old friends whose warm welcome allays, though it cannot heal, the smart of separation from you. For—I am bound to say—I believe that no Bishop ever had more loving and more effectual support than you have rendered me in this diocese. So it has long been, yet ever growing and increasing as the years have run on; and now my approaching separation from you has drawn forth expressions of personal affection greater by far than I before knew to exist, and declarations of some good results with which God's mercy has blessed my poor labours which at once humble and rejoice my heart. . . .

Then comes an affectionate and touching farewell to the Archdeacons and other officers, clerical and lay, of the diocese; to the great body of the laity, and to the clergy, thanking each in appropriate terms for their love, confidence, and aid; and the whole closes thus:—

. . . Unto His good keeping, by whom I have been for a season set over you in the Lord, I solemnly commend you, and, as one who knows his own utter weakness and deep unworthiness, I beseech you to offer up to our God your prayers and supplications

for me when I am parted from you, as you have done when I was present with you. For those prayers, for all the kindness, forbearance, confidence, help, and love which for four-and-twenty years you have given me I once again thank you heartily in the Lord. May He reward you for it. May He make His grace to abound more and more toward you, and minister to you in His good time an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom. The last word almost refuses to be spoken, but, Brethren of the Clergy, Brethren of the Laity, I bid you in Christ's name farewell in the Lord.

Since the publication of the large edition of the 'Life of Bishop Wilberforce,' a clergyman of the Oxford diocese sends some illustrations of points in the Bishop's character which, in his opinion, are not sufficiently brought out in the Life—namely, the Bishop's consideration and thought for others; his tact and talent in seizing every opportunity of doing good; and his power of encouraging those who worked. The first is: 'I met the Bishop out riding, and he asked me whether I should like him to come and preach for me on Sunday. Of course I said I should be delighted. The Bishop duly arrived, and just before church asked me if there was anything to which I particularly wanted allusion made. I told him my difficulty in the parish was to get the parents to send their children to school, and to get the young men who had left school to come to church. The Bishop took these two points, and so successfully urged them that during the five years I remained in the parish I had no more trouble in these matters.' The second is: 'The funds of our Church Building Society had got low, and we dared not make some urgent grants. The Bishop, however, said, "Make the grants, and have faith in the money coming in." The grants were made, but the result was that the Society was 1,000*l.* out of hand. The Bishop told me to come to Cuddesdon one morning. While there he made me write some 100 letters to the chief laymen of the diocese, adding at the end of each letter some two or three lines, reminding the person to whom the letter was addressed of some way in which he, the Bishop, had

obliged him. A few letters to big-wigs the Bishop wrote entirely himself. The result was that about 2,000*l.* came in, which set the Society entirely on its legs, and ever after it continued in a flourishing state. It is facts like these, and there are plenty of them, which made his clergy love him so thoroughly and work with him so heartily.'

Of the many addresses which poured in upon the Bishop from the clergy of the rural decanal chapters, this one from Henley shows how the clergy of the diocese felt that they had in him not only a Bishop, but a friend who entered into their daily life. It alludes to 'Those points which have less obtruded themselves upon public notice; the deep sympathy with the trials and difficulties which beset the clergyman's life; the cheerful readiness to give a quick answer to every application; the personal presence in every parish on every opportunity; the unvarying courtesy; and, above all, the affectionate and fatherly tenderness with which each one of us feels that his own ministerial life has been surrounded.'

Mr. Gladstone to the Bishop of Oxford.

November 20, 1869.

My dear Bishop of Oxford,—One extorted word to say I have seldom read anything with more pleasure or more emotion than the address to you from the clergy of your now vanishing diocese and your reply.

You have not known me as a flatterer, and so I the more freely say it makes the heart bound to feel that even in this poor world truth and justice sometimes claim their own, and thank God it has not been in the power of jealousy, or cowardice, or spite, 'or any other' evil creature, to detract one jot from the glory of that truly great episcopate, the records of which you have written alike in the visible outward history of the Church and in the fleshy tablets of the heart of men.

May the undying courage with which you now gird yourself for the work elsewhere feed you with the bodily strength which I am well assured is the only quality for it that can ever fail you.

I wish I had been an Oxford clergyman qualified to sign.

Do not write. But when you chance to have occasion, I shall like to know how many signed. Affectionately yours,

W. E. Gladstone.

To which the Bishop replied:—

November 30, 1869.

My dear Gladstone,—Your words made my heart warm. The number of names attached to the address, and they still flow in, is between 700 and 800. I trust indeed that my physical strength may suffice for the work before me, and that God's blessing may not be withheld. It is not *the* post for which, after so many years of labour and gathered experience, I should have chosen to leave Oxford. I am, ever yours very affectionately, S. Oxon.

The rest of November the Bishop spent in his diocese. The entries in his diary show with what sorrow he parted from the clergy and laity who had worked so heartily with him for twenty-four years:—

November 14, Oxford.—Much leave-taking and very sad. *November* 20, Newbury.—Address from clergy and laity. Greatly depressed. Dear H. Majendie all affection; he said, 'Astonishing how all hearts are open to you.' *November* 29, Reading.—Farewell meeting. I very low.

On December 22 the Bishop writes to Mr. Gladstone: 'Nothing can have been more cordial than my welcome into this diocese.'

The enthronement in Winchester Cathedral took place on Thursday, December 16, and this chapter may well end with Dr. Monsell's beautiful lines which were written for the occasion:—

Silence in the Great Cathedral.

There was silence deep and earnest,
  By the wondering people made,
Silence in the great cathedral
  As those thousands knelt and prayed.
Prayed, while he, in God their father,
  Rapt in adoration there,
Low before the holy altar
  Made his offering and his prayer.

Years had passed since at that altar
He with youth's best joys replete,
All his life's most precious ointment
Poured out at his Saviour's feet ;[1]
Poured out of the broken vessel
Of a heart bow'd down but brave
That thenceforth its whole devotion
To a life of duty gave.

How that life hath kept the promise
Made in secret suffering there,
Witness now those kneeling thousands
In that fellowship of prayer ;
Witness years of ceaseless toiling,
Weary ways unwearied trod,
Never resting, never tiring,
In the endless work of God.

Silence in the great cathedral,
Not a breath of whisper stirred,
Yet in Heaven the loud heart-voices
Of those worshippers were heard :
'Will to work'—and strength to labour,
'Souls to save'—and Christ their plea ;
Giver of good gifts and perfect,
Say Amen—and it shall be.

[1] It will be remembered that Mrs. Wilberforce died at Winchester in 1841.

CHAPTER XX.

(1870.)

The diary records that 'the year 1870 began with work in the diocese; at Redhill with good old Cazenove. Saw poor man's Church—preached.'

The Bishop of Winchester to the Hon. Arthur Gordon.

Lavington House: January 16, 1870.

You must not let the change of name make you think that one single link of the old chain is loosened. Rather as life goes on does it seem to me that the old affections deepen and the old chains of love become more firmly riveted. You ask me to tell you about the change. I have been welcomed into the new diocese with a warmth I was scarcely prepared to find. But it has at present been a vast increase of labour. Things had of necessity got a good deal out of gear in the old age, and latterly, illness of my predecessor: and *every*where there seem to be arrears. Then South London is a tremendous charge. I have absolutely refused to take any work outside the diocese, and I mean to continue to do so. The learning the *personnel* of the clergy of such a diocese of real knowledge requires great exertion of many kinds: do. of the parishes: do. of the squires, &c. This is in a great measure my present work: and till it is mastered I do not much mind not having Farnham. This house commands a large part of the south of the diocese—Reigate, Guildford, Petersfield, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight. And I am more at liberty to go and stay with my squires, all of whom press me to come and see them at home. I have been with Lord Carnarvon, Lord Eversley, Sir H. Mildmay, &c., and am setting off on Friday for Sir W. Heathcote's, Lord Malmesbury's, and the Duke of

Wellington's. This will bring me to the meeting of Parliament, by which time I hope to establish myself at Winchester House. I envy you having seen Kingsley in his first enjoyment of true tropical beauty. I greatly rejoice in having him in the diocese. You tell me nothing of your movements. Are you not coming home very soon on your way to Mauritius?[1] Gladstone has produced a very unwholesome and threatening excitement by the appointment of Temple. With a very high opinion of Temple personally, I deeply regret the appointment, because he has so obstinately refused to part himself from the 'Essays and Reviews' in their censured parts.

The few diary extracts which follow are given as being typical of the first three and a half months of this year. With one exception, the Bishop was during this time entirely occupied with the new diocese. The exception was a sermon at Oxford on February 20. The diary records his going down to preach. 'The old diocese; *very* low; kindness everywhere.' One curiously significant word frequently, almost regularly, occurs during this period, and that is 'stream.' Every morning at Winchester House, as the writer well remembers, this stream set in, generally during breakfast, and continued till the afternoon. Writing, dictating, and seeing man after man, was the ever-recurring morning occupation, then occasionally a hurried luncheon, generally none, and then the Bishop set off—riding when fine, driving at other times—into South London, for Confirmations, church openings, school openings, speech-making, organising the South London Fund, making up the heavy arrears entailed by the long illness of his predecessor. It is no wonder that the diary frequently records 'much wearied.' Even at this early stage the work was beginning to tell upon the Bishop's energy, and well indeed might he say: 'I am studying the new diocese desperately.'

March 27.—Prepared sermon on miracle of loaves. Preached at St. George's, Camberwell. Luncheon after with S. Smith. To St. James's: heard Liddon on sin—a most admirable sermon. May I be the better for it, O Lord. *April* 7.—Morning wrote. Saw

[1] To which colony Mr. (now Sir Arthur) Gordon had been appointed Governor.

some. To Ecclesiastical Commission. Rode to St. Mark's, Kennington—confirmed. Rode to St. Jude's, Peckham. Coming back to House of Lords, knee hurt by shaft of cart. Colonial Bishops council. *April* 9.—Wrote. Stream. Rode to S. Giles', Camberwell: nice Confirmation. *April* 10.—Off in Cazenove's carriage, kindly sent, for St. John's, Clapham. Then with Nicholl to Battersea. Preached on Judas. Luncheon, and down to Church of poor, St. John's. Preached on Joy in Heaven. Back to Chapel Royal. *April* 11.—To Portsmouth. Walked on Southsea Common. Preached at Garrison Chapel. Then confirmed till 7.30. Much wearied. *April* 12.—Morning prayer and Confirmation. Luncheon at the 'George' with Mayor Sheppard; Sir J. Hope, Admiral Commander-in-chief; Admiral Key, Dockyard. Then to Alverstoke: Confirmation; address. To Elson: Confirmation. Dined at Walpole's—one or two of the clergy there.

The Bishop writes on April 17 from Ockley Court, Dorking:—

I am here to open a Church, having not yet had one day's holiday. I go on hence to Lavington till Tuesday next, when work begins again.

April 30.—Many to see. British Museum. To St. Matthew's Denmark Hill: Confirmation. Rode home. Wrote, and to Academy dinner: Gladstone, Motley, and C. Dickens spoke well; Disraeli came and shook hands.

This extract from a letter to Miss Thornton,[1] the only surviving friend of the Bishop's childhood, has reference to the last entry.

Yes, 'Lothair' is all you say. But my wrath against D. has burnt before this so fiercely that it seems to have burnt up all the materials for burning and to be like an exhausted prairie fire—full of black stumps, burnt grass, and all abominations.

In 1872 the Bishop wrote to Mr. Disraeli a letter of sympathy on the death of Lady Beaconsfield, which was thus answered:—

[1] She survived the Bishop fourteen years, no Sunday passing without her reading some part of the 'Life,' and to the editor she wrote: 'I could no more praise your work than I could praise a looking-glass for reproducing his features when he saw them there.'

Dec. 24, 1872.

I thank you for the kind words you have sent me in my great sorrow. I am sure they come from your heart, and they have touched mine. Yours sincerely, B. Disraeli.

Evidently any feeling of soreness caused by the Church appointments of 1868 had passed away.

On behalf of the two Houses of Convocation, and as representing the Episcopate, Bishop Wilberforce drew up and introduced into the House of Lords a Bill for enabling clergymen to resign their livings when incapacitated by age or infirmity from performing their duties. Owing to the pressure of business occasioned by the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill, the Bill was not brought into the House of Commons in time to pass through that House. It became law in 1871.

The Bishop sent the draft of the Bill to Lord Westbury, asking him to revise it, and hoping that he would support it. This drew forth a very characteristic reply. Lord Westbury said he would cordially support the Bill, but added that he perceived the Bishop referred to 'diseases of the mind.' This, he said, was a difficulty, because, in the first place, there could be no such thing as disease of the mind, and secondly, if there were, he had never yet met a clergyman, 'with the exception of your lordship, who had a mind.'

On February 10 the Bishop in Convocation moved this resolution for the revision of the Authorised Version of the New Testament :—

To appoint a Joint Committee of both Houses, that is, of the Upper and Lower Houses of this Province, with power to confer with any Committee that may be appointed by the Convocation of the Northern Province, to report on the desirableness of a revision of the Authorised Version of the New Testament, whether by marginal notes or otherwise, in all those passages where plain and clear errors, whether in the Greek text originally adopted by the Translators or in the translation made by the same, shall, on due investigation, be found to exist.

This resolution was agreed to, and the result was that a Revision Committee was appointed, which completed its

work in the year 1881. The alterations which have been made are so various and manifold that it is well to record the words used by the Bishop in moving this resolution, to show what changes he contemplated, and how jealously he would have excluded those alterations which, to use his own words, destroyed the 'ring of familiarity' to the ordinary reader.

I should deprecate exceedingly any attempt at a new translation, beginning at the beginning and going on to the end. Anything which threw away the translation round which I suppose almost all our religious feelings, from the very earliest times, have grown and around which they gather still—anything shocking or that would shock these feelings in our minds, is not at all what I contemplate. In the words of the motion which I propose, it is thrown out that these things may be put into the margin—a note at the side, to say what the authority is, as we believe, for any such doubtful reading, whence it came, and whatever proper rendering ought to be adopted. I should not wish at all to see alterations made which might make what is called the present grammar more perfect—the change of 'that' into 'which' and the like. We might in that way introduce a great number of alterations, and change the ring, if I may so call it, of the document; but I should object very strongly to that. I would only change those passages in which there is reason to believe that either from the text used in the translation there crept some real error into the material of the book itself, or that there was from the language employed something which conveyed a wrong impression to the reader's mind. I should strongly oppose the striking out of archaisms or anything which gave to the ordinary reader the ring of familiarity and ancient reverence for that beautiful book—that most beautiful and inestimable book which we have received from our fathers.

The rules which were drawn up for the guidance of the Committee were in accordance with the Bishop's speech. Two of them only need be given.

1. To introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the Authorised Version consistently with faithfulness.

2. To limit, as far as possible, the expression of such alterations to the language of the Authorised and earlier English Versions.

How far these rules were carried into effect, those who have

carefully compared the new Version with the old can judge for themselves.

On July 14 the Bishop attended the first meeting of the Revision Committee of the New Testament, of which Committee he was appointed permanent chairman, and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol vice-chairman. Bishop Wilberforce, owing to the enormous pressure of work forced upon him by the diocese over which he then presided, was unable to take any part in the work of the Committee; he was only present on this day, and then only for a short time.

Before this meeting an occurrence had taken place which at the time created a considerable stir. In June the Dean of Westminster, who had at the time of the Pan-Anglican Synod refused the use of the Abbey to that body who sought it with the object that any members of the Synod who so desired might, before beginning their deliberations, receive the Holy Communion there, issued a notice to *all* the members of the Revision Committee, that there would be a celebration of the Holy Communion at half-past eleven o'clock on June 22 in King Henry VII.'s Chapel. Among those who presented themselves was the Rev. G. Vance Smith, a Unitarian minister, who, on account of his scholarship, had been appointed a member of the Committee.[1] Bishop Wilberforce was not present at this service, being detained by his diocesan engagements. He, of course, with others received the invitation to be present, and thought that such an invitation had only been issued to those members of the Committee who belonged to the Church of England.

On July 5 Convocation discussed what was afterwards called the 'Westminster scandal,' and on that occasion Bishop Wilberforce publicly stated his opinion on it as follows :—

I am bound to say, without entering upon any other question, that I deeply lament that any one professing not only to hold but

[1] When Mr. V. Smith was appointed to the Committee, Bishop Wilberforce was not present; only nine members of the Revision Committee appointed by Convocation were present, and Mr. Vance Smith was elected by a majority of one.

to be the teacher of a doctrine so dishonouring to Our Lord and Saviour as the denial of His Godhead,[1] joined in that act of Holy Communion of our Church, with the Bishops of that Church. I do most deeply lament that such should have been the case.

On June 20 Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Bishop, asking him for his support in the House of Lords on the Irish Land Bill—not as a mere question of party politics, but because it was a national peace-offering. Bishop Wilberforce recognised the distinction, and answered Mr. Gladstone that he was 'prepared to throw on you the whole responsibility of the *details* of a measure, the principle of which has been admitted, and to support your Government throughout.'

In July the Bishop visited an outlying part of the diocese—the Channel Islands, and with a view of avoiding the long sea-passage, and of paying a long-promised visit to M. Guizot at Val Richer, he passed through Normandy and crossed from Granville to Jersey. His impressions of Val Richer and his host are set out in this letter to Mr. Gladstone :—

Val Richer, July 23, 1870.

You will like a few words about my host. He looks a very little older in body—in power and quickness of mind, fulness of memory, in readiness and retentiveness of affection not a day older. He spoke with great affection and great admiration of you. 'Mr. Gladstone is such an honest man.' He has been closely watching your course as Prime Minister. He spoke of the death of so many of our Peelite party, and said, 'The men are dead, the party governs.' He talked freely of the war, &c. 'We were altogether right. Prussia was altogether wrong until the last hour. In Prussia it was a political intrigue ; a plot. We had succeeded ; if we had been quiet, all the gain would have been ours. Our last act was wrong. The war as a war is not popular—we have got to love peace. A plébiscite would have been by a vast majority against war. But France is a soldier, and once in war our whole soul is in it. Then France hates Prussia—she has no other national hate. The long surviving feeling against England, from our long war, is dead. Against Austria, Russia, America, we have no bad feeling. But hatred to Prussia is a deep French feeling. All our Norman

[1] On August 4, Dr. Vance Smith wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury saying that he had never denied the Divinity of Jesus.

peasants here are strong for peace, but if a Prussian war came near them they would rise to a man with enthusiasm. I hope the war will be left as a duel, and that a great victory of France will end it. Denmark will join when we have won the first victory. France is more ready for war, though the Prussian reserves are more trained than ours. I know that the plan of the Prussian campaign is to retreat and fight on the defensive. But we are sending a large force into the Baltic, and that will make a most serious diversion for Prussia. Now tell me about your own young men.' We talked of Salisbury and one or two more, and he said, 'I do not want to know about one and another. I want to hear of a class of young men rising up.' I write all this down soon after coming up to my room, because I think that it will interest you. I am here on my way to Guernsey and Jersey for Confirmations, &c. I am ever yours, very affectionately, S. Winton.

I forgot to record one interesting part of Guizot's conversation. He said strongly 'that it was not a war for increase of territory: that France had no misgiving as to the right of the war as it was—but would not endure the increase of territory.'

July 24.—(Val Richer.) M. Guizot read us a sermon of Bossuet on 'Predication of Gospel.' Afternoon walked with Madame de Witt; to parish church for catechising and vespers. Then talk with Guizot in room—and walk. He said:—

'Not a word of truth in the common statement that parsimony ruined Louis-Philippe. So far from hoarding he spent some 40 millions of his own—restoring Versailles, &c. If he had not lost his head the *émeute* would have been quite easily subdued. Marshal Bugeaud, far the ablest French general I have ever known, would have put it all down at once.'

'Of all the men now in command Trochu is the most promising, "l'homme de l'avenir." Bugeaud could command. The soldiers trusted and would follow him. So would they Changarnier, though he was harder to the men than Bugeaud. Marmont was only an officer of artillery. In the battle of Salamanca Marmont was wounded and carried out, and Marshal Clausel succeeded. The Duke of Wellington said, "There is a change in the French General—I must be more cautious." He was right. Napoleon in one of his rages treated M. Talleyrand with great contempt and even abuse before all. Talleyrand sat quite still, leaning on his

elbows. When Napoleon had gone out, he said before all, "C'est dommage quand les rois sont mal élevés."'

July 26.—Morning early. Prayers, &c. Read. After *déjeûner* walked with Guizot and all the family to a neighbouring château. Very interesting. The old buildings, pigeons, &c., so much the same as of old. Chapel turned into granary. Much talk with Guizot. 'On one occasion, some four years before his fall, the King seized both my hands and said, "M. Guizot, you are an old Roman!" He felt that he was not one himself. He was, however, personally brave. I have seen him ride calm up to men in insurrection, whilst they were pointing their guns at him, without any sign of fear. His weakness was love of popularity. He could not bear unpopularity. He said, "What is the use of serving this people who judge you so unjustly?" When I came to see them first at Claremont, Nemours took both my hands and said, "We were lost when we parted from you." . . . Thiers is not a bad man. He is indiscreet, but he is not a bad man. The King was personally fond of Thiers. I never could be familiar with any one. Thiers could, and Louis-Philippe liked it. Louis XVIII. was a clever and prudent man. He showed his bed in his room to a friend of mine, and said, "I hope to die in that bed." He added, "I wish I could think my brother would too." Charles X. was quite without political sagacity, and Polignac was an idiot.'

In answer to a question Guizot said, 'No, I do not think his son (the Emperor's) will succeed; and, if not, after two years' trouble, they will recall the Orleanist Princes. I think Nemours is cleverest of them.'

On leaving Val Richer, the Bishop and his companions went on to Granville. On August 1 they reached Jersey and became the guests of General and Mrs. Guy at Government House. The time apportioned to the Channel Islands was a clear fortnight, including a Sunday at Jersey and another at Guernsey. The Bishop's life during this period reverted, as the diary shows, in a great degree to its usual character in England. The fortnight's sojourn in the islands was indeed an epitome of his whole diocesan work. Two, sometimes three Confirmations were held daily, diversified by Visitations of the Clergy, the opening of a school, sermons, inspection of orphanages and

industrial schools, &c., the intervals being filled up with letter-writing. He found 160 letters awaiting him at Government House.

On August 17 the Bishop wrote to Mr. Fosbery :—

Many thanks for yours of August 7, which found me in the Channel Islands. How 'The Patriarch' took them to do them so easily, as you intimate, is more than I understand. They gave me incessant work from early morning to late night. It has been a most interesting time. I do not know that I ever saw Confirmations, sermons, &c., produce so much effect. May it please God to make some results enduring to the glory of the name of Christ. I left Alderney after a very nice Confirmation yesterday, and came on to Cherbourg. We slept there, and I am now in the rail carriage to Rouen. We mean to sleep to-morrow at Boulogne and home. Friday or Saturday I go to Lavington.

August 17.—(Cherbourg.) Off early for Lisieux and Rouen. Hôtel d'Angleterre. Dined at *table-d'hôte*. Extraordinary silence and sadness. The commander of the district and his wife. He at times quite overcome, as if he could not swallow. Late at night 'good news, which must be kept secret because of Prussian spies, sent round by Government.' It amounted to Marshal Bazaine having a plan for surrounding Prussians. At an evening service for the war at the Cathedral.

September 28.—Sat some time with Gladstone. Full as ever of intellect and interest on all subjects. France and Prussia : hoping that for the present great sacrifice of life over. Talked of 'Westminster scandal'—the 'right name.' Of little import when merely Stanley's eccentricity ; but the Bishops' speeches, especially Bishop of Salisbury's. 'How difficult with temper of House of Commons to maintain Church, if such the internal voice. No organic change *will* be made whilst I am in power. But that may be a short time.' Equally full about Pope and Manning.

November 10.—(Uppark.) Wrote morning, and rode down to Havant. Saw Olivier. Rode home, seeing Stone and Sir Jervoise. Wrote again. In night seized with violent spasms at the heart. Called Reg., who for hours with me. Seemed very like the end coming, and tried indeed to commit myself to Him ; but prayed to live, much for my children.

This was the second of these attacks. Early in the year the

Bishop had had the first. It is a remarkable fact, that though his children were not privileged to be with him in his last hour on earth, yet each one of his sons was with him, separately, on these occasions. This seizure was perhaps the most violent of all, and was entirely owing to the immense strain to which he was subjecting his bodily and mental powers. The Bishop called his son Reginald (the writer of these pages) at about two o'clock in the morning, who remained by his father's bedside, occasionally administering sal volatile. At half-past four the Bishop became pulseless, his face quite white, and the action of his heart scarcely perceptible. His son thereupon gave a dose of almost pure sal volatile, the Bishop opened his eyes, and as his son bent down he could just catch the words, 'Good-bye, my boy, I am going home at last.' But soon afterwards he sank into a peaceful sleep, the pulse gradually returned, and at six o'clock his son was able to leave him, the attack having passed off.

The Bishop held his Ordination at Winchester this year on December 18, and attended a meeting for the Hampshire Diocesan Society on the 19th. With reference to this meeting Charles Kingsley wrote to Mr. Gordon :—

'Your friend the Bishop had a great triumph on Monday at Winchester and deserved it. A born ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν he is, and I will do my best to support him on his throne. He has by one bold move got the whole of the leading laymen of Hampshire and *their purses* on his side. Knowing of men as he is, I doubt whether he knows how much good he did on Monday ; I, after nearly thirty years as a Hampshire parson, can judge.'

December 25.—(Lavington.) Celebration at 8.30. Some faint gleams, I hope, of the heavenly light, and longing for more. *All* of us here together, D.G. Then to Graffham—a nice, bright, happy service. In afternoon I preached on *Peace on earth.*

CHAPTER XXI.

(1871—1872.)

January 1.—Alverstoke Rectory. Prepared sermon. I preached morning on New Year, afternoon on 'a God that hidest Thyself.' Wrote letters after with Walpole helping. I a good deal depressed. New Year's Day heavy now with clouds. But God's promise sure.

January 25.—A very cold night and snow again. To London for Surrey Church Association. Long discussion on ——'s motion to take from the Bishop the nominating Missionary Curates: only two for it, all the rest against it, D.G. After, I to Farnham. An immense depression on me for present and future. The Dear Old (Bishop) so broken in body and mind. What Farnham Castle was with all its old brightness—and its future! what shall I do here if I live to come? Talk with Gladstone; as ever cordial.

To Sir Charles Anderson the Bishop writes:—

Stratton, January 19, 1871.

My dearest Anderson,—We spent one day this week at Hatfield, and had I been fit for enjoying anything I should have enjoyed it greatly. Salisbury is a very fine fellow: such clear grip of intellect and so high-minded in everything. We had Bob Lowe, and C. Fortescue and Lord de Grey, whom I always like, and Sir H. Holland, in the party. Have you read Salisbury's article (the last) in the new 'Quarterly'? I think it is very able.

February 21.—To Richmond for Confirmation—an interesting one. Back and to Queen's Court: very graciously received by Her and all. To House of Lords on Dilapidations Bill. Romilly's exposure of ignorance. Dined with the Chapter at Westminster—not without some misgiving from recent passages with Dean Stanley, but all pleasant.

February 23.—Received many. Then Ecclesiastical Commission. Home and wrote. To Breamore viâ Salisbury for Confirmation with my Ernest. My heart shrinks strangely: is it leaving the family, which I never did before, being in lodgings, or age? At Breamore most kindly received.

This was the beginning of one of the Confirmation tours in Hampshire. The mere reading the daily record of work in the diary produces a sensation of bewildering weariness. Two and often *three* Confirmations a day, sermons, addresses to children, consecrations of burial grounds, &c., the constant moving about from house to house, and the packing of his multitude of books and papers, made a daily round the strain of which was beginning to tell even on him. An account of a week's work at this time is given by the Rev. W. Lucas, of Sopley Vicarage, Ringwood:—

In February 1871 the Bishop spent a week amongst us in this deanery. He came to hold an Ordination at Ringwood, to confirm in several churches, to be the life and soul of parochial missions held simultaneously in the four towns and some of the villages of the deanery, and to make acquaintance with our leading laymen by staying at as many of their houses as time would permit. The list of engagements I arranged for him under these various heads—episcopal, social, evangelistic—is now before me and is simply appalling. He had stipulated that we should spare him after-dinner work; but this was not always practicable, and he was frequently in harness morning, noon, and night.

It is not surprising that there are occasionally diary entries such as 'very much exhausted, hardly thought I could preach;' 'could hardly rise to go down from my room for food;' 'very much exhausted, could scarcely breathe at dinner, or eat or drink;' 'utterly wearied out at night. Pains in back waking me constantly. O God, Thou knowest the weariness of this life.' And it must be remembered that the large overgrown Winchester diocese was in a very different state from the model diocese of Oxford as it was after the Bishop's Episcopate of twenty-four years. The diary at this time often notes at Confirmations 'some trouble in keeping order,' 'Confirmation at first unruly,' 'disorderly Confirmation,' 'mob—got it quiet.'

Archdeacon Randall writes at this time: 'You are doing, as of old, three days' work in one; so that if a man's life may be measured by his work your age is now 195 years of ordinary mortals.' The Bishop of Rochester also writes: 'You have introduced such a system into the Episcopate that one has time for nothing.' It is difficult to believe what Bishop Wilberforce once told Dr. Woodford (Bishop of Ely), that he was naturally indolent, and had at first 'to flog himself up to his work.'

One of the leading laymen of the Winchester Diocese, Mr. Wyndham Portal, supplies these recollections of the Bishop's conversations:—

'A conversation arose after dinner as to the difficulty of rendering some English words into Latin. "You cannot put 'Hearse' into Latin," said one. "Oh, that is very easy," said the Bishop; "Mors omnibus."

'After one of his usual hard days' work, when the rest of our party went up to bed, the Bishop looked about the drawing-room table and took upstairs several books. I went with him to his room to see that all was comfortable and as he wished. Before we parted, he looked round the room and said: "Coal-scuttle full, good; candles long, good; a comfortable chair, good; a bath and water, good. My nights are a bad time with me. I frequently have to get up and sit in my chair, and I try to read myself to sleep, and then I move stealthily to my bed, hoping that I shall not be awoke by the process."

'There were at that time but very few dioceses in which Diocesan Conferences or Synods were held. When expressing a hope that our Bishop would establish them in his diocese, he expressed his strong disinclination to institute them "at present." "I know how it will be," he said; "the Bishop must always attend every meeting, while you laity may do as you please. When all goes well and smoothly you will say, 'See how well we have done it.' When there is a failure from any cause, it will then be said, 'See what a muddle the Bishop has made of it.'"'

A characteristic saying of the Bishop's is communicated

by a lady: 'We were all at lunch, when Archdeacon Otter asked me suddenly whether the then Vicar of —— was a High or Low Churchman. I hesitated to reply, as in fact the Vicar's principles were not very decided, when the Bishop bent forward with his peculiar smile and said, "My dear Otter, you forget, perhaps Mrs. R—— and yourself may look at the Vicar's views from the different ends of the telescope," and so he released me from my difficulty.'

April 15.—Sandringham. The day for the most part wet. I walked to Sir W. Knollys' to call, and Mr. Onslow's. Wrote and read a good deal. Duchess of Cambridge came. Dr. Quain, Mr. Courtenay, and Lady G. Somerset. First swallow. Saw the Princes again. Both interesting children. The eldest, Edward, that inward look of melancholy which the Prince had. George full of fun, spirit, and life.

April 16.—Up fairly early. Prepared sermon on 'They knew not the Scripture that He must rise from the dead.' Preached it with interest to a very attentive congregation in the pretty little church. At luncheon all together and boys, and afterwards little Princesses. Prince John very pleasant. Walked over gardens, houses, and farmyard. A good deal of talk.

April 17.—To London, and find Reg., A., boys, and beloved Ernest arrived. Went and saw them. I wrote and talked with A. Henry came and wrote with me. Low about himself. The speculative feeling I have so often known, what if no eternal life?

April 29.—Early Prayers. Wrote. Breakfast at Sir W. S. Maxwell's—Philo-Biblon. Then to British Museum; home with Lord Eversley. Afternoon wet, and I wrote on through it till I went to the Academy. There many friends, and enjoyed pictures. Back after the dinner in good time. At 3 A.M. seized with palpitations or rather spasms of heart. In time called Savage,[1] and after an hour Ernest; at 5, so far better that went to bed. Slept on, but woke Sunday still palpitating. Beloved Ernest how loving.

April 30.—Up at 8.30. Sent to Peterboro', London, and then Gloucester for aid. He [Gloucester] kindly took sermon at St. Mary Magdalene, Southwark, and Confirmation after. Dr. Gull came and gave a thorough examination. No organic [disease]. Brain overworked.

[1] His valet.

May 1.—Better, D.G. With A. to opening of International, and took Miss L. Phillimore. All sorts there. Walked in the procession. Then with Ernest to Prince's Risborough, where Lloyd. Splendid sunset over dear old Cuddesdon. Strange feeling of separation from the old diocese.

May 29.—Hurstbourne. Early. Read service. Wrote. To Long Parish for Confirmation. A charming Confirmation. Day beautiful, church beautiful, congregation most earnest, candidates devout, clergy reverent. Stayed luncheon with dear old Greene. Back and rode (after hour's writing) with Lord Portsmouth and Ernest to Tufton and Barton Stacey.

June 11.—Early. My great Fast Feast. No one to sympathise with me—till I shivered. None of these care; only I whispered it the last thing to A. and she seemed to sympathise. I went morning to St. Matthew's, Brixton. Preached to very large congregation for S. C. A., and collected at the doors 53*l*. Luncheon with good —— and large Confirmation. Called at Lambeth. Archbishop not worse for his speech on Friday. He cordial. Chapel Royal. Wrote at Athenæum. Good accounts from Bas. D.G.

It was a pleasure to the Bishop's hospitable heart that he was able to make Winchester House a hotel for some of his oldest friends: notably, to Sir George Prevost, Sir Charles Anderson, as well as many others from the old and new dioceses. He writes to Sir Charles Anderson: 'I think that instead of getting colder in affection as I grow older I get to cling more closely than ever to real old friends.' The next diary entry is characteristic of the great unwillingness and regret with which the Bishop parted from any friends, an unwillingness which many of his guests may still remember, but which was naturally intensified in the case of these old and dear friends.

June 17.—Letters with Woodford, who with Prevost went. I felt in my old heart solitary—get ashamed of this with dear Reg. and A——'s kindness, but she looks so fragile. I could weep. Then to Sons of Clergy. Home and wrote, Reg. helping. Then with A—— for Botanic to meet Prince of Wales, and pouring rain sent us home. Wrote a good deal. Prepared sermon. Rode once round Park.

July 11.—Wrote a good deal and saw. At 4 went to Mrs. Gladstone's tea to meet Princess Royal and Crown Prince. Very cordial and a good deal of talk. He quite affectionate at our parting—'My dear Bishop;' remembering my sermon before his marriage. Rain hindered riding. To House. Dined Lord Sidney's to meet again Crown Prince and Princess. Gladstones, Spencers, Bessboroughs, &c.

July 28.—Blackdown. Wet morning, but breaking into fair. The morning views from my window wonderful. The cloud fringes lowering down with such wonderful shades of light. Suggested sermon on the Hills about Jerusalem. Preached with interest. Then a luncheon and toasts, all hearty. Mr. —— told me, the stranger speaking to one near, of Tennyson, 'Mr. Tennyson lives here, does not he?' 'Yes, he does.' 'He is a great man!' 'Well, I don't well know what you call great, but he only keeps one manservant, and *he* doesn't sleep in the house!'

December 9.—Calbourne. Connor brought out bad news of the Prince; quite upset me all day; in my thoughts preaching and celebrating. Greatly aggravated irritation of chest and voice and quite bad at night.

December 10.—Lay in bed. Read service and three of Robertson's sermons. *Rather* better account by telegram of Prince. Sir W. Knollys to me, 'We have hope still.'

December 14.—First better news of Prince. Thank God.

December 30.—Lavington. Woke early with oppressive cold, caught, I believe, from darling children. Wrote very hard. Interviews with MacColl and Trotter. The day hopelessly wet. Billiards with Ernest and A—— for exercise. Read a little. Cold, heavy, and stifling, and fearing for Monday's and Tuesday's work. *Miserere!*

The Rev. A. P. Cust[1] writes:—

Those of us who saw him 'at home' will ever maintain an ideal to be cherished, emulated, and extolled. Never did father watch more tenderly and anxiously over the welfare of his children, and endeavour as far as possible to supply to them that blessing so early taken from them—a mother's love. How few who noticed his laborious life knew of the hours spent at night in earnest prayer on their behalf to God.

[1] Dean of York.

December 31.—My cold so threatening that I lay in bed till near 12. Better then: read the Service as they were saying it in church close by. And so the year runs out again. How many its mercies; in some respects, signal. My Reg. flourishing. His dear wife and three children. My beloved Ernest given me back again from America certainly in better health, though still pale, worn, and heart-broken. God bless him. My own Basil well placed at Southampton, and doing, I trust, a real work for God there. His wife helping him. His child stronger. Bless the Lord, O my soul. My dear E——, though alas! separted from us, affectionate. My work something in my diocese, and though my end seems often very near, yet my strength greatly held up for work. O that my last days may be my best days.

In 1870 the Royal Commission on Ritual issued its fourth and final Report. Among the subjects which were alluded to in that Report was the Athanasian Creed. This mention of the Creed created such an alarm amongst Churchmen that, in February 1871, a petition signed by 1,150 clergy and laity was presented to the Archbishop, deprecating any change whatever being made either in the Creed itself or in the use of it. This petition was met by counter-petitions to Convocation and to the Archbishop, praying for alterations of some kind to be made.

During the Session of 1871, Mr. T. Chambers gave notice of a motion by which it was proposed to remit any penalties which might be incurred by clergymen who substituted the Apostles' Creed for the Creed of St. Athanasius whenever the latter was ordered to be read. It appears from letters that Mr. Gladstone was personally in favour of what he characterised as a wise and equitable motion, but he also thought that if the Church offered any determined opposition to this proposal the safest course would be to decline the discussion of a subject which would interfere with the Calendar.

In May several of the Bishops met at the Archbishop of York's house to discuss Mr. Chambers's proposal, the result of which meeting was, that the Bishop was enabled to satisfy Mr. Gladstone that on all sides, on different grounds, Mr. Chambers's proposal would meet with a most determined

opposition from many members of the Episcopate. From the Bishop's diary of 1871 it is apparent that on this question of doing something with the Athanasian Creed, there was a wide divergence of opinion between the Archbishop and himself. October 9, the Bishop, who was at Addington, notes: 'To Addington. Archbishop and Catherine very cordial; he full of legislation. Athanasian Creed. Cathedrals, &c. I tried to gentle him. Succeeded, I think, as to Cathedrals and partially Athanasian Creed.' Again, on the 20th: 'To Addington. Walked with the Archbishop; showed him Liddon's and Pusey's letters, and *for the time* convinced him that he must not start withdrawal of Athanasian. He said: 'But it can do no harm to ventilate it.' I replied: 'Has your Grace considered the danger of unsettling some minds and irritating others by the mere fact of our seeming to cause the discussion?' Dr. Pusey and Dr. Liddon had written many letters to the Bishop, praying for his powerful intervention on this matter; and they had both declared that were the Athanasian Creed touched they would resign their preferments. At this time they would assent to nothing except that things should remain as they were. On December 5 the Bishops met at Lambeth, and the diary furnishes the result of that deliberation. 'To Lambeth till 7 P.M., Bishops' meeting. The Archbishop declared against a material alteration of the Athanasian Creed for fear of a schism, and for Oxford note.[1] Fruit, D. G., of my visit to Addington.' On January 6, 1872, the Archbishop was the Bishop's guest in Sussex. The diary says: 'Lavington.—After breakfast long talk with Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of Chichester. The Archbishop quite convinced that he must not tamper with the Athanasian Creed.' Matters thus remained until February 6, on which day the Bishops, as usual before the formal meeting of Convocation, held their private meeting. The diary for that day shows that the Archbishop had lent perhaps a willing ear to opposite counsels, and when Bishop Wilberforce brought forward his proposition for an explanatory note, the Archbishop proposed an addition.

[1] A proposed explanatory note.

On February 8 Convocation met, and the Archbishop announced that the Letter of Business restored to Convocation the liberty of practical legislation for the wants of the Church; it gave them power to debate, consider, consult, and agree upon points, matters, and things contained in the fourth and final Report of the Ritual Commissioners. This was the completion of the work for which Bishop Wilberforce had laboured for well-nigh twenty years.

The Archbishop then invited a discussion upon the Athanasian Creed.

Then followed a long series of debates, reports, resolutions, lasting through this and subsequent meetings of Convocation, until, on December 3, the Bishop's diary shows that he finally succeeded in carrying, in Committee, the proposition that an explanatory note should be affixed to the Creed, and that no alterations should be made either in the Creed itself or in the Rubric.

In 1873 the Committee reported to Convocation that there should be a Synodical Declaration on the subject. After much discussion this was finally agreed to. Thus was the Church of England steered through one of the greatest dangers which have beset her in modern times. On this particular question men of all shades of opinion wrote to Bishop Wilberforce; it was absolutely necessary that something should be done. On the one side the loud talkers of the Broad Church party influenced public opinion against portions of the Creed, and especially influenced the Archbishop; whilst, on the other, a serious defection in the Church of England was threatened on the side of the High Churchmen, were the Creed to be touched. In dealing with this latter danger the Bishop's tact was eminently displayed. Dr. Pusey wrote: 'Thanks be to God, and under God, I bless Him for your Lordship's interposition. Bright said, "Then the Church of England is saved." It is a heavy weight rolled off, after which one can breathe again freely.'

February 11. — Osborne. — Early and sketched sermon. Preached with interest; very attentive congregation; 'we see

through a glass darkly.' After luncheon Queen saw me: very unusually kind. Long talk. Spoke warmly about sermon, Prince of Wales, herself, Athanasian Creed, shortened service. I spoke out on all, and she never so ready to listen, and seeming not hostile to any view of truth; danger of stirring Athanasian, D.G. Walked with Sir J. Cowell, pleasant. Wrote a little and down to East Cowes Church. Chichester Fortescue to dinner. Queen very pleasant and easy; had set me next to her. Interesting after to see her speaking with Chichester Fortescue with great energy on the American question.

June 11.—My day! My wedding day; how gloomily, how heavy-hearted it sets in; how unlike what it was; how needful a discipline for me. Not one of them even knows it. They think me hurried with business. They do not know that my heart is in Lavington Church—in the house when we came back. Oh, but it is almost madness to think of it. Saw, wrote. Went to Rotherhithe: consecrated St. Barnabas' Church. Confirmed at St. Stephen's, Lambeth. Bas. very kind. House of Lords. Alabama claims. Dined Merchant Taylors; went and came back with Bishop of London. Ernest, Reg. and A—— came to see me; sitting up and thinking of Highwood, 1828, June 11.

The next letter, written from the Church Congress at Leeds, just after the Bishop himself had spoken to the working men's meeting, is extremely characteristic of the Bishop, showing how tersely and humorously he could sketch off the different speakers.

The Bishop of Winchester to the Rev. Hugh Pearson.

Leeds, Workmen's Meeting, October 10, 1872.

My dearest H. P.,—I have been reading your letter, put into my hands as I came here, as speakers are uttering their speeches to the shrewd and hard-headed men of Yorkshire. I was so glad to hear from you. I am glad you could give so good an account of the Synod. I quite agree with you entirely about Pott, and I shall never be content till I get him on the bench. I am very unhappy about dear Leighton. I am so very much afraid it is a breaking-up. I am very sorry that I have not been able to get to see him; I hope to do so next week. My dearest Ernest is, I fear, really no better. He has gone out to the Cape—sailing to-day. May God be with him: my heart aches so I can hardly write about it. Basil

is doing really wonderfully well at Southampton. I see *your* Bishop has to speak. So I shan't shut up until I can report. Lord Bishop of Oxford called up. He has started well. There—he has described some meeting of Oxfordshire workmen, who were being lectured—he says they were Chinese to us Yorkshiremen—he is saying that the only thing they cared to hear about was '*their wages*.' He thinks the working men of Leeds don't care about their wages! How little he knows us Yorkshiremen. Still they are a little pleased at being told that they are above thinking about wages, and just now applaud, but at present he is 'dool.' He has woke a little and said that 'the Church is the oldest mutual help society in the world' (cheers); wound up well with saying a good Church parish was where there were a great many H. P.'s who are kind to everybody.

Enter Birley, M.P., of Manchester: 'we all want to better ourselves, to sleep more, eat and drink more,' &c. Birley is making a sensible, dull, and Lancashire speech, and the shrewd Yorkshiremen are GAPING. There—he has done. Bishop of Manchester—*great welcome*—starts by saying they are *not* working men, that only a few are (cry of 'Show of hands,' and 75 per cent. hold up their hands). Tells a good story of his squire in Berkshire who told him that he should have been a tippler and a poacher—says *he*, having a comfortable house, is not tempted to tipple at the 'Black Dog' and smoke 'churchwardens' (now he is speaking *very* well indeed). Why do not the poor hear US gladly? Now has just scalped poor Gloucester and Bristol, but well and tenderly as if he loved him. Now he is praising *Mr. Joseph Arch*. Now he has made a great blunder: says 'the order of the angel was "Go stand in the Temple and speak the words of THIS life," we don't want heaven and paradise 10,000 years hence, but what is to help you TO-DAY.' The Greek, brother Fraser, won't bear it. Now again he is very good, 'Do you read your Bibles for yourselves? Do you pray?' Now he is speaking very mischievously, appealing to the Wesleyans about surplices, &c.: and contrasting them with winning living souls: and so he stops, applauded for the last bit of mischief, leaving, as Lord Nelson has said, the impression that 'the Kingdom of God is not meat and drink' means 'there are no sacraments.' Now old Woodford speaks: he has been rapturously received and is speaking excellently well. Of the 'Old Church.' 'The Church of England not an aristocratic Church' (*very* fine; in his best mode), an analysis of the real religious state

of the town, lightly but very effectively done. Why do respectable working-men not worship? 'Talk it out, sift it, weigh it, twist it, and then come and tell us what we can do to take the stones out of your path and make the way easier to you: and do what you can to bring others with you. You can do what we cannot—you can pass thresholds we cannot cross,' &c. He has ended excellently in great applause. Bishop of Ripon before closing wishes to say a word. Universal interest in the Congress—shared by Nonconformists, including our chief civil magistrate: the mayor, a Baptist, has shown all help (applause). (He gave us turtle soup to-day.) He watches for the welfare of the good old Church of England, and he *may* speak to-night, and so he rises. Stupendous applause—speaks sensibly and well. The clock strikes ten, and we break up in search of Horizontality.—Ever your very affectionate

S. Winton.

In answer to an appeal to take a little care of himself, he writes to his daughter-in-law:—

Ockley Court, Dorking, December 4, 1872.

Many thanks for your dear letter this morning. I have been consecrating a church and preaching this morning, and as I had to begin the day with a dose I feel beaten this afternoon, and am staying in my room writing a few letters and meaning to rest instead of knocking about. So you see how obedient I am.

Sandringham, December 7, 1872, 6 P.M.

My dearest A.—I arrived here about an hour and a half ago and find your letter, for which many thanks. I am really better to-day. We have all been having tea, bowls, talk together, and I have just come up to write you a line. We have here, coming with me, Lord and Lady Cowley, Sir A. Helps, General Reilly, Gibbs; and coming down to night, Lord Carnarvon (having lost his train) and the Duke of Edinburgh. Disraeli puts off from her illness. God bless you, my darling. The Princess is charming and the children *very* nice; but no one like A—— and her cherubs. Yours,

S. W.

Sandringham, December 8, 1872.

I turn to you for a little *home* feeling. We had *quite* a pleasant evening last night. I sat next to the Princess at dinner and she talked a great deal and so pleasantly. Then we received the Duke

of Edinburgh, who was a cheerful addition to the evening party, and we chatted on till near 12. At about 12 the smokers all went to smoking-room, billiards and bowls, and as I told the Prince I always went off at 12 on Saturday night I was excused and went to my room and in due course to bed. I am all right I am thankful to say to-day. Got up between 7 and 8 and prepared sermon. Breakfast 10. Church 11. A nice service, and at the end of it I baptised the black boy they brought from Egypt. The Prince and Princess and Sir W. Knollys stood god-parents—all the congregation present, after the sermon, and I had preached a little about it to them. The young lad was much affected and it was altogether a striking sight. The Prince gave the name, Albert Alexander. After service we walked about the grounds with the Prince, &c., and had luncheon, and now in ten minutes are to assemble for a walk, and I have stolen up to talk to my dear A——. Seeing these children makes me very hungry for my Willie and Ba Ba.[1]

Now I have stolen away from the walking party and come to read my Office, as there is no afternoon prayer, and to write one or two letters. The party breaks up to-morrow morning. I am ever, with dear love to Reg. and my beloved grandsons, your loving

S. WINTON.

The Bishop of Winchester to Sir Charles Anderson.

Ashridge, December 10, 1872.

I got here yesterday from Sandringham, where I had a very pleasant visit. The Prince shines as a host in the midst of his family, and the Princess is most charming. The Cowleys too and others were very pleasant company. She is one of the most agreeable women I know, and he full of knowledge of men and events or things. The Duke of Edinburgh too was particularly pleasant. This is always a charming house. He so good and so true and kind, and she quite bright in her beauty and loveliness. Lady Marion Alford and Freddie Leveson very pleasant and Vyner. I had not heard that dear Massingberd was really gone. He is a great loss. As you cannot come to me at Lavington, you must let me hear of you there. I am ever your heartily affectionate

S. WINTON.

[1] His grandchildren.

The Bishop of Winchester to Miss Thornton.

Lavington, December 27, 1872.

Really as the band who knew and loved our father grows smaller, and as, year by year, it seems to become for the new generation and the Recordites impossible to understand how any one can be a good Churchman and yet an Evangelical, a believer in the Sacraments and yet an abhorrer of 'the confessional' and a scorner of the little apish Romanism of the Ritualists, I cling with an almost spasmodic tenacity to such as you. So you see you cannot shake me off by not coming. And I am here I hope for three weeks; reading imaginary letters to my grandchildren and settling what shall be grubbed and what shall be planted and, yesterday writing seventy letters, but am always very affectionately yours,

S. Winton.

CHAPTER XXII.

(1873.)

ON January 6 the Bishop writes to the Rev. R. W. Randall, who was formerly Rector of Lavington:—

This new year I celebrated early in Lavington Church, and I trust we did indeed begin the year with God. . . . I have a far more sustained sense than formerly of the nearness of the end. Otherwise I cannot say that I feel much older.

January 2.—Lavington. My night greatly broken. *Exceedingly* depressed this morning. God only knows how tired. But after breakfast set doggedly to work. Wrote till just 3. Then rode. Dear old Paddy[1] suddenly on down fell lame. *Eheu!* My Bas., C., and Herbert came.

This letter to Miss Thornton refers to the death of the Rev. H. Venn, who for many years was the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society:—

Lavington, January 14, 1873.

I thank you greatly for your letter. Dear old 'Father G.' He never knew how much I cared for him or how tenderly affectioned I was to him. We travelled once before the flood, he, Mary Elliott, Robert and I, up to my father's at the lakes; and he was so associated with beloved memories that they entwine themselves like the wreaths of the honeysuckle around his whole life. He *was* devoted to C. M. S., and to be capable of such devotion shows something above (*sic*). Once or twice through 'The Record' and otherwise he has smitten me hard when he thought I in any way wronged C. M. S.; but I no more resented it than I should have

[1] The Bishop's horse.

resented Sir Launcelot's chivalry for his Queen. How I wish we had you here.

On January 16 the diary records: 'After disturbed night, woke feeling hunted and worn. To Church and committed all to God.' Such entries as this, some of which have been given, constantly recur through the diary, and show how very near the Bishop lived to His Master, how, in all troubles, sorrow and weariness, he took the burden straight to the One who had promised to give rest.

Mention has already been made of a book, once his wife's book, in which from time to time the Bishop recorded his own review of his life. Some extracts from this book are here given with their dates:—

July 19, 1861.—Have been reading these over with prayer [his resolutions]. I hope a little ground gained.

What I want: To have Christ *in me*—a presence, a power, a moulding life.

Mem. Every day by a special resolution with prayer to devote that day, with all I can see of its duties, to God's glory, in God's strength. To bring the detail of my life more into communion with the life of Christ. . . . The greatly increased solitariness of my position from this beloved's[1] death, a new call to lean more on God. Be more inward with Christ. Oh, grant it! Her blessed peace stirs me up to follow her as she Christ. The increase of the *inward* life what I want.

July 14, 1863.—Survey *my Life*. What wonderful advantages—my father's son, his favourite, and so, companion. My good mother, such surroundings. My love for my blessed one, compassing me with an atmosphere of holiness—my ordination—my married life—my ministerial. Checkendon, its bliss, its work opening my heart. Brighstone, Alverstoke, the Archdeaconry, the Deanery, Bishopric, friends. My stripping bare in 1841. My children. Herbert's death-bed. How has God dealt, and what have I *really* done—for HIM? *Miserere Domine* is all my cry.

Cuddesdon Chapel.—After meditation on Death, resolve:

(I.) to take periodic times for renewing this meditation;

(II.) to strive to live more in the sight of Death;

[1] Mrs. Sargent.

(III.) to commend myself more entirely as dying creature into the Hand of the only Lord of Life.

February 4, 1873.—Lavington. Up betimes. Wrote a little for Knox [the Bishop was writing a review for the 'Quarterly' of 'Autumns on the Spey,' by Mr. Knox[1]]. After breakfast packed and wrote again. At 2.30 off. Wrote in train. At Merstham consecrated the Churchyard in the dark. Impromptu service in Church; preached on the scene—the dark *out*side; the light *in*—the parable of Death.

Other articles contributed by the Bishop to the 'Quarterly' were 'Darwin's Origin of Species,' 'Essays and Reviews,' 'Aids to Faith,' 'Newman's Apologia,' 'The Sandwich Islands,' 'Royal Authorship' (2), 'Clerical Subscription,' 'The Gallican Church,' 'The Church and her Curates,' 'Hook's Lives of the Archbishops,' 'Keble's Biography,' and 'East African Slave Trade.' The majority of these articles were written during the last ten years of the Bishop's life; and when it is remembered that in addition to the preaching, speaking, and ordaining, the Bishop during this time confirmed in his own diocese 85,538 persons, and in the last five years of his life he wrote or dictated 32,150 letters, it is not surprising that Mr. Gladstone, on reading the Bishop's life, should have written to say, 'It is only when I read the journal of Bishop Wilberforce that I feel what an idle fellow I am.'

February 22.—After breakfast saw several. British Museum Standing Committee. Then home for Institutions. Took A—— to Royal Academy. Home and wrote for 4 hours. Dinner and wrote till 10.45; then to Speaker's with A——. Home in half an hour and wrote till 1.

With reference to the Bishop's constant writing, as shown in this and other extracts from the diary, and his large correspondence, a clergyman writes:—

'Seeing the Bishop look so pale and worn, I asked him why he did not keep a secretary? He said that it would be certainly a

[1] It is somewhat singular that the Bishop's last contribution to the *Quarterly Review* should have been on the same subject as his first, viz. Natural History; the first article he ever wrote for the *Quarterly* being a Review of a book called *Ornithological Rambles in Sussex*, written by the same author, Mr. Knox.

great relief to do so, but then so many people would be disappointed. 'For instance,' he remarked, 'a clergyman at Huddersfield writes to ask me, at Cuddesdon, to go to the North to preach on some special occasion. Of course I cannot comply with his wish. But I write a refusal myself with a few kind words, which makes it less annoying, whereas my secretary would say it was "impossible," and the poor man would feel that he had made a mistake.' This was the kind feeling which, expressed in nearly these words, made the Bishop a slave to his desk and often hindered his rest.

Throughout Lent the Bishop was as usual in his diocese confirming and preaching.

April 5.—Very early: wrote, &c. To Chawton, a very nice Confirmation. Large parish attendance and great quietness, D. G. Then back to Thedden Grange. Walk with Wood, and thought I saw our hill, but doubtful. To Shalden and Lasham. A very nice Confirmation. Then drove to Basingstoke. I to Windsor Castle. Dined with Queen, she looking very well. The Van de Weyers, to my great satisfaction—Prince and Princess Christian, Leopold, Lady Churchill. In drawing-room many more. The Queen talked with me in a very friendly sort a good while.

April 10.—Southampton. Early. Matins 8. Celebration 11. Then wrote letters till luncheon, and hard to work on lecture on Catacombs. Walked with Bas. to Rycrofts, &c. Back and finished lecture. Large attendance and well received. Tried to keep line of Church as against Rome and Dissent. Back, and supper. Bas. a cold, alas!

To his daughter-in-law the Bishop writes from the Deanery, Winchester: April 12:—

I have had a very hard time of it—lecturing, confirming, preaching. I had such a congregation last night at the Cathedral, hundreds going away unable to get standing room. The Dean was very affectionate and jolly with me. To-day I have large Confirmations at Alverstoke and Gosport. God bless you, dear one, with all Easter blessings.

And to his son Ernest he writes on Easter Day: 'I am well, but I am very much tired, and should like to go to sleep for a week or a fortnight.' A few days later (April 23) he writes: 'I am very low.'

April 15.—Bournemouth. Early, and prepared sermon. Little walk on Cliff Edge with Bennett. Beautiful. To consecration of St. Clement's. All most disturbing. Had to have two candles by Holy Table put out. Hymn stopped in Offertory. Alas for me! spilled some of the consecrated wine, as for 45 years I have *never* done, from long angular foot-base of cup, which I did not see, catching in cloth: quite overset me.

April 16.—Rail to London? wrote. Went to see Gull in vain .... Off for Ockley. Heard to-day nightingales in full song. Cuckoo heard yesterday. I saw first swallow Tuesday at Bournemouth.

Sunday, April 20, the Bishop was at Lavington, and in the afternoon of that day he preached at Graffham. This sermon was the last he ever preached to his own people in that dearly-loved Sussex home. The text was, 'Peace I leave with you.' The Bishop had never preached on that text before, and the loving, mournful tenderness which ran through the sermon seemed almost as if he knew he was taking farewell.

The diary of April 24 records: 'Heard that dearest Henry left us Wednesday morning at 3—in peace.' The next letter to Miss Thornton refers to the death of Henry Wilberforce, the Bishop's youngest brother:—

Winchester House, April 30, 1873.

My dear Marianne Thornton,—'For he saith the old is better.' After all, what is like the friendship which runs up into the Babyhood and the Fatherhood? No letter has stirred the embers and lighted up the fires like yours. Dear Henry! what a charm there was about him, if you knew him ever so little. His very faults were charming: that tendency to give the reins to any high and noble feeling and let the panting steeds dash where they would: the way he, every now and then at a sudden turn, reminded me of my dear father—not when the swell of my father's soul was on, and the diapason sounding, but at some rather curious note of the 'Vox Humana'—was wonderful. I saw him last in October: so wasted that you could hardly recognise him; the keen, playful intellect sinking under the weight of bodily sickness; and then the ready pen grew so languid that of late it has taken him a week to write a letter to me. Well! he is all right. Though he made (under his wife's influence mainly, and under Manning's denunciations, and

that touched the want of his character, cool courage when he was not excited) the wrong decision, yet it was to give up all for what he thought the voice of Christ, and he will be no loser for following an echo, when he thought he was following the true voice, though the false echo led him away from where the true voice spake. I have felt all these deaths deeply: and I have all but lost Reginald's angel eldest boy: the most entirely loveable child I ever knew: but when he was on the very edge of the other world, God has heard our prayer and given him back. May it be for good! I am, ever very affectionately, your old friend S. Winton.

May 4.—Early to prepare sermon for Whitehall Chapel. Morning confirmed and celebrated at St. Mary's, Southwark. Carriage broke, and might have had a bad accident, D. G. escaped. Rather nice service. Afternoon preached Whitehall Chapel. Collected 45*l.* Walked with Gladstone.

May 6.—After breakfast wrote till 20 to 11; with Prevost in brougham to Convocation. All day there, writing, &c. House of Lords. Rode and called on Archbishop of York. Dined Sir W. James with Ernest, Gladstones, Godley's &c. Gladstone much talking how little real good work any Premier had done after 60: Peel: Palmerston, his work all really done before: Duke of Wellington added nothing to his reputation after. I told him Dr. Clarke thought it would be physically worse for him to retire. 'Dr. Clarke does not know how completely I should employ myself,' &c.

May 10.—Early wrote. Dear Prevost went. British Museum. Examined birds. . . . Home: wrote: rode with Ernest. Dined Lord Sydney's to meet the King and Queen of Belgians. Sutherlands, Cadogan, Gladstones, Hamiltons, Torrington. Gladstone again talking of 60 as full age of Premier. Cadogan speaking of his fall from power as accomplished.

May 24.—Breakfast, at which E—— (his daughter). Saw many. British Museum, and Sons of Clergy. With E—— to International. Then short ride. Then dinner at Archbishop of York's. A good many Bishops, both of England and Ireland, and not one word said which *implied* we were apostles. *Eheu, eheu*; very low—partly physical—toothache—personal, family, Diocesan.

On May 31 the Bishop was at Parham with his old and dear friend Lord Zouche, endeavouring to give him the comfort he knew so well how to give. Lord Zouche was in great suffering, caused by an illness which could only terminate fatally.

The diary records:—

May 31.—A talk alone with Zouche, D.G., very satisfactory. A simple humble faith, resting on 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just.' His fear of coming pain. Question as to insensibility after death. Clear to me that God is bringing him home through these fires. Rode to Lavington—mind resting somewhat on God, and blessing Him for power of enjoying the beauties of His world round me.

Of this ride the Bishop writes to his daughter-in-law, that it was 'one of those never to be forgotten.' It was his last visit to Lavington, and it was with difficulty that he tore himself away from that lovely place.

This letter to Sir C. Anderson further describes the visit to Parham:—

Parham Park, May 31, 1873.

My dearest Anderson,—I came down here yesterday evening, mainly to see if I could, as R. Phillimore assured me I could, be of any use spiritually to dear Zouche. . . . He is quite manifestly fitting, under God's hand, for the great change. I had a long private time with him this morning, and, really, all is with him as one could wish in those greatest matters. I stay with him till Monday. The beauty of the place yesterday and to-day, the perfection to which he has brought everything, makes the contrast of his sudden striking down all the more touching. I never saw the country more lovely. The great oaks, limes, and elms in their first brightest green; the dark old Scotch firs, with their red stems and branches and bright forming cones. I crept up under them yesterday to watch the herons, a most charming sight. Some flying with food for the hatched young, and as they come over the nest dropping their outstretched legs and feeling for a safe footing, whilst they beat the air vehemently to keep their poise; some sitting upon the top of the nest, the white neck gleaming in the sun, and the sharp beak turning every way as they keep their look-out. To-day I have ridden over to Lavington, and everything was in glory—horse-chestnuts, oaks, beech, elms, rhododendrons. Only the marks of the frost of the 20th were very sad, large oaks with every leaf shrivelled up and black as if they had been burnt. . . . How I wish I *could* come and see my black-headed gulls; but I have daily work for awhile. Ever affectionately yours, S. Winton.

To Sir Robert Phillimore, a most intimate friend of Lord Zouche, the Bishop writes:—

Parham, June 2, 1873.

My dear Phillimore,—I got down here Friday night, and a most deeply interesting visit it has been. I trust that I have been able to be a real comfort to him. I only wish that I could stay and minister to him. I shall, if possible, return to him. I never, in all my pastoral experience, saw a more beautiful simplicity of faith. It is more like a child's mind than one with his varied, and even remarkable, intellectual gifts. This of itself is to me most comforting, for it must be the work of God the Holy Ghost, and I do believe that he has passed through his darkest time, and that the light is increasing round him. I am very grateful to you for telling me about him. I too much, I know, shrink with men like him from entering all at once on spiritual matters, for fear of repelling; but with the clue you gave me I had no difficulty here, and his welcome of direct religious intercourse was instant and complete. I have to leave to-day for a Confirmation to-day, organ dedication to-morrow, and Ordination examination after at Newport, Isle of Wight. With affectionate greeting to all yours, I am your ever affectionate S. Winton.

June 7.—Newport. Early. Prepared last address. Wrote a little after early Communion and breakfast. Then having the young men separately. Rode in the afternoon with Connor on his horse: on Downs, near Brighstone, such old memories awakening! Back and Church at 6.30. Delivered Charge on 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost.' Woodford wants me to publish it: says the interpretation to him quite original and perfectly convincing.

This refers to the address delivered by the Bishop to the candidates for Ordination, which was held at Newport in the Isle of Wight.

June 17.—Bishop of Edinburgh to breakfast. Much talk as to Colonial Bishops Bill. Great fears of injury to Scotch Church on all sides. Wrote—dearest Ernest helping. Then he with me to Esher—Confirmation. Back, and to National Society and House of Lords. Rode. Dined with G. Hardy. Sat, by order, next to Princess Louise: she very pleasant.

July 1.—After prayers and breakfast, to S.P.G. Celebrated, and addressed Japanese missionaries, whom may God bless: prayed, I

hope earnestly, for them. Convocation, long, wearisome, and, I fear, not useful talking. Then Bounty Board. Then Gladstone's. Presented to the Shah (of Persia), and some talk on House of Lords and his visit. Dined Lord Henry Scott. Pleasant, though very tired.

The question of the constitution of the Supreme Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical cases had for many years occupied Bishop Wilberforce's attention. In 1861 he had a correspondence with Mr. Gladstone on the subject, which resulted in a proposed Board of Reference. On this proposal the venerable Bishop of Exeter said: 'I decidedly prefer abandoning the Court to the lawyers, if thereby we can secure a reference of doctrinal questions to the Church.'

In 1864 Mr. Gladstone, who had approved of the constitution of a Board of Reference in 1862, changed his opinion. He proposed that the Judicial Committee should be strengthened. He proposed to add the Bishop of Winchester to the Court as a permanent member, and, further, to summon as assessors for a Canterbury case two Bishops of the province, chosen by the Episcopate of the province; in a York case, one Bishop similarly elected; and in an Armagh or Dublin case, the Archbishop of the See. The principle of this proposal could not be accepted by the Bishop, as it would have left the Judicial Committee a mixed court of lawyers and divines, which was the very thing the Bishop desired to change. He was quite convinced 'that the only course was to exclude all Bishops from the Judicial Committee, where their presence is simply mischievous, giving a colour to decisions they can very little influence, and that in the wrong direction.' Although the Archbishop of Canterbury and many of the Bishops were favourable to the Bishop's proposal, the bench was far from unanimous, the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London being the leaders of the opposition. From the Bishop's notes of a discussion which took place in February 1865, it appears that their opposition was based on the following grounds: that the moving for a new Court would seem at the present time to be a censure of the late judgment,[1] the Bishop of London going so

[1] *Essays and Reviews.*

far as to say that it would be a censure on himself, also that the decision of the spiritual element might be ignored by the lay judges, or that it might be not unanimous, and that in the Court, as at present constituted, whenever the three spiritual judges did agree, the Law Lords would yield to their decision.

The diary for the day records as follows:—

February 10.—To Lambeth by a quarter to eleven. Long discussion on Court of Appeal, ending with Archbishop of York's great wrath about my answer to his saying, 'It does not hurt you or me.'

On the 15th, in Convocation, the Bishop had given public utterance to the views which have been already described. His concluding words show that he did this with the object of obtaining an expression of opinion from the Bishops on this subject. His words run thus:—

I am most thankful that this discussion has drawn forth an almost unanimous expression of opinion that there should be an inquiry into the constitution of the Court, with a view to amendment, and I believe that the fair spirit, the good sense, and the honesty of Englishmen, if inquiry should be made, will cause such changes as we need to be carried into effect.

Referring to this subject in 1866, the Bishop, in the Charge for that year, says:—

The grave question of the reconstitution of the Court of Final Appeal in matters of doctrine remains unsettled. It is one the issues of which are so important that, provided only it is not let to fall asleep, I would rather see it wait the gradual clearing away of difficulties, than risk the dangers of a too hasty settlement.

The difficulties which surrounded this question were not cleared away during the Bishop's lifetime. But during the passage of the Judicature Act in 1873 through the House of Commons, the Bishop applied to Mr. Gladstone to include the appeal in cases ecclesiastical under its provisions, and availed himself of the kindness of Mr. G. Hardy to move the amendment which removed the Archbishops and Bishop of London from the Judicial Committee. Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Bishop: 'You will learn with surprise as well as pleasure that Mr.

Hardy's proposal was at once adopted. Such a concert of unanimity is a matter really of rare occurrence in the House of Commons.' In the House of Lords also, there was a strong consensus of opinion in favour of the amendment; it was carried, and became the law. Bishop Wilberforce was at last successful in separating the legal and clerical judges. Two years later the disestablished Prelates were restored to the Judicial Committee, not as judges, but as assessors.

The system of private confession, which had for some years been steadily growing in the Church of England, came this year within the official cognisance of the Episcopate. A discussion upon it took place in Convocation, and on July 4 the Episcopate agreed upon a Declaration, which was made public on July 23. The line which Bishop Wilberforce took on this question, both in Convocation and in his diocese, was identical with that which he took in 1850, in his correspondence with Dr. Pusey. Apart, however, from his speeches in Convocation on the matter, the Bishop made three distinct and clear utterances on the subject of private Confession, during this the last year of his life.

These utterances were identical in themselves, and in the first, which dealt with the subject *in extenso*, the arguments used are so precisely similar to those used in 1850 that it seems worth while to quote from the letter to Major-General Tryon, in which the Bishop sums up his Charge delivered at Southampton, to show that, however much or little the Bishop may, in obedience to the laws of progressive movement, have varied his attitude in regard to mere ritual observances, yet on a matter of this sort, in which doctrine was involved, he never stirred one step from the ground he had originally taken:—

> What the Church of England allows, I am bound to allow; what she discourages, I discourage; what she condemns, I condemn.
>
> At Southampton, on the occasion of the recent ordination, I stated, in a Charge publicly delivered, what I considered to be the duty of the Clergy of the Church of England on this subject.
>
> I will briefly repeat it here. She distinctly condemns the system

which existed among us at the time of the Reformation. That system required confession to a priest from every one, especially before communicating, as a condition for the obtaining forgiveness of sins; further, it was developed into a great engine for the priest assuming the direction of souls, and hence almost of necessity it interfered with the sacredness of family relations and with the independence of conscience, whilst it led to the compilation of manuals of direction which polluted the mind of the priest, and too often acquainted his flock, and especially the young and innocent, with sins of which they would otherwise be ignorant.

Against all this our Church protested; but she never for a moment deprived her children of the privilege of opening at their own will their hearts to the ministers of God's Word, not to obtain forgiveness of sin, but that, 'by the ministry of God's Holy Word,' they 'may receive the benefit of Absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting of their conscience.'

This is clearly and comprehensively stated in the Homily on Repentance, by which is proved, from Scripture and the Fathers of the Church, the blessed truth that we ought to acknowledge none other Priest for deliverance from our sins but our Saviour Jesus Christ, who doth most effectually wash away the sins of all those that, with their confession of the same, do flee to Him, and continues thus:—

'I do not say but that if any do find themselves troubled in conscience, they may repair to their learned curate, or pastor, or to some other godly learned man, and show the trouble and doubt of their conscience to them, that they may receive at their hand the comfortable salve of God's Word; but it is against the true Christian liberty that any man should be bound to the numbering of his sins, as it hath been used heretofore in the time of blindness and ignorance.'

Here is the very pith of the teaching of the Church of England as to Confession: it is not necessary for the forgiveness of sins, or the maintenance of the life of God in the soul; it may not be enforced in any, it may be used by those who desire it to ease the conscience of doubt and trouble.

July 8.—Early—wrote. Rail to Leatherhead. Settled sermon for to-day, and composed one for to-morrow. Gave at Leatherhead prizes to St. John's Foundation School. Luncheon and toasts. Preached, re-opening, 'Arise into thy resting place.' To

London. House of Lords. Cairns's illusory argument on Judicature Bill. Dine Holford's. Princess Mary and very pleasant party. House most beautiful in London.

On the last Sunday of the Bishop's life, July 13, he preached and confirmed at Clapham, the place, it will be remembered, where he was born. The diary records: 'The day very wet, and I very much tired. Back, and wrote. St. James's Chapel Royal.'

July 14.—Wrote. Hawaiian Committee. Photographed with A——, at Stereoscopic. Meeting of Bounty Board Committee. Gladstone's luncheon to Prince and Princess of Wales. House of Lords. Dinner of Rural Deans and Archdeacons.

July 15.—Early. 8.30 Communion. Breakfast. Wrote. House of Lords for Oranmore's attack. Rode with Ernest. Dinner to Archdeacons and Rural Deans, and great evening party of clergy and others.

The attack by Lord Oranmore and Browne, mentioned in this entry, had reference to the refusal of the Bishop to allow a clergyman, the Rev. R. Maguire, to deliver a series of ultra-Protestant lectures in the Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, the churchwardens of which church had requested the interference of the Bishop. Upon this, Lord Oranmore attacked the Bishop in the House of Lords, and accused him of being a sympathiser with the Roman Catholic religion, because he restrained the lecturer. The whole matter was so unimportant that it would not have been alluded to in these pages, were it not that this attack gave the Bishop, on this the last occasion, as it happened, of his being in the House of Lords, the opportunity to declare openly before the world his emphatic protest against this charge, which had so often been secretly insinuated. He said:—

I have to complain of the noble lord for saying it was some tendency to these Roman doctrines that had led me to act as I did. That is a most serious charge, as serious an imputation as to charge an officer in the army with disloyalty to his Queen. I hate and abhor the attempt to Romanise the Church of England, and I will never hear any one make such a charge without telling him to his face that he is guilty of gross misrepresentation.

July 17.—Early, wrote. Ecclesiastical Commission. Home and saw and wrote. To Epsom College for Confirmation and prizes. House of Lords. Wrote. Rode in park with Ernest. Dined Salisbury's—pleasant and sensible evening. M—— (Miss Alderson) sang beautifully.

July 18.—Early. My Ernest, after prayers, off for Lapland. O my God, guard him and bring him back to me in peace! All day shaken by this great parting. Rode without him in the park. Wrote all day. Reginald and A—— went to Drove. Dined Lord Chesham's: pleasant, affectionate. De Vesci's, Sir C. and Lady L. Mill, Bourke, Captain Boscawen, Balfour.

The Bishop was tired and in low spirits on this day, the 18th. Sitting in his study, he said to his daughter-in-law, 'I cannot think why I feel so depressed.' He stood on the steps of Winchester House seeing his son and daughter-in-law depart, taking leave of them with unusual and exceptional tenderness, even with tears. Indeed, to all his sons—who had all been with him that week—his parting was peculiarly affectionate and tender, as if he had a presentiment that it was the last time he should see them.

On Saturday morning, July 19, Sir Robert Phillimore breakfasted by invitation with the Bishop to discuss the Judicature Bill and the necessity of being on the watch about that part of it which dealt with the appeals in causes ecclesiastical. Of that last breakfast Sir R. Phillimore thus writes:—

> It was on July 19 that I saw the Bishop for the last time at Winchester House, where I breakfasted with him alone. His extreme dejection of spirits struck me very forcibly that morning. He was by himself in the house, and had lost for the time the society which he valued so much of his children and grandchildren.

The Bishop wrote for some time; among other letters[1] he wrote this to his daughter-in-law:—

Winchester House, July 19, 1873.

It is very dull indeed without you; and I had no bulletin of the beloved ones this morning. I hope to hear to-morrow at

[1] Another letter was to Sir A. Gordon, suggesting alternative epitaphs for Lord Aberdeen's monument in Westminster Abbey.

Holmbury. I hope that to-day's colder air will not make them worse. I am trying to arrange to get down to Lavington Friday night, and to stay till Saturday at 5, then driving to Chichester, and so get to Portsmouth Saturday evening. My dearest love to Reg. and the darlings. Your dearly loving S. WINTON.

The Bishop then went to the Athenæum to write there, and from thence he went by train with Lord Granville to Leatherhead. Of what followed Lord Granville has kindly allowed the publication of this graphic account:—

The Earl Granville to R. G. Wilberforce.

Walmer Castle, Sept. 25, 1882.

Dear Mr. Wilberforce,—It was in Rotten Row that he wished 'to put himself in my hands' for our journey to Holmbury at the end of the week. We hardly spoke in the South Western Railway to Leatherhead. But on getting into a fly which took us to Burford Bridge he became cheerful, and talked a great deal. He appeared to know to whom all the houses we passed belonged, and had some characteristic anecdote to tell of the owners. After getting on a hack hunter, called Carrick Beg ('a little rock'), which Bernal Osborne had bought for me some time before in Ireland, his spirits became like those of a boy; galloping very fast up the long hill, apparently careless as to the ground we were riding over, talking almost incessantly on political, religious, and social topics. He dwelt much on the subject of conversion to Catholicism, and on the character and influence of Dr. Manning, whose name I had mentioned, forgetting at the moment that he had been your mother's brother-in-law. He seemed a little anxious on going down the steep decline leading towards Mr. Farrer's house, and asked whether I was sure it was the right way. At the bottom of the hill, I asked him whether he was ever tired by a long ride. 'Never on such a horse as this.' He then told me, in his pleasantest manner, an amusing story, which indirectly intimated his superior horsemanship over that of a noble and political friend of his and mine. We broke into a gentle canter over a smooth stretch of turf. I was riding on his left, slightly in advance. I heard a thud on the ground, and turning round I saw him lying motionless. From the groom's account it appeared that the horse, probably a little tired, had put his foot in a gutter of the turf, and stumbled without coming down. Your father must have turned a

complete somersault, his feet were in the direction in which we were going, his arms straight by his side—the position was absolutely monumental. I sent the groom for assistance at Mr. Farrer's house. I took off the Bishop's boots, and his neckhandkerchief. I remember my sense of despair at not knowing whether there was anything I could do which could be of use. For a long time I could feel no pulse ; at last I could feel the beating distinctly. I mentioned this to an intelligent bailiff who came with labourers. He said he could see no sign of life. I was afterwards told by the doctor that it was my own pulsations, and not that of what, alas! was a corpse, which I had felt.

I shall never forget the expression of sorrow on the faces of Mr. Gladstone and of my brother when I arrived at Holmbury, at the end of this fearful ride. Yours sincerely, GRANVILLE.

Lord Granville said that while he was by the Bishop's side he saw a 'look as of satisfaction' come upon his face and settle there. That look as of satisfaction, and the smile that came with it never left that face—it remained there to the very last. Death came to him as he would have wished it to come. He had always dreaded a long illness, or gradual decay, the very thought of the slow wearing out of the body was to him, with his active habits, almost unendurable. The Rev. E. Marshall relates the following incident, which shows how, when almost in the presence of death, there was no fear or shrinking from what is so often called sudden death. The Bishop himself always interpreted the prayer in the Litany to be delivered from 'sudden death' as relating to unprepared death. 'In 1864, the Bishop, when travelling to Cambridge, was in a railway accident, from which he escaped uninjured.[1] Soon after, he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Foster Melliar, near North Aston in Oxfordshire, where he was confirming. The Bishop described the accident, and said that at the time he thought it was all over with him. "Were you not afraid?" said his hostess. "No, I was not afraid, but I thought that the end was coming, and that it might as well come in that way."' Mr. Marshall,

[1] The diary thus recorded the accident :—'*February* 10.—Off by train ; at Littlebury an accident. Thank God, escaped ; but two hours waiting ; late for sermon. Platform at Cambridge crowded with young men cheering lustily.'

who was sitting by the Bishop, says: 'I was sitting quite close, and was much impressed with the calm but earnest tone in which this was said.' In fact, the thought that his call might be sudden was ever before his mind. To his intimate friend, the Bishop of Rochester, he often said: 'I may be gone in a moment.' The same thought the Bishop had also expressed to another most intimate friend, Dr. Woodford (Bishop of Ely), who thus speaks of the Bishop: 'Never, I firmly believe, did any man live more continuously in the thought of the eternal world.' And the Rev. A. P. Cust, in a sermon on the Bishop's death, says: 'To a near relation of my own, the Bishop said, but a few days before, when speaking of sudden death, "There is no such thing as sudden death to a Christian."'

Mr. Carlyle, when he heard the news of the Bishop's death, made this remark only: 'What a glad surprise!'[1]

The Bishop's body was taken to Mr. Farrer's house, Abinger Hall, where, having been vested in the robes of office, it lay on the drawing-room floor till Monday. The inquest, which was of a purely formal nature, was held on that day. But before it took place, many friends who had already received the intelligence had hastened to Abinger to see the last of the Bishop, whom they so loved. Among those who came that Monday morning were Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville, and well the writer of these lines remembers the scene in that room—the peaceful body of the Bishop, the lines of care and trouble smoothed out of the face, the beautiful smile of 'satisfaction,' and, kneeling reverentially by that body, Mr. Gladstone, whose sobs attested how deeply his feelings were moved by the sudden loss of his long-tried friend, while at some little distance Lord Granville knelt, moved also to tears by this affecting scene.

Among others who came to Abinger were the Rev. Dr. Monsell and the Rev. L. Burrows, who came from Guildford. Dr. Monsell thus writes:—

I saw him on Monday lying in his robes, with his Garter ribbon round his neck, and a cross of roses supplying the place of the well-known jewel. Never did he look more noble and dignified.

[1] Lord Houghton in the *Fortnightly Review*.

There was a statuesque beauty about his head in the calm composure of death, such as I hardly ever observed so distinctly before. As quiet and as peaceful was that dear face as if he had died in his bed or as if he was but sleeping on his couch. A smile almost seemed to hover around him, as if from that sainted spirit so lately parted from its earthly home. To him the gain is 'semper'; to us the loss 'ubique' and 'omnibus.'

On Monday afternoon the hearse started from Abinger for Lavington. In each village of the Winchester diocese through which it passed the church bells were tolled in homage to the great prelate who had just ceased to reign over it. At Chiddingfold, on the border of Surrey and Sussex, a long halt was made to bait the horses, the hearse was drawn up under the shadow of the church, and, during the whole halt, the bells tolled. The vicar, the Rev. L. M. Humbert, robed, stood on the green of the churchyard, himself the watcher over the body of his Bishop. A stone in the churchyard wall now bears this record: 'Near this spot at eventide on Monday, July 21, 1873, rested the body of Samuel Wilberforce—Bishop of Winchester—on its last journey home to Lavington. By a fall from his horse he was called suddenly from unwearied labour to eternal rest. Be ye therefore ready also.' The body reached Lavington between 11 and 12 at night, and the coffin was immediately placed in the library, where, covered with the Garter robe, it remained till Friday, St. James's Day, July 25.

No public funeral in Westminster Abbey was definitely offered for the Bishop. The Dean of Westminster indeed telegraphed: 'It has been suggested that your father, from his connection with the Abbey, should rest there.' Mr. Gladstone, Lord R. Cavendish, Lord J. Thynne, Sir R. Phillimore, Mr. S. Walpole, and many others also urged a public funeral in the Abbey, in their anxiety to show due honour to their friend, and because it 'would be such a great lesson to the youth of this country that such a Prelate should receive such a great national acknowledgment.' The Mayor and Corporation of Winchester paid a willing tribute to their Bishop's memory, by telegraphing to offer a public funeral in the Cathedral.

No such offer could, however, be entertained. It had been the Bishop's constant desire, ever since he laid his wife to rest in Lavington churchyard, that when his time came he might rest there beside her. At Cuddesdon, at Lavington, and in London, there hung in his bedroom a picture of Lavington churchyard, 'that I may ever see,' he used to say, 'my own resting-place.'

This wish the Bishop reiterated on the last Sunday of his life. The writer and his wife were walking in the Green Park with the Bishop on Sunday afternoon, when he began to speak about his own death. He then repeated what he had often before said as to himself—that his body was not to be touched more than was absolutely necessary, his robes were to be put on, and, above all, that no power on earth was to prevent his being buried at Lavington by the side of his wife.

Monday morning, July 21, the newspapers spread the intelligence through the country, and with scarcely an exception, the whole of the press, worthily led by 'The Times,' paid their tribute to the almost irreparable loss. The Prince of Wales wrote the following kind and characteristic letter to the member of the family with whom he was personally acquainted :—

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to the Rev. Basil Wilberforce.

Marlborough House, July 23, 1873.

My dear Wilberforce,—Although I have only had the pleasure of meeting you but rarely since we were at Oxford together, I feel I must intrude on your great grief in begging you and your family to accept from the Princess and myself our deepest sympathy and condolence at the irreparable loss you have sustained. I have had the advantage of knowing your lamented father from my earliest childhood, and during the last few years have seen a great deal of him, and I can never forget the many pleasant and instructive hours I have spent in his company when he was a guest in our house and elsewhere. His loss will be felt throughout the length and breadth of the land, as no one worked harder in his sacred calling than he did, and no one has left a higher name behind him than he has. I feel that I have lost a kind and valued friend, and can hardly realise the thought that we are to meet no more in this world.

Hoping that you will forgive my trespassing upon you at such a time, believe me, my dear Wilberforce, yours very sincerely,

ALBERT EDWARD.

The Prince also fully intended to be present at the funeral, to mark by his attendance his sense of the loss which he personally, and which the country generally, had sustained. It was only at 12 o'clock on Thursday, the night before the funeral, that he sent for the Hon. C. L. Wood,[1] and told him that at this the last moment he found it impossible to leave London, and requested Mr. Wood to represent him, and to tell the family how fully he had intended to be present in person, and how much he regretted his enforced absence.

Her Majesty the Queen was represented at the funeral by the late Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor.

The funeral on St. James's Day was attended by many of the Bishop's friends, and the little church[2] and churchyard were completely filled.

The Bishop was borne to the grave by eight of the labourers on his estate, dressed in white smock frocks. The pall-bearers were his chaplains: Dr. Woodford, late Bishop of Ely, Archdeacon Pott, the Rev. A. P. Cust, now Dean of York, and the late Canon Lloyd. The principal mourners were his sons and their wives, his daughter, his eldest brother William, his brother-in-law the Rev. J. James, and his nephews; also Sir Charles Anderson, the Hon. R. Denman, the Dean of Windsor, the Hon. C. L. Wood, and the Hon. Sir A. Gordon. Then followed a long procession, composed chiefly of 100 surpliced clergy, and conspicuous among them a clergyman of colour.[3]

In all, there were about 250 people present at the funeral. Among others the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, the Bishops of Chichester, Oxford, Peterborough, and Rochester, Bishops Beccles and Ryan, Archdeacon Sir George Prevost,

[1] Now Lord Halifax.

[2] 'No church could stand in a more beautiful spot. . . . The trees, the fields, the beautiful hills, the exquisite landscape in the distance, all complete a picture which will long dwell in the memory of even the most heedless of travellers.'—*Rambles among the Hills*, by Louis J. Jennings.

[3] From the *Guardian*.

Archdeacon Randall, and Lord Richard Cavendish. Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone were, to their great regret, prevented by a Cabinet Council from attending, and Sir R. Phillimore by judicial work which could not be postponed.

An American clergyman, Dr. Jackson, President of Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, U.S., was present at the funeral. He had landed on the Saturday before, and the only introduction he had brought in England was to Bishop Wilberforce.[1] Too late to present his credentials to the living prelate, he stood among the mourners around his grave.

The cross which now marks the Bishop's resting-place bears the same inscription as that on the coffin :—

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE,
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
28 YEARS A BISHOP IN THE CHURCH OF GOD,
DIED JULY 19, 1873,
AGED 67 YEARS.

The 'Guardian' says :—

No Bishop of Winchester had died for forty years, and few knew the traditions to be observed on the occasion ; but it was singular to know that the working men of South London were most anxious that the bells should be tolled for hours, as well as ring muffled peals. The churches of St. Saviour and St. Olave, Southwark, and many others in the Bishop's diocese, had flags floating half-mast high throughout the day of the funeral.

In the House of Lords the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the course of an affecting tribute to the Bishop's memory, said : 'It has been my misfortune to differ from him often, but I never knew an occasion on which his kindness of heart did not overcome the effects of any difference which might have arisen from a difference of opinion.'

Lord Carnarvon said the Bishop 'was a scholar, a gentleman, a statesman, and a Churchman ; but, above all, he was a steady and consistent friend. He was ever ready to uphold his opinions, but he was incapable of the slightest particle of jealousy. In society the Right Rev. Prelate shone and sparkled

[1] From the *Daily Telegraph*.

beyond any one he had ever known; but even in that respect he was not so remarkable as he was for devotion to his work. Although his connection with the diocese of Winchester was brief, he had left in hundreds of places within that diocese marks of his justice and discretion, and of the vigour of his administration.'

Perhaps the most remarkable tribute on this occasion was Lord Cairns's: 'My lords, if every one of your lordships who has been impressed by the lustre of the eloquence, the splendour of the talents, the unparalleled exertions and energy in the discharge of his great public functions displayed by the late Right Rev. Prelate, was to rise in succession and bear his testimony to what he was, every one of those whom I have now the honour of addressing would rise in his turn and become a speaker.'

Speaking in Convocation on July 23, the Bishop of London,[1] from whom Bishop Wilberforce often differed, thus defends the Bishop's memory against the charge of an unworthy ambition which the 'Record' newspaper had hurled against it:—

'I saw it, in one of the newspapers,[2] brought as a charge against our beloved brother that he was ambitious. Well, if it be ambition to be conscious of great powers and talents, carrying a heavier responsibility than perhaps is borne by many, to have a great desire to use these powers and improve these talents for the service of Him who gave them for the benefit of the Church and people—if this be ambition, I doubt not the Bishop of Winchester was ambitious. It is a noble and holy ambition, which deserves no censure and needs no defence. But what I wish to bear my testimony to is this. It often happens, and to the Bishop of Winchester it certainly happened once at least in his career, that a man inferior to him in gifts and powers was placed above him in a position in which he might have used those singular talents with which God had entrusted him with peculiar advantage. Although he could not but be conscious of this, yet from the meanness of envy or jealousy he was entirely free. Not for one moment were those

[1] Bishop Jackson. [2] The *Record*.

happy bonds of friendship which had united them before relaxed, nor did he ever hold back his counsel and advice whenever they were applied for. Perhaps it was hardly necessary for me to testify to this. If there be an ambition worthy of a Christian man, that he had; but of ambition which has in it anything sordid or base, of that he was utterly incapable.'

The following magnificent tribute to the memory of his old friend was paid by Mr. Gladstone,[1] who said :—

Those who witnessed the Bishop's power and prowess in debate might think that he was nothing more than a Parliamentary debater; those who knew nothing but the brilliancy of his social qualities—exceeded by none, if equalled by any, in his generation—might fail to appreciate the loftiness of his aims, and the true purpose and constant employment of his life. In these things he was great; but those who formed their judgment of him from these things alone, or from these things mainly, would misunderstand the man. They were, indeed, parts of his existence; but they were as dust in the balance with respect to the hold which they took on his character, the place which they occupied in his mind and heart, or the share which they engrossed of his time. If I wished to know the true character of Bishop Wilberforce, I would not ask it from those who have admired his powers as displayed in Parliament, or who felt his charm in society. I would go to other classes of the community, and know from them what was the true and deep nature of the man. To one class above all others, were I able, I would make my appeal. I would make it to those who, from time to time, have been called upon to suffer under the calamities of life; and I affirm, from a wide personal knowledge, that which others too, I have no doubt, can affirm—that wherever there was affliction in the world, thither the heart of Bishop Wilberforce was

[1] This speech was delivered on December 3, at Willis's Rooms, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Wilberforce Memorial Fund. This memorial had been decided on at a meeting which was held on the lawn at Lavington after the funeral, to consider the best way of perpetuating the Bishop's memory. A large sum of money was collected, and a really great and adequate memorial might have been raised; but there was a want of organisation, and thus it has happened that while innumerable small memorials were erected throughout the Oxford and Winchester Dioceses, and one in Sussex, the 'Wilberforce House,' which should and might have evangelised South London, entirely failed to realise its great object, and is only mentioned here in order to account for Mr. Gladstone's speech.

drawn with resistless power; there, if he had a friendship, he repaired for its exercise; there, if he had no friendship already existing, he endeavoured to found one. I would appeal to another class, were it in our power to take their evidence—I would appeal to the children of this land. I would ask them what they thought of Bishop Wilberforce; of one whom they knew through the press by some of the most charming productions ever written for the young, but who, when they have seen him in the houses of their parents, will recollect how that extraordinary man, for whom nothing was too great and nothing apparently was too small, had for every one of them marks of his attention and his love that left on the hearts of them all a record which they will retain through life. In truth, were I asked to name the most remarkable of all the characteristics of Bishop Wilberforce, I think I should state it to be this—that while, to a degree surpassing every other man, his time and his mind were apparently absorbed in the great concerns of his diocese and of the Church at large, he, more than any other person I have ever known, seemed to retain a close, intimate, and detailed knowledge of all that was happening in the circles of private life to every one whom he knew. These things never faded from his memory, and he entered into them from day to day with a strength of sympathy and a minutely clear recollection that would have been astonishing even in an unoccupied man. . . .

What was the character of Dr. Wilberforce as a diocesan Bishop? I have said that those might have mistaken him who knew him only in Parliament or only in society. I will go further, and appeal to those who hear me when I say that those would also entirely mistake him who think that in the exercise of his office he was a man whose sympathies could be limited in their range, or could by any fetters be prevented from extending to and embracing all those who felt the same earnestness of purpose with which he himself ever burned. There are those here and elsewhere who well know that, strongly as Bishop Wilberforce was attached to those principles which touch the frame and constitution and office of the Church, the staple of his preaching and the staple of his labours went straight to that which touches the training of the soul of man for the great purposes for which it exists. And it is with reference, not merely to the external labours of his Episcopate, but to its internal aim and purposes, that I ask whether it is an exaggeration to say that the name and character of Bishop Wilberforce ever must stand high among the whole army of diocesan Bishops, not

of this country only, but of the whole Christian world, and not of this generation only, but also of the generations that have preceded it. I desire, at least, to avoid using the language of exaggeration, but there is no word adequate to describe the incessant, the unflagging labours of this Bishop throughout the twenty-eight years for which, as his epitaph with noble simplicity records, he was a Bishop of the Church of God. There are no words to describe the character of that activity, beginning and ending with the beginning and end of every day of his life; there are no words which will do the smallest justice to it that would not appear to savour of exaggeration. And this energy, this zeal, this unsparing self-sacrifice, this many-sided mind, which appeared to know all things in this world, except only the charms of rest and repose, could not be bounded even within the limits of a diocese, but must embrace the whole nation in its cares. There was a phrase of great interest in controversy and in history when first a Bishop of the Christian world came to arrogate or to obtain the name of Universal Bishop. But really, in a milder sense, it is impossible not to be reminded of that name when one considers what was the activity of Bishop Wilberforce over the whole of the land in which we live. . . . Who can count the numbers—they are not in hundreds, they are not in thousands, they are in hundreds of thousands—who in every part of this country listened from time to time to the tones of that silver voice now stilled among us, sometimes like a murmuring brook, sometimes like a trumpet-call? No spot in this land, I may say, can be found—certainly none where there is any considerable concentration of the people—in which that extraordinary influence of his has not been brought to bear, and there was not one in which, when he visited it, he did not seem to spend his entire self on the purpose which he had before him, as though nothing had come before it in his life, and nothing was to come after it. . . .

I say that he was the Bishop, not of a particular Church, not of a particular diocese, but of the nation to which he belonged. I say that his heart beat high and strong to everything which could stir the feelings or command the understanding of an Englishman. I say that his action went far and wide among us in a degree that never has been known before. . . .

The lines written by the Bishop of Derry and Mrs. Alexander on hearing the news of the Bishop's death form a fitting end to this biography:—

IN MEMORIAM

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

At rest.

How thin the veil between our eyes
And angels' wings in motion ;
How narrow the long ledge that lies
'Twixt us and death's dim ocean !

They rode by sunlit copse and glen,
And 'neath the woodland shadow ;
They spurned, with hoofs that rang again,
The cruel sloping meadow.

A plunge, a fall, and to the rock
The veil was rent asunder ;
How swift the change, how sharp the shock,
How bright the waking yonder !

Old England heard it with a start ;
She mourns with voice uplifted,
Mother of many a noble heart,
But ah ! what son so gifted ?

From his own Oxford's storied hall,
Her stream by light oars ruffled,
To where, beside the plane-trees tall,
His Winton's bells are muffled,

The whole land wears the garb of grief
For that great wealth departed—
Her peerless Prelate, Statesman, Chief,
Large-souled and tender-hearted ;

The man so eloquent of word,
Who swayed all spirits near him ;
Who did but touch the silver chord,
And men perforce must hear him ;

Who won rude natures at his will,
And charmed them with the glamour
Of his sweet tongue, and kept them still
Forgetful of their clamour;

Who from no task of Christ's soe'er,
True soldier, sought indulgence;
To him it wore so grand an air,
Was lit with such effulgence;

Who sweetly smiled and deftly planned,
And, his true work to fashion,
Like hammers in his skilful hand,
Took every party's passion;

Whom men called subtle overmuch,
Because all threads of beauty
He interworked with magic touch
Into the web of duty.

And from their hundred varying dyes
Wove well a wondrous colour,
That might have pleased malignant eyes
More if it had been duller.

He for whom many hearts are sore,
Lost to so many places,
The great cathedral's crowded floor,
A hush of upturned faces,

The village church where children knelt
Beneath his hands o'ershading,
And rugged men sweet comfort felt,
Or tender true upbraiding;

The Senate barren evermore
Of the rich voice which stirred it,
The platform where the charm is o'er
That spell-bound all who heard it.

How many a noble deed he planned
How many a soul he guided
With sympathy of heart and hand,
And feelings many-sided!

And when the social lists were lit,
  And worthy foemen tilted,
How flashed the poniard of his wit,
  Keen-bladed, diamond-hilted.

Sleep calm in earth, a Bishop robed,
  Waiting God's golden morrow!
O memory, leave the wound unprobed,
  Nor bring too sharp a sorrow!

Let Love draw near and Heaven-born Faith,
  Where the good saint lies sleeping,
His white face beautiful in death,
  His soul in Christ's own keeping.

THE CROSS AT ABINGER.

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